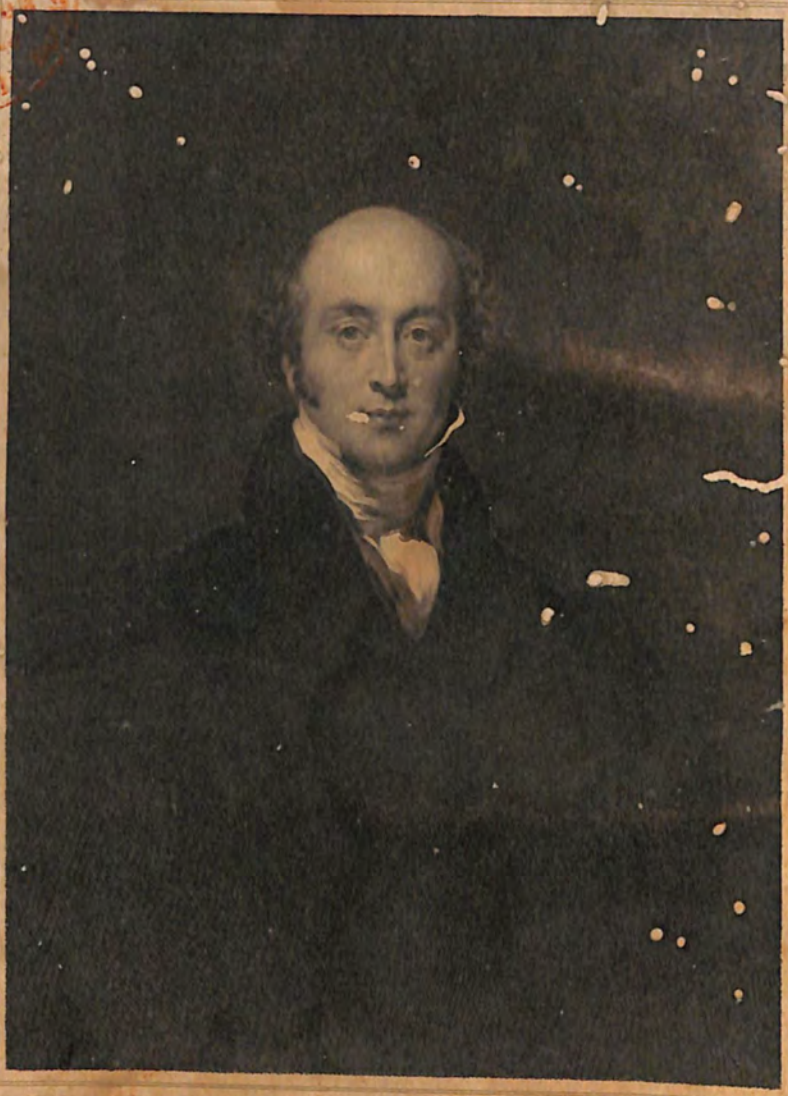

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Painted by Sir Tho.s Lawrence

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Tho.s Lawrence.

THE LIFE

AND

CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, K^T.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, LL.D. F.R.S.

KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, &c. &c. &c.

BY D. E. WILLIAMS, ESQ.

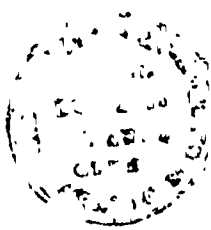
"Mirabile est, cum plurimum in faciendo intersit inter doctum et rudem; quam non multum differat in Judicando." Cic. de Orat.

"Inest mentibus nostris, quædam cupiditas VERI videndi."—Cic. de Off. Lib. 1.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE LIFE

OF

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

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THE order of time obliges me, ere I proceed in the biography, to record the first of the pub-

lic or national honours, bestowed upon our illustrious countryman, by foreign governments. It appears to me advantageous to the classification of subjects, the best assistant to the memory and judgment, to describe, in one chapter, the numerous and important distinctions of this nature which it was the proud and enviable fortune of this great man to receive. They commenced at this period of 1816.

It is but too often rendered painfully evident to Europeans, that the Institutions of North America alone possess the enviable distinction of being free from Gothic and feudal errors, and from the abuses of barbarous ages, which have been perpetuated throughout Europe. Though America, from her stage in the progress of society, must of necessity be feeble in the productions of the fine arts, and though she is far removed from the community of arts, which exists, as a sort of domestic republic, in Europe, she was the first to appreciate the genius of Lawrence, and to offer him the only honorary distinction which it was in her power to bestow.

It is true, that the diploma from the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, preceded that of the National Academy of America, but the former emanated more from the private friendship and individual admiration of Canova, than from any

vigilance to discover, and integrity to reward genius on the part of the papal government. The diploma from America proceeded from public principles, called into action by the integrity which public spirit engenders and matures. Even Canova himself was advanced in life ere some of the honours similar to those were bestowed upon him. He was sixty years of age ere he was appointed, by the Pope, Prefect of the Fine Arts, or had his name enrolled in the book of the capitol.

The mandate of royalty was deemed necessary to procure Lawrence his first admission into the Academy of England; and in all cases the royal approbation is indispensable to confirm every honour which the Academy may bestow upon genius. The superb works from Lawrence's pencil were well known to the princes and nobility in all the capitals of Europe, and yet was he unrewarded by any honorary distinctions from foreign governments or academies. In America, talents find their level in an open market, and, with conduct, are the sole passports to public distinctions.

The American Academy of the Fine Arts was established only in 1816, and its first exhibition was in the succeeding year. One of its primary cares was, to bestow its honorary rewards upon illustrious men, without distinction of religion, country, or political opinions, and totally irrele-

vant to title, rank, or interest. In the year 1817, therefore, this academy could boast among its honorary members, such illustrious names as Napoleon Bonaparte, Lucien Bonaparte, Vivant Denon, Marbois, Mr. West, Canova, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. To this list may now be added, the names of Sir M. A. Shee, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Raeburn, and several more of our countrymen, whose works have raised them into eminence.

The American diploma is short, simple, to the purpose, and characteristic of that business-like people. It is printed in plain type, and upon very common paper, and is as follows:—

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

"New York, 20 day of Jan. 1818.

"BE IT KNOWN, that Sir Thomas Lawrence, R. A., London, has been duly chosen an Honorary Member of the American Society of Fine Arts, and, as such, is entitled to all the rights and privileges given to Honorary Members by the bye-laws of the said Academy.

"*In testimony whereof*, the seal of the said Academy is affixed to these presents, and the same are signed by the President of the said Academy, and countersigned by the Secretary, the day and year above written.

JOHN TURNBULL, *President.*

A. ROBERTSON, *Secretary.*"

In appreciation of this honour, Sir Thomas Lawrence immediately painted for the academy a full-length likeness of Mr. West, the president of the English academy, and, as it is well known, a native of America.

That America has evinced a decided genius for painting, is acknowledged throughout Europe. At one period, the only two epic or historic painters in England were native Americans—Mr. Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, and Mr. B. West. Of the presidents of our Royal Academy, two have been Englishmen, (or three, if the list include Mr. Wyatt,) one a Swede, one an American, and one a native of Ireland.

An amusing anecdote has been told, to show how artists live in a world of their own, indifferent to all objects but their professional occupations. Several of our eminent artists at Rome, at a social meeting, were discussing the great men of the days of their youth. Among the "palmaque nobilis, terrarum dominos evehit Deos" was, of course, the late J. S. Copley. "Ah!" said one of the company, "I remember him well; and he had a son, a fine promising lad: I wonder what became of him; was he brought up as a painter?" Nobody had heard anything of him, and, of course, nobody had heard of his paintings—his works—and

therefore the general impression was, "that he had come to no good." About the period of this confabulation over the Falernian at Rome, the son in question was presiding over the House of Lords, being raised to the Woolsack by the title of Lord Lyndhurst.

In mentioning American painters, it would be unpardonable to omit the broad humour, in the style of Hogarth, evinced by Mr. Allston, or the fancy and poetry, as well as the skill of Mr. Leslie. Both of these gentlemen are Americans.

Mr. West was free from any jealousy or spirit of detraction towards Sir T. Lawrence. On one occasion, a friend of Mr. West, after having recently contemplated the "Satan" of Sir Thomas Lawrence, expressed his regret "that the author of that great work did not more often employ his powers in similar undertakings, and attend less to portraiture." To which Mr. West answered, "True, he is capable of the highest excellence: with fine invention, he has exquisite taste, rich colouring, and astonishing power of execution; but do not confound his pictures with mere portraits: painted as his are, they cease to be portraits in the ordinary sense; they rise to the dignity of history, and, like similar works of Titian and Vandyke, they may be said to be painted not alone to gratify friends and admirers

in the present day, but rather for posterity. His reputation must last as long as the art shall be valued by mankind."

The Roman diploma of the academy of St. Luke was obtained, as I have already observed, at the intercession of Canova, and it is dated 29 June, 1816.

Canova at the same time procured similar honours to two other members of our Academy---Mr. Fuseli and Mr. Flaxman.

It bears the device of Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf; and lest, I suppose, any person should impute this barbarous design to the modern arts of Rome, underneath is printed "BRONZO ETRUSCO, ESISTENTE IN CAMPIDOGLIO."*

The diploma runs as follows:

"L'Insigne Romana Accademia del Disegno, di S. Luca.

" All' egregio Sig. Cav. Lawrence, Pittore di sua A. R. il Principe Reggente.

" La riunione di tanti valenti Professori delle tre belle Arti, stabilita in Corpo Accademico, si è sempre fatta un pregio di accogliere nel suo grembo valorosi Artisti di Merito e Romani e Stranieri, come anche i ragguardevoli Mecenati

* For the Translations of these diplomas, and of the foreign letters, see Appendix.

delle arti medesime, che ne incoraggiscono i Cultori.

"Essendosi resi noti ad Essa i sublimi vostri talenti ed il sommo valore da voi spiegato nelle Pittura, congregatasi li 29 Fb^io^ del 1816 e tenuto proposito sulla vostra degna Persona, di unanime consentimento ha risoluto di annoverarvi fra suoi Accademici di Merito, e di darvene col presente una chiara testimonianza.

"Sarà questo un contrassegno di quella sincera stima, che nutre per Voi l'intero Corpo Accademico, confermato dal sottoscritto, Gaspare Landi, Presidente.

"Antonio Canova pr^pe^ per J. (L. S.) Dalle Stanze Accademiche in S. Appolinare li 22 Giugno 1813.

"Guiseppe Antonio Puttani, Segretario."

It may be observed, *en passant*, that very recently, in the city of London, among the incorporated companies, was that of St. Luke's or the Company of Painters. Sir Joshua Reynolds had the honour of being elected an honorary member of this body. Whether he was the last of the society I cannot determine, and my readers will not grieve at the omission. This institution was more adapted to the fraternity of painters and glaziers.

The short intercourse between Canova and

Sir Thomas Lawrence in London, produced in these great men a mutual esteem. On Canova's return to Rome he addressed Sir Thomas in the following letter:

Roma, 15 Novembre, 1816.

"SIGNORE,

"Il Sig. Gwilt mi ha recato la lettera ch' Ella si è compiaciuto di scrivermi, e che io vi trovo piena di espressioni tanto graziose e onorevoli, da toglier mi la via di rispondervi degnamente. Caro mi è l' essere ricordato da Lei, e più cara ancora la stima e l' amicizia, di cui vuole onorarmi. L' assicuro che questa prova del suo bell' animo verso di me, riesce molto lusinghiera e preziosa al mio; e la benevolenza particolare, onde Ella si degna riguardare la mia persona, e ciò che mi appartiene, è il più bell' ornamento della mia vita.

"Cosa poi dovrei dire del ritratto, ch' Ella ha eseguito, e che tiene preparato per me? Io ne sono estremamente sensibile, e mi conforto già col pensiero della bell' opera sua, che vedrò, e ammirerò con somma delizia, e riconoscenza.

"Intanto la prego a voler accettare i sensi della mia gratitudine al suo gentile atto di estrema bontà e amorevolezza per me, invitandola a volermi adoperare in cose di suo gradimento; perchè nulla più fortemente desidero, che l' occa-

sione di farle conoscere quanta estimazione e affetto io provo per li suoi rari talenti, e per il suo nobile ed egregio carattere, di cui sono egualmente ammiratore come del suo insigne merito nell' arte pittorica.

" Spiacemi che il soggiorno del Sig. Gwilt in Roma sia stato troppo breve, perchè io potessi fare qualche cosa in suo servigio. Questo non è colpa di me, ma del tempo, che non mi si volle concedere all' effetto del mio desiderio. Col di lui mezzo, le mando però una stampa che la prego accogliere benignamente in mio nome; e assicurarsi della sincera mia stima e attaccamento, con cui mi onoro essere.

" Suo affez^mo. Amico,
" Antonio Canova."

This letter was followed by another from Sig. Puattani, the Secretary of the Academy of St. Luke.

" Signore,

" L' insigne Accademia Romana di Belle Arti detta di S. Luca presi avendo in considerazione i di lei talenti nella Pittura; nella piena adunanza del 29 Fbr^io. sulla proposta del Sig. Marchese Canova, Principe perpetuo della medesima, e de' SSri. Professori Accademici Cav. Manno, Luigi Agricola, e Andrea Pozzi, si è fatta un pregio di annoverarla fra i suoi Accademici di Merito.

" Mi è ab sommo grato il poterla assicurare come l'unanimità d' suffragj ha resa tutta la giustizia dovuta al suo merito.

" Prima che l' anno termini potranno esserle trasmessi i nuovi statuti, e le nuove Patenti che si stanno icindendo. Gradisca intanto quest' officiale annunzio insieme alle congratulazioni del Corpo Accademico, segnatamente quelle di chi con vero sentimento di stima se le professa.

" D^mo. ed' Oblig^mo. Servitore,
P. A. Puattani, *Segretario.*

" Roma dalle Stanze Acad. il 30 Nov^re. 1816.
Sig. Cav. Lawrence."

Canova himself wrote next, and on the back of his letter he announces, rather strangely, that it comes, " avec un rouleau," &c.

" Roma, 23 Giugno 1817.

" Signor Cavaliere riveritissimo,

" Ho ricevuto la lettera ch' Ella mi ha scritto col mezzo del Sig. Roberto Miler, Dottore di Medicina, al quale mi sono offerto liberamente in ogni cosa di suo servigio e piacere. Intanto la ringrazio dell' avermi dato questo segno di benevolenza, e di stima; e nel tempo stesso le sono riconoscente delle graziose espressioni, delle quali mi onora. Sono assai lieto del sentire la promessa ch' Ella mi fa, di veniere in Italia nell'

anno. Con questa dolce lusinga intanto, nudrisco il mio animo, desideroso di mostrarle col fatto i sensi dell' affezione, e attaccamento, dei quali io mi pregio verso di lei, che stimo, e riverisco per le gentili qualità che l'adornano, e per l'insigne merito suo nell' arte.

"Prendo questa occasione per invirarle i tre diplomi della nostra Accademia di S. Luca; e per pregarla di volermi ricordare al Sig. West, e al Sig. Fuzeli, della di cui amicizia tanto mi onoro.

"Sono colla più perfetta considerazione.

"ANTONIO CANOVA.

"A Monsieur de Chev. Lawrence,
Peintre très-celèbre de S. A. R. le Prince Regent,
à Londres.
Avec un rouleau de trois Diplomas de l'Acad. de St. Luc."

The succeeding letter from Canova must have arrived in England whilst Sir Thomas Lawrence was at Aix-la-Chapelle with the Emperor.

"Rome, ce 30 May, 1818.

"MONSIEUR LE CHEVALIER,

"M. Le Docteur Miler retourne à Londres, et je profite de cette occasion pour lui donner une lettre pour vous, et de vous remercier de celle qu' il m'a donné de votre part. Je n'ai rien pu faire pour son service; et j'aurai bien voulu obliger par quelque moyen une personne si es-

timable. Il pourra cependant vous assurer du constant désir et empressement que j'ai de vous témoigner mon estime pour vos rares talens. Il m'est cher de vous prier dans ce moment, comme l'Académie de St. Luque, qui a l'honneur de vous compter parmi ses membres, serait charmée de posséder votre portrait, à l'exemple de tous les autres académiciens : J'aimerai beaucoup, que vous veuilliez accomplir cette honnête demande, et faire connaître à nos professeurs la manière surprenante, avec laquelle vous maniez le pinceau.

"Dans la dernière lettre, dont vous m'avez honoré, il y avait la promesse de vous voir en Italie dans cette année ; j'espère que vous pourrez la maintenir, et me procurer la complaisance de vous renouveller, de vive voix, le sentiment de considération que je professe à vos grands talens, et la reconnaissance que j'ai pour l'amitié, qu'il vous plait de m'accorder.

"Avec le plus haute estime j'ai l'honneur d'être.

"Votre très-humble et obligéant Serviteur,

"ANTOINE CANOVA.

"To Sir T. Lawrence,
"Russell Square, London."

The next academy that elected our countryman into its body, was that of Florence. The diploma is brief and simple. It elects Sir Thomas into the first class ; is dated 8 Jan. 1820, and is

signed by the President Giovanni degli Alessandri; and countersigned by the Secretary, Gio Batista Niccolini.

The Florentine Academy had elected Sir Joshua Reynolds amongst its honorary members; who, in return for the compliment, transmitted to it his portrait, painted by himself. It is to be regretted that Sir Thomas Lawrence did not follow this example, in order that the Florentine Academy might have possessed the two finest records of English genius.

The Venetian diploma is neat, and rather singular and characteristic in its wording. It runs:

"Si attesta a chiunque, che il Chiarissimo Sig^re. Cav^re. Tommaso Laurence, Presidente della Reale Accademia di Londra, distinto per dovizia di lumi, è degno di singolare estimazione per altissime benemerenze verso le Belle Arti, venne acclamato da questo Corpo Accademico, ed ascritto alla Classe de' suoi Socj Onorarj. In prova di che, la Presidenza si onora di rilasciargli in questa Patente il solenne Atto della sua aggregazione.

"Venezia, 10 Maggio, 1823."

Il Presidente, CICOGNARA.
Il Segretario, ANT°. DIEDO.

This honour was bestowed so late, that pro-

bably its value was not enhanced by its postponement.

It was transmitted to London in the following letter:

"AL CHIARISSIMO SIG. CAV. TOMMASO LAWRENCE,

"*Presidente della Reale Accademia di Londra, Socio Onorario della I. R. Accademia di Belle Arti, in Venezia.*

"Questo Corpo Accademico quanto industrioso nel non avvilir prodigandoli i proprii omaggi, altrettanto giusto nel renderli a chi li merita, si recò a gloria di tributare un contrassegno specioso di stima alla S. V. acclamandola a suo Socio Onorario.

"Niuno più di me poteva applaudire siffatta nomina, che se da un canto va a crescere il lustro di questo Istituto, suggella dall' altro i titoli singolari ch' Ella ha acquistati col sapere, e coi meriti ad una perenne celebrità.

"Possa io, nel farmi relatore a Lei del voto Accademico, esserlo del di Lei aggradimento a chi con tanta spontaneità, e pienezza lo ha espresso; ed Ella mi creda quale col più profondo rispetto mi onoro di essere.

L. CICOGNARA, *Presid. dell' Accad.*

ANT°. DIEDO, *Segret.*

"Dalla I. R. Accademia di Belle Arti,
Venezia, 11 Maggio, 1823."

I may here remark, that in Venice, certainly not the school of a severe style, or of chaste colouring, Lawrence's pencil is deemed rather exuberant of colour, whilst at Florence he is considered deficient in drawing, an absurd imputation, in which some of our most eminent countrymen residing in that city were pleased to avow their concurrence.

The Academy, "*Accademia Pontificia*," of the Fine Arts at Bologna, very soon followed the example of that of Venice. The diploma is rather more courteous than the others, as it commences, "Si reca a gloria questà Pontificia Accademia di aggregare al suo Corpo nella qualita di Accademici d'onore, &c. &c." The election took place on the 19th of March, and the diploma is signed on the 31st of March, 1824.

The last of the Italian Academies that conferred any honorary degree upon our countryman, was that of Turin. The diploma is dated 14 March, 1826. It was transmitted with the following letter:—

"*Reale Accademia delle Belle Arti di Torino.*

"CHIARISSIMO SIGNORE,

"Frà gli atti coi quali La Maestà del Rè nostro Signore ha inteso di provvedere, pel maggior Lustro dell' antichissima da lui recentemente instaurata Torinese Accademia delle Belle Arti, e

la creazione di quella Classe di Accademici, nella quale vi è compreso il picciol numero di quei più insigni professori delle arti del disegno, de' quali il nome va più glorioso nelle varie contrade della dotta Europa.

" Tanto per ciò, maggiormente onorevole per me riesce il carico di trasmettere, come fò con questo mio foglio, a V. S. chiarissima, il diploma per cenno Sovrano, spedito dal Gran Ciamberlano di S. M. nostro Eccellentissimo Presidente il Marchese Asinari di S. Marzano, e col quale, nella detta Classe, è stata così meritamente ascritta La S. V. Chiarissima.

" E ben mi sarà grato, dippoi che le piaccia aver me, come sempre ho ambito di essere annoverato, trà le persone che le professano, non che reveenza ed ossequio, schietta e pienissima Servitù, co' quali sensi appunto me le dedico.

Devot^mo. obbed^mo. Servitore e Collega,

CAV. CESARE SALUZZO.

" Torino li 14 Marzo, 1826."

SIR TOMAS LAWRENCE.

Of the sovereigns of Germany, only two conferred similar honours on Sir Thomas Lawrence. Christian Frederick the sixth, King of Denmark, elected him an honorary member of the Danish Academy, by a diploma, bearing his

royal sign manual, dated in the ides of December—"Decembribus, Idibus, 1823."

It will be seen, that Sir Thomas was in the act of painting Mrs. Calmady's children when this document unexpectedly arrived. It is very sensibly composed in Latin, the immutable language, best adapted to give general currency and permanency to documents addressed solely to the learned.

The Emperor of Austria's diploma is of prior date—22d March, 1820. "Wien den 22ten Marz im Jahre Tausend Acht hundert und Zwanzig." This diploma does not bear the royal sign manual, like those of England and Denmark; it is merely signed by the president and secretary of the Royal Academy of Vienna.

It now only remains to notice the honours conferred upon him by the King of France.

The following letter from the Duke de Rochefoucault first informed Sir Thomas Lawrence, that his most Christian Majesty had conferred upon him, probably the most unobjectionable honour of Europe, in reference to the fine principle upon which the order was established, and the noble deviation which it formed from the hackneyed orders of knighthood in other kingdoms, and which were, in fact, little else than the orders of courts, in contradistinction to orders of merit.

Lord Byron's apostrophie to the Star of the Legion of Honour must be well remembered—

"Star of the brave—whose beam has shed
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—
Thou radiant and adored deceit!
Which millions rushed in arms to greet—
Wild meteor of immortal birth!
Why rise in heaven to set in earth?"

Before this star, however, was granted to Lawrence, we must say with the noble poet—

"Star of the brave—thy ray is pale!"

The painting particularly alluded to in the Duke's letter, was the portrait of Mrs. Calmady's children, a work which peculiarly captivated the French.

"*Ministère de la Maison du Roi.—Département des Beaux Arts.*

"Paris, le 26 Janvier, 1825.

"Le Roi de France, Monsieur, en visitant au Louvre les productions des peintres modernes, a remarqué parmi les tableaux dignes de fixer son attention, ceux que vous avez envoyés à ce brillant concours, et pour donner un témoignage de la satisfaction qu'il en a éprouvé, il a voulu, que leur auteur, participat aux récompenses qu'il s'est

plu à décerner à ceux des artistes Français qui avaient merité d'honorables distinctions ; en conséquence, Sa Majesté, vous a nommé *chevalier de l'ordre royal* de La légion d'Honneur, et en me chargeant de vous en informer, Elle a exprimé le désir, que cette faveur devint pour vous une preuve éclatante de l'estime particulière qu'elle vous porte, et de la justice qu'elle rend à vos talents.

" M. le Prince de Polignac, Ambassadeur de France à Londres, vous remettra les insignes de cet ordre et le titre qui constate votre droit à le porter. Déjà M. Le Cte de Forbin, Directeur des Musées Royaux, a du vous instruire des dispositions bienveillantes du Roi à votre égard ; mais je me trouve heureux d'avoir à vous les confirmer d'une manière officielle, et c'est avec plaisir, Monsieur, que je saisis cette occasion de vous offrir l'assurance de ma considération la plus distinguée.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULT,

Aide de Camp du Roi,

Chargé du Département des Beaux Arts.

" Sir Thomas Lawrence, Directeur de l'Académie Royale de Peinture à Londres."

In reading the above letter, the mind cannot but be forcibly struck with the mutability of fortune and uncertainty of fate. Where and what is he now, to whom this honour was granted ;

and where are the proud distributors of these factitious distinctions of state?

The next letter from the Duke de Rochefoucault, conveys intelligence of a gift more substantial, at least in a worldly sense, than the Star of the Legion of Honour. This present of China may remind the reader of Talma's reply, on receiving a similar gift. It need not be said, that Talma's admiration of the Emperor Napoleon precluded any favourable feelings towards the Bourbons. When Louis XVIII. sent the French Roscius a service of Sevres porcelain, each sort of utensil being eighteen in number, and with "Louis dix huit," marked on each piece, "Eh mon dieu," cried the witty actor, "combien je *voudrais que ce fut* Louis *vingt* huit."

"*Ministère de la Maison du Roi.—Département des Beaux Arts.—Sevres.*

"Paris, le 14 Octobre 1825.

"Je me félicite, Monsieur, d'avoir à vous annoncer, que le Roi, voulant reconnaître d'une manière particulière les talents du chef de l'Ecole Anglaise, m'a autorisé à vous offrir en son nom, quelques articles en porcelaines de la manufacture Royale de Sèvres, qui pussent vous faire ap-

précier le dégré de perféction, auquel la France a porté ce genre d'industrie. Je charge M. Brongniart, directeur de cet établissement, de vous en faire la remise, et si vous pouviez dérober à votre art un moment, que vous volussiez bien me sacrifier, je vous recevrais, Monsieur, avec autant de plaisir que d'empressement.

" Récevez, je vous prie, Monsieur, l'assurance de mes sentimens très-distingués.

" De la Rochefoucault,
Aide de Camp du Roi,
Chargé du Départment des Beaux Arts.

" Monsieur Sir Thomas Lawrence,
Premier Peintre de S. M. Britannique, Bureau
de la Chambre du Roi, aux Tuileries."

But before using the French distinction of honour—a distinction totally honorary, and unconnected with business or lucre even in a remote degree—it was necessary for Sir Thomas Lawrence to obtain the permission of the august sovereign of England. This, of course, could not be obtained without the signs of the English plague spot—to the king's sign manual there was a stamp duty, and the fees of office. To connect the pelf of office, and the pilfer of revenue, with the arts, and with distinctions peculiarly honorary, and far removed from profits, is as little to the credit of our country, as our making

the exhibition of our national monuments sources of petty gains---mere twopenny shows. We are certainly a peculiar people. But the simplicity of even the French, the most artificial people of Europe, compared to the tautology and verbosity of the English in their documents, is exemplified in the following "sign manual," when compared to the official documents of the Duke de Rochefoucault.

Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Licence to accept and wear the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

"GEORGE R.

"GEORGE the Fourth, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, &c. to our right trusty and right entirely beloved cousin, Bernard-Edward, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, and our hereditary Marshal of England, greeting:

"Whereas our good brother, Charles the Tenth, King of France and Navarre, hath solicited our consent, that our trusty and well-beloved Sir Thomas Lawrence, Knight, our principal Painter in ordinary, and President of the Royal Academy, may accept and wear the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which our said good Brother has been pleased to confer upon.

him, as an especial testimony of his royal favour: And whereas We, taking into our royal consideration the distinguished talents of the said Sir Thomas Lawrence, and that he has recently painted for Us the portraits of his said Most Christian Majesty, and of his Royal Highness the Dauphin, are graciously pleased, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, to approve thereof.

"Know ye that We, of our princely grace and special favour, have given and granted, and by these presents do give and grant, unto the said Sir Thomas Lawrence, our royal licence and permission that he may avail himself of the said mark of his Most Christian Majesty's favour, and accept and wear the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and that he may enjoy all the *rights and privileges* annexed thereto.

"Our will and pleasure therefore is, that you, Bernard-Edward, Duke of Norfolk, to whom the cognizance of matters of this nature doth properly belong, do require and command, that this our concession and especial mark of our royal favour, together with the relative documents, be registered in the College of Arms, to the end that our officers of Arms, and all others upon occasion, may take full notice, and have knowledge thereof: And for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

"Given at our Court at Carlton House, the tenth day of July, 1826, in the seventh year of our reign.

"By His Majesty's command,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"Recorded in the College of Arms, London, pursuant to a Warrant from the Earl Marshal of England, and examined.

"CHARLES GEORGE YOUNG,
"*York Herald and Register.*"

Sir Thomas Lawrence's foreign correspondence was not voluminous positively, and it was nothing with respect to what the world may suppose that the President of the English Academy would carry on with foreign nations. And yet, notwithstanding its positive paucity, there is scarcely a letter extant, foreign or domestic, from his predecessors in the Academy. The biographers of Sir Joshua Reynolds have not been able to produce even six of his letters; nor have other painters added to their fame by their epistolary correspondence. In this respect Lawrence stands unrivalled.

In December 1819, Canova renewed his correspondence with Lawrence by the following brief letter:

"SIGNORE,

"Il legatore non era pronto col libro di stampe, che io gli avea dato a legare, onde sono costretto a pregarla di accettare quest' altro nel modo, che la necessità lo presenta, e contenente tutta la serie delle stampe finora pubblicate dalle mie opere. Ella lo accolga come un picciolissimo testimonio della mia grande estimazione e gratitudine verso di Lei, e sia desso come pegno della promessa a lei fatta di mandarle, a suo tempo, un gesso della Ninfa, con frammenti di mani e di piedi. Intanto Ella sia certo di tutta la mia stima, e del sentimento di verace benevolenza, che mi hanno inspirato le sue virtuose e rare doti di spirito, di talento, e di cuore. Sarò felice, se potrò mai obbedirla in qualche cosa a queste parti, come sono contento e lieto d' assicurarla, che ritroverà sempre in me a tutte prove.

"Il suo cordiale ammiratore ed amico,

"H. CANOVA.

"Roma, 21 Xbre, 1819.

"Al Celeberrimo Pittore il Sig.
Cavalier Lawrence, &c. &c."

At distant intervals he continued to address him. Of the two following letters, the last was written only about two months before he died.

"Roma, 16 Decembre, 1820.

"CHIARISSIMO SIG. CAV. E PRESIDENTE,

"Ho l' onor di rispondere alla sua gentilissima lettera dello scorso mese di 9bre, per la quale mi annuncia d'aver ricevuto e aggradito il Gesso della Ninfa, insieme al libro delle stampe: sul qual libro, io credeva di avere scritto le poche parole già scritte nell' altro, che rimase indietro; perciò le rescrivo nell' incluso Cartolino, giacchè a Lei piace di donare tanto interesse a simile mancanza, per cui mi confesso molto onorato e riconoscente. Mi duole assai di doverle dire, che mi trovo impegnato per la statica della ultima *Ninfa che dorme,* col Sig. Marchese di Landsdown, e che quindi non sono in libertà di poterne fare omaggio a Sua Maestà il Re. Ben posso assicurarla che una tale domanda mi perviene molto grata all' animo, e mi ricolma di somma compiacenza il gentile desiderio ch' ella dimostra, di contribuire all' onor mio. Il marmo della Ninfa *Dirce,* che si lavora per compagna a quella che sta nel palazzo del Re, è perfettissimo, e d' una bellezza ammirabile, sopra ogni espressione. Bello e perfetto è similmente il marmo della *Maddalena,* che avanza con molta diligenza, e sollecitudine.

"Ho fatto fare un picciolo disegno della *Ninfa che dorme,* e lo compiego nella presente lettera, per obbedire alla sua brama; quantunque io ri-

conosca che può dare appena una debole idea dell' opera mia, la quale non è certamente renduta con sufficiente fedeltà ed esatta gentilezza: mancando d'un disegnatore che sappia ritrarne un disegno con quella maestria e grazia, ch' è propria di Lei. Ma Ella supplirà col pensiero al difetto del disegnatore. Nè questo io dico per esaltare il mio lavoro, ma solamente per essere sincero verso di Lei, e per dirle che il picciolo disegno a contorni potrebbe essere migliore e più fedele.

"Mi rallegro con Lei del meritato titolo di Presidente alle due illustri Accademie di Londra," e di Oxford: tutto ciò che ha riguardo alla sua persona, interessa vivamente il mio animo, ripieno di stima, e d' affezione per Lei. Quindi può Ella meglio figurarsi, che io non sò dirle, quanta consolazione io abbia provato nell' intendere gli elogj, e l' ammirazione riscossa nel pubblico per le insigne e belle sue opere de' Ritratti. Nulla però mi giunge di nuovo dopo l' applauso generale, che fu tributato al suo merito dovunque furono esposte stupende produzioni del suo pennello.

"Parlando delle cose a Lei spedite di Roma, non voleva omettere di farle sentire il mio dispiacere, per la disgrazia avvenuta al *Mosaico*, il quale sofferse quel danno per la poca intelligenza forse di chi lo avea incassato; cosa che io non avrei temuta giammai. Non ho mancato di porgere i

suoi rispetti alla Sig. Duchessa, e all' Em^mo. Consalvi, gratissimi ambedue all' espressioni della di Lei costante benevolenza. Così farò alle altre persone nominate nella citata sua lettera; e venendo all' antecedente recatami dal Sig. Parke, deggio confessarle che non ebbi ancora il vantaggio di vedere questo suo amico, in servigio del quale io bramo d' essere adoperato. E siccome in questa lettera del 28 Luglio passato, Ella mi parla della *Ninfa che dorme*, così mi riporto per ciò a quanto ho l' onore di dirle colla presente. Ma non le saprei dire giammai quanto io la stimo, e l' amo, e quanto sono lieto di eseguire qualche suo comando, onde provarle questi miei sentimenti. Mio fratello è grato alla sua memoria. Ed io pieno di verace attaccamento, e rispetto, e amicizia mi confermo.

" Di Lei Ch^mo. Sig. Cavaliere Presidente,

" Obbed^mo. Servitore,

" ANTONIO CANOVA.

" To Sir T. Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, Russell Square."

" Roma, 17 Agosto 1822.

" CHIARISSIMO SIG. CAV. PRESIDENTE,

" Il Sig. Gott mi ha favorito la sua gentilissima lettera del 21 prossimo passato Luglio. Io non mancherò di prestarmi ad ogni occorrenza di questo suo raccomandato, e di quanti altri a Lei piacerà dirigermi; essendo sempre, e con egual pre-

mura disposto a darle prove della mia stima e amicizia.

"Sono molto lieto, anzi superbo dell' elogio ch' Ella mi fa della mia Venere per il Sig. Hope: anche da altre persone ho inteso farmene un lusinghiero complimento; ma la lode che mi viene da Lei, accarezza meravigliosamente il mio amor proprio, e vado assai soddisfatto d' averla in alcuna parte almeno, meritata da un sommo artista suo pari. Ho piacere che abbia aggradito le stampe della Dirce, come io tengo in testimonio della sua benevolenza, la bella stampa della Principessa *Carlotta*.

"Due lucidi uniti alle stampe della Dirce, dovevano avere un altra direzione: sono stati fatti da due piccoli quadri di Paolo, che furono da me acquistati, e che sono veramente due belle cose, finite con molta cura, e in una grandezza da Gabinetto, come non era solito di lavorare quel sovrano Pittore.

"Il ritratto del Re, non venne ancora in Roma; si sa che arrivò in Napoli, ma l' Ammiraglio, presentemente, dicesi che ritrovisi in Malta. Io sono impaziente di ammirare questa egregia, e applauditissima produzione del suo meraviglioso pennello. Voglio pur dirle, che il mio ritratto, pegno preziosissimo della di Lei amicizia per me, non rimane mai un mese intiero in mia casa; perchè mi viene continuamente richiesto per

essere copiato. Mi conservi la sua gentile affezione, e mi creda con tutta la stima, e il rispetto e l' attaccamento.

"Di Lei Sig. Cav. Presidente,

"Obbed^mo. ed aff^mo. Ser^re. ed Amico,

"H. CANOVA.

"Al. Chiarissimo Pittore, Il Sig. Cav. Lawrence, &c. &c. Presidente della R. Accad. di Belle Arti, di Londra, Russell Square."

Canova expired on the 12th of October, 1822; and his surviving brother wrote to Sir Thomas Lawrence the following letter, which closed the correspondence.

"Roma, 28 Novembre, 1822.

"SIGNORE,

"Come posso io esprimere i sensi della mia gratitudine allaparte amerevole, ch' Ella, Ch^mo. Sig. Cav. Presidente, vuole prendere alla dolorosa perdita da me fatta del mio amato fratello? Ben posso, e deggio farla sicuro, che niun altro conforto più dolce al mio cuore afflitto può venire, che dalle persone rispettabili, le quali sono tanto cortesi da voler confondere le loro proprie lagrime con le mie. Conosco tutto quello che mi vien suggerito dalla religione, e dalla morale e cristiana filosofia; ma nondimeno il mio dolore non si disacerba ancora, e sento ad ogni istante riaprirsi una piaga, che non vuole chiudersi

mai. Le parole d' onore, ch' Ella si compiace di usare, alla memoria del suo amico, sono un balsamo salutare; ed io ne provo tutto il conforto e la consolazione possibile nel mio doloroso stato. Rendo grazie alla di lei gentilezza, per l' espressioni usate in favor mio, e per il dono che mi vuol fare della di Lei benevolenza tanto preziosa, a chi non ne ignora il valore ch' è inestimabile.

" Ho ammirato il meraviglioso Ritratto da Lei, chiarissimo Cav. Presidente, dipinto per il S. Padre; e rappresentante la maestà del Re Giorgio IV. opera insigne del di Lei vivace e animatore pennello; e congiungo le mie deboli lodi all' ammirazione universale, che vi tributano gl' artisti e amatori dell' arte pittorica, i quali non si saziano di esultare un si stupendo lavoro.

" Mi creda coi sensi della più profonda stima e rispetto.

" Di Lei, Ch^mo. Sig. Cav. Presidente,

" Obbli^mo. Obbed^mo. Servitore,

" G. Batta Canova.

" A Monsieur le Chevalier Thomas Lawrence, President de la R. Academie, des Beaux Arts, &c. &c. à Londres, Russell-square."

Canova was born in 1757, and was sixty-five years old when he died. He was twelve years older than Lawrence, and did not display equal

precocity of talents—his modelling attracting no attention till he was in his twelfth year.

It is extraordinary that a man so mild and amiable should have sculptured such subjects as Perseus with the head of Medusa just severed from the body, Hercules dashing Lycas against the rocks, &c. In Catholic countries, however, the mind becomes familiar with cruelty and blood, from the repeated selection of such subjects by artists. It would be difficult to find more ridiculous transitions than what befel one of Canova's best works. He modelled a colossal horse, the largest extant, for a statue of Napoleon. Murat appropriated it to himself; Charles III. of Spain then designed it for his own figure; and, finally, I believe, it was applied to a statue of Ferdinand of Naples:

"To what base uses we may come at last!"

I close Sir Thomas Lawrence's foreign correspondence, with the following letter he received from the Cardinal Gonsalvi.

"MONSIEUR LE CHEVALIER,

"Je ne sais pas quelle fatalité s'est attaché à l'arrivée de votre incomparable portrait du Roi; soit pour la differer pour des mois, soit pour vous en pouvoir écrire après qu'elle a eu lieu. Vous savez, je crois, qu'après l'arrivée du vaisseau à

Naples, le tableau non seulement il y resta à bord pour des mois, mais le même vaisseau ayant été envoyé plusieurs fois de Naples aux isles Ionniennes, à Malte, en Sicile, et ailleurs, le tableau fit tous ces voyages.

" Enfin arrivé à Rome, quelque lettre écrite au Marquis Canova paru exiger quelque éclaircissement, que ce pauvre Marquis demanda, et qu'il ne reçut, qu'en voyage en revenant, sans que la mort lui permit d'arriver à son terme. Enfin, M. le Chévalier, lorsque je voulois vous en écrire moi-même, violà une maladie, (dont je ne suis pas encore bien gueri,) qui m'a empêché de le faire de le manière que je le devois, et que je le voulois, et certes je ne serais pas dans le cas de le bien faire aujourd'hui non plus, mais je veux saisir le moment où je puis le faire de quelque manière que ce soit. Je vous dirai donc, M. le Chevalier, que la Sainteté, et toute la ville de Rome, habitants et etrangèrs, tous ont été d'accord qu'en fait de portrait on n'a jamais vu quelque chose de plus beau: la tête surpasse toute imagination. Ce tableau, fait ici, l'admiration générale, et votre réputation déjà si celèbre, a dans Rome actuellement, un oúvrage qu'en est tout-a-fáit digne. Il est situé au Vatican à coté des loges de Raphael, et c'est M. le Chev. Camoncini qui a choisi cet endroit, comme le plus

à propos. De convenance, tous les Dimanches et les jeudi il est vu et admiré par tout le monde. Sa Sainteté m'a ordonné de vous exprimer tout le plaisir qu'elle a ressenti de posseder ce superbe ouvrage, ainsi que des expressions dont il vous a plû de l'accompagner ; et je dois vous assurer de toute son estime et affection. Sa Beatitude espère que vous voudrez agréer la lettre de change que vous trouverez ci-jointe.

" Quant à moi, M. le Chev. je ne saurais vous répéter assez les sentiments d'admiration, estime et attachement que je vous conserve. Je voudrois trouver des occasions pour vous les prouver par des faits, et je vous prie de me les fournir avec une liberté entière, dans l'assurance que vous ne pouvez me faire rien de plus agreable. Disposez donc de moi, et conservez moi votre amitié que je sçais apprécier.

" Agréez que je vous reitère l'assurance de la considératon distingué, avec laquelle je suis et serai toujours.

" Mons. le Chevalier,

" le très-dévoué et très-attaché serviteur,

J. L. Card. Gonsalvi.

" Rome, ce 29 Fevrier, 1813.

" A' Monsieur le Chevalier Thomas Lawrence,
Principal Peintre de S. M. B. à Londres,
Russell Square."

CHAPTER II.

Reflections upon Biography.—The character of Sir Thomas Lawrence.—His habits.—His private sketch of his own nature.—Reflections upon keeping accounts.—Dr. Johnson's opinion on the subject.—Sir Thomas Lawrence's observations upon it.—The portrait of Mrs. Wolff.—A beautiful sketch.—The poetry of painting.—Extracts from private letters.—Mrs. Wolff's family.—Her residence in the country.—Mrs. Angerstein's sentiments.—Lawrence's reflections upon his brother artists.—His views upon criticism.—Portrait of the Persian ambassador.—Sir Gore Ousley's statement of the effects of the portrait in Persia.—Lawrence's feelings at the intelligence.—His literary criticism.—His designs of a great historical painting.—The building of the Parthenon.—Pericles and Aspasia.—Lord Byron's Cain.—Sir Thomas Lawrence's observations upon the poem, and upon Lord Byron's countenance and character.—Lord Byron's notes compared to Lady Morgan's.—Sir Thomas Lawrence's visit to Claremont.—His letters descriptive of the endearing manners and unsophisticated habits of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold.—Their pastimes and daily avocations.—An evening whist-table.—Music.—Reflections on George III. and the Prince Regent.—Lord Liverpool's account of Napoleon's receiving his sentence of banishment.—Sir Thomas's affliction at the

death of Mrs. Wolff.—A party at Lady Crewe's.—Love-making to Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Jesuitical distinctions.—A lady of genius.—Rights of women.—An afflicting love-story.—A private letter.—An attachment.—"The Cold Coquette."

UNLESS the mirror reflect the mind and heart of a great man in his private life, and in the *delaissement* of his domestic habits and social intercourse, his biography degenerates into a mere catalogue of his public performances. The most useful and delightful species of composition is sacrificed. Autobiography, like that of Rousseau, should make the reader sociably intimate with the most minute particles of the motives, feelings, and thoughts of the individual, in all their wayward fluctuations, and irregular varieties of the great and mean, the generous and sordid, the good, the mixed, and the impure. This identity with nature is not only captivating to persons of taste and knowledge, but it becomes a source of the most useful and important reflections in the guidance of conduct, and in the science of governing human affairs. He who writes the life of another, cannot have such sources of information, and he is naturally restricted in his latitude of development. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, must be the sublimation aspired to; but the attainment of the object involves an incessant

recurrence of a painful discretion. It is not a specific question, but a question of degree, and the difficulty lies in preserving an undeviating course in the deep and pure channel, equidistant between the desecration of hallowed privacy, and a sacrifice of truth to a delicacy ill-founded and morbidly sensitive. Were an author to possess an atrabilarious disposition to look darkly upon his subject, or were he deficient in decorum and feeling, in withdrawing the veil from the sanctuary of private life, he would find the antidote to the aconite, in the repulsion of his work by the good taste and sound judgment of the public. The danger, however, lies in the opposite direction. Refinement has its morbid scrupulousness, and delicacy its prurient irritation. In the present state of our literature, little danger can be apprehended from a bold disclosure of truth, in its severe and integral fulness, whilst much injury is often inflicted, by concealment, not only upon the public, but upon the subject and individual whom the concealment is intended to benefit or protect.

The private life of Sir Thomas Lawrence strengthens me in this opinion. The best defence of his memory, is the duty imperatively claimed of the biographer—

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

The character of Sir Thomas has been impugned privately by insidious whispers, and in the public press by incautious and unmitigated accusations of errors from which no man could have been more free, and of vices of which no individual was ever more strongly embued with the directly opposite virtues.

He kept not open house, like his great predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds*—he indulged not in orgies like Morland, nor in ostentation like Hogarth, or one of his early competitors—nor did he sacrifice the business of his profession to moody inflation like Barry, nor to bilious peculiarities like Gainsborough, and even Wilson: hence was he accused of being inhospitable—of degrading his art to the profit of "mere portrait-painting;" and, lastly, that he lacked of generosity. When it was found that, with an immense

* The difference between the taste of the present and the preceding generation, is indeed great. When Sir Joshua Reynolds set up his carriage, the wheels were richly carved and gilt, the body was splendidly decorated, and upon the pannels were painted, not his coat of arms, but *the Four Seasons*. Sir Thomas Lawrence's carriage was certainly of a different description. It would make a sensation in London, if each member of a profession, or city knight, in setting up a carriage, were to adorn it with paintings emblematical of the trade which "made the wheels to go."

income, he was always verging on embarrassment, even his mild temper, his gentle manners, and many virtues elicited not the true elucidation—it was imputed to the vice of gambling. Charity, if not justice, might have traced it to its real source—an extensive, incessant, and munificent, though secret relief of the wants of others. His family, in all its branches, must do homage to his liberality; and next to the pleasures of active generosity, must be the gratification of the spirit which does open justice to the beneficent heart of so excellent a relative. Though his liberality to his parents, at his outset in life, entailed upon him difficulties which he never surmounted, and which occasioned him many hours of melancholy, and scenes of bitter mortification, never did he regret the sacrifice, never did he speak of them but in terms of esteem and affection; and I have already shown the state of his feelings at the period of their death. The charge of gambling has already been refuted.

The character of Sir Thomas cannot be more fairly and justly drawn, than, in a moment of despondency, arising from pecuniary embarrassment, he has sketched it, in a letter to his old and constant friend, Miss Lee.

" I wish for habitual kindness—

yes, because I feel it—and money concerns have no change in my feelings. This is sensibility. —(To the 'comfort working effects of money,' it is.)—But reflect how little I have been accustomed to consider them for myself. I have neither been extravagant nor profligate in the use of it; neither gaming, horses, curricle, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin from vulgar licentiousness, have swept it from me. I am, in every thing, but the effects of *utter carelessness* about money, the same being I was at Bath. The same delight in pure and simple pleasures—the same disdain of low enjoyments—the same relish for whatever is grand, however above me—the same admiration of what is beautiful in character—the same enthusiasm for what is exquisite, in the productions, or generous in the passions, of the mind. I have met with duplicity, which I never practiced, (for this is far removed from inconstancy of purpose,) and it has not changed my confidence in human nature, or my firm belief that the good of it infinitely overbalances the bad. In moments of irritation I may have held other language, but it has been the errata of my heart, and this is the perfect book which I could offer, were my being now to end."

With respect to pecuniary affairs, Sir Thomas Lawrence was always impressed with a conviction, that much of his embarrassment was to be attributed to his disinclination to figures, and to his neglect or inability to keep accounts. Dr. Johnson, whose profound knowledge of nature, and acute observations upon conduct, and discernment of character, form the best recommendation to his writings, used to hold in utter contempt the practice of men's keeping accounts of their expenditure, if they were not in business. He used to maintain that no man was ever more regular in conduct, or more economical, from such a habit. In this point, however, very few will concur in the opinions of this moralist: they are contradicted by daily experience and observation. The habit of keeping private accounts is of the greatest utility, in accustoming the mind to a due estimate of the aggregate importance of petty details, whilst the practice of comparing our means with our expenditure, is one of the best and most infallible sources of prudence, caution, and circumspection in the other transactions of life.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, writing to one of his young nephews in 1821, says, "There cannot be a more essential good, or, probable security against evil, in the education of a young man,

than his being made a good accountant. It is not only of solid use in itself, but it gives the mind a habit of accuracy in other matters." . . . . " I exceedingly and most sincerely love the memory of our dear parents, yet I cannot help often lamenting a want of considerate forethought in their not securing for a son, whom they so truly loved, two or three parts in education of the utmost importance to the future happiness of the man, and infinitely the *more* necessary, as a particular talent and bent of mind, in its obvious tendency, led to abstractions of thought, and, therefore, to a forgetfulness of 'the things that be in daily life!'"

This was in August 1814, when Sir Thomas was triumphant upon the strong flood of public admiration and aristocratic patronage. More than ten years after, (on the 25th of December 1824,) in a letter to his nephew, he says, "I have round me, indeed, all that ought to satisfy the solitary artist; and, as enthusiasm is still not dead within me, I live over the days of past greatness, in the profession that I love, and thus do I make the happiness I do not find."

At this period he was painting, and certainly, as the Italians would say, *con amore*, the por-

trait of Mrs. Wolff, a lady destined to have a considerable influence upon his life and fortune, and one for whom his family and friends entertained respect and attachment.

This lady was the subject of the first of Mr. Lawrence's portraits exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1815. Other likenesses of her were taken by him; and at the posthumous exhibition of his works, an exquisite drawing of her, with a poodle dog, and a child clasping her feet, excited the admiration of every visitor. It was masterly, delicate, and full of poetry.

In writing the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, this is one of a few similar subjects, which it would be disingenuous to omit; for attachment entered too intimately into his disposition, it gave too strong a tinge to his manners, it had its effect upon his voice and address, and was too palpably influential upon his conduct, for the biographer to convey any perfect idea of his character, without embracing this topic. Were such an omission advisable, it would no longer be prudent, or indeed possible: periodical works of the most extensive circulation have dwelt upon the subject with exaggeration, acrimony, and even grossness.

It becomes, therefore, the more necessary to be full and circumstantial: sacrifices to prudery,

or to fastidious delicacy and morbid irritation, could be made only at the expense of truth and morals, and to the injury of the individual. This is one of the cases in which the mirror should be held up to facts, without forgetting that the more polished the surface, the more numerous and accurate will be the reflections.

Mrs. Wolff was the wife of a Danish consul, who expired in the spring of 1829. Her husband, Mr. Jens Wolff, was attached to the Arts; and at his residence, Sherwood Lodge, Battersea, Mr. Smirke the architect had built him a gallery, in which he had a fine collection of casts, chiefly from the antique. The principal artists and eminent men of literature used to visit Mr. Wolff, and among the rest were Lawrence and his friend Fuseli.

Mrs. Wolff eventually separated from her husband; and her subsequent intimacy with Mr. Lawrence's sister, and their mutual female friends, is agreeably set forth in the family and friendly letters which I shall now insert.

She was an accomplished and amiable woman. The gratification which he derived from the conversation of one, whose taste was pure and cultivated, rendered it a subject of regret, that circumstances, particularly her living in the coun-

try, prevented her forming part of his circle of acquaintances, except at remote intervals. She resided in Kent, about fifty miles from London, and afterwards in the neighbourhood of Monmouth, where she passed the last eight years of her life, known and beloved by the most respectable families in that neighbourhood. But though Sir Thomas Lawrence could enjoy her society only at the infrequent periods of her occasional journeys to London, and during the two short visits of a few days each which he paid to Herefordshire, he kept up a constant correspondence with this lady and her two sisters. Upon her death, he accompanied her brother into Herefordshire, to attend the funeral.

A lady of decided talents, the wife of a dignitary of our church, and accustomed to fashionable and highly intellectual society, had the means of accurate information, upon this and analogous subjects, as Sir Thomas Lawrence, for a long period of his life, had been in the habit of imparting his feelings, and communicating his conduct, in confidence of her delicacy and wisdom, and from an experience of the benefits he had invariably derived from her integrity and prudence.

This lady, writing to Mr. T. Campbell, judiciously observes, that "if this question (of Mrs. Wolff) be wholly omitted, the world in general will believe, that his biographer dare not face it; and I have a horror that it may leave an opening, for some literary scavenger to make a book on the subject, and mingle truth with falsehood, in a way which it may be difficult to disprove."

Mrs. Angerstein, in a letter to the lady above alluded to as Sir Thomas Lawrence's Minerva and better genius, says, "When the hateful calumny met my eyes in the 'Literary Gazette,' I spurned it with all the indignation it merited; as you will easily believe, when I tell you, our dear departed friend had written me a most affecting letter last summer, on the death of that very person, though without naming her, telling me that he had lost one, whose friendship had constituted one of the first blessings of his life; and, to prove the superiority of her character, he adds, with that partiality which, though undeserving of, I yet so highly prized, 'her purity and exalted piety were such, that you would have found in her a congenial spirit.' In this letter, he delayed a proposed sitting of Mr. Angerstein, as not feeling equal to any exertion for

some days; but upon my seeing him again, the only intercourse, if such I may call it, that we had on the subject, was, by the prolonged pressure of the hand, and melancholy expression of countenance, with which he met me. Who she was, before marriage with Mr. Wolff, I am totally ignorant, as well as of her history; but I distinctly remember admiring, fifteen or sixteen years ago, a portrait of great beauty, which he placed before us, saying, 'I believe it is a person you do not know, a Mrs. Wolff, wife of the Danish consul, and more beautiful by far than this picture.'"

Sir Thomas Lawrence introduced Mrs. Wolff to Mrs. Ottley and her daughters, a family for whom he entertained the warmest friendship, and an exalted esteem.

As the letters of Sir Thomas to Mrs. Wolff were written in the confidence of friendship, and without any idea of their being made public, they afford the best internal evidence of the minds and dispositions of the parties towards each other, and of the nature of their habitual intercourse.

Long before he was President of the Academy, he wrote to Mrs. Wolff the following letter, in reply to one to him, in which she had expressed

herself mournfully, upon her deserted situation and embarrassed affairs.

Extract of a Letter to Mrs. Wolff.—(No date.)

"Triumphs of conquerors, and even the deeds of heroism that secure them, have a colder spectator in me, as man and artist, than can often be found. I would rather paint Satan, bursting into tears, when collecting his ruined angels, than Achilles, radiant in his heavenly arms, mounting his chariot, defying his destiny when announced by miracle, and rushing on devoted Troy! And fallen Rome, with its declining sun, as it was once sweetly, pathetically painted by Claude, would be more delightful in anticipation, than seen in its full carnival, with its rich tapestries hung round St. Peter's, its illuminated dome, and the magnificent fire-works from the castle of St. Angelo, with all the gorgeous accompaniments of processions, fêtes, &c. &c.

"My case is very different to yours, and many inquietudes break in upon me. I think more seriously of life than I ever did; and reflect, that I have lived half my days, and done not half of what my morning promised. It is true, that for these last six years, I have been rising in professional estimation; but I find too, that *enemies*

rise with it, and some way or other *reach me*. My faults are very obvious, and known to but too many—the good of my character to very few. Amongst the best part of it, I should say, that liberality towards my competitors, and the opinions and feelings of a gentleman, may be included; with a disdain of selfish policy, and mere trickery of conduct: yet I have recently had the most striking proof, that this and more are imputed to me;—that I am endeavouring to create an unwarrantable influence in the Academy, that I am 'forming my squad;' that every thing is to be sacrificed to me; and that, whatever injustice is shown to others, I am secretly the cause and mover.

"The most respectable character in the society, one who has been a benefactor to many, is now the object of their attack, from his supposed partiality to me; and I, who have never in act, or even speech, been illiberal towards a brother artist, am now the object of suspicion and distrust. The difficulty of keeping in the same quiet path I have hitherto walked in, becomes daily more distressing. With a word, I think I could refute these calumnies that are spread against me, and bring these restless enemies to shame. Then, I doubt if it is wise to do so; and instead of being their envy, become their

hatred—a feeling in my mind dreadful to excite. So little have I yet committed myself, that these men are compelled to smile upon me when we meet; and to forego this quiet triumph, more enjoyment must be offered than their detection offers. Yet, to be untainted in my character with my rivals—I mean, in whatever regards my conduct to them—is one great object with me. In the midst of these vexations, which I think I reveal to you for the first time, I have the cares of overwhelming business, a thousand dissatisfactions arising from it, and the difficult settlement of those past encumbrances that once so nearly ruined me."

In this view of his own liberal feelings towards his brother artists, and of the superiority of his mind to the trade of his profession, all who had the slightest knowledge of him must cordially agree. No man ever existed, more calculated to disarm envy, to dissipate jealousy, or to conciliate unkindness; and it is lamentable to see his private hours darkened by his sensibility to the malign influence of the bad or narrow spirits of those with whom he was brought in contact. Still more lamentable is it to reflect upon his mind being abstracted from the refined and elegant pleasures connected with his profes-

sional pursuits, and which were so congenial to his tastes, by his ceaseless conflicts with embarrassments, incurred benevolently in behalf of others.

Immediately after finishing his celebrated portrait of Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, he wrote to Mrs. Wolff as follows:

"If it be proof of a just claim to the character of a great painter, that he is master of his art, that proof is denied to me, for I am perpetually mastered by it; and am as much the slave of the picture I am painting, as if it had living, personal existence, and chained me to it. How often in the progress of a picture, have I said, 'Well, I'll do no more'—and after laying down my palette and pencils, and washing my hands, whilst wiping them dry I have seen the 'little more,' that has made me instantly take them up again.

"It is pleasant, that, though all is difficulty, (though governed by whatever general principles,) each picture has its *own laws*, and in that copy of nature, partakes of its infinite variety. Still, there is no vague uncertainty about it; the truth exists, and it is our business to find it out. A really fine critic should, on looking at a picture, be able to assign a cause and motive for

every form and hue that compose it, since nothing in it is matter of accident, but with the ignorant and presumptuous. There is a sort of calculated foreseen accident, that is often happy. I select a brush, a pencil of loose form, whose touch may be irregular, and is therefore chosen by me, for the particular quality of the object; but this is intention, not chance, or chance selected by it.

"I have a peculiar pleasure and pride in the pictures I send to remote countries, which are unacquainted with the higher works and principles of art. They might with security be deceived, and slighted by me. The judgment, the difficulty, (if I may say it,) the science of the picture, will be lost upon them; but after they have, perhaps, for years liked and admired it, as a resemblance, and been satisfied that it is a fair specimen of my talent, some great artist or true connoisseur may come among them, and then they will learn, that in every part, it is one of my most finished productions; that even for the monarch of my own country, I could not have laboured with more skill and vigilance, than I have done for strangers, whom I shall never see, and from whom neither praise might be expected, *nor censure feared.*"

The perusal of this letter may benefit the most ingenious artist. His notions of criticism upon

the art, would put critics to too severe a test. There is certainly a cause in all things, "if philosophy could find it out." "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas." This is really happiness, the supreme happiness of superior minds; but let us not think too curiously after such a fashion, for it runs us into fanciful theories, and we must at last resolve ourselves into unknown and unfathomable organic feelings and associations. Many of the most exquisite beauties of painting have been the result of "accident"—a state of nerves and feelings which produces with delight, but without reference to known principles, and without consciousness of art: and opinions and judgments are often felicitous and correct, though not to be traced to received principles of theorists. It is doubtful whether it would be a benefit to discover and teach any system of rules, by which is to be attained "the grace above the rules of art." Upon no subject whatever is there such a contradiction of opinions as upon paintings, even if we restrict the privilege of judgment to able artists, to really ingenious connoisseurs, to skilful dealers or to critics of unquestionable talent. On perusing the writings of painters, from Vasari to Sir Thomas Lawrence, readers must be forcibly struck with the perpetual application of incongruous and abso-

lutely contradictory terms, to the same painters, the same pictures, and even to the same points of them, by authors of equal eminence.

With reference to the latter part of Sir Thomas Lawrence's letter, the following letter from Sir Gore Ouseley, the British ambassador to Persia, is curious, and extremely interesting.

"Woolmers, Hertford, January 26th, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

"I am sincerely rejoiced to find that the task of writing a Memoir of our much lamented friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence, has fallen to such hands as yours; and conceiving, that in dwelling on the wonders of his pencil, you may be glad to have an anecdote corroborative of its magical powers, I have much pleasure in communicating to you the following fact, which occurred during the early part of my embassy to the Court of Persia.

"In consequence of the Persian ambassador, Mirza Abul Hassan Khan's limited sojourn in England in 1810, and, I am proud to think, from a kindly feeling to myself, Sir Thomas Lawrence contrived, in the short space of seventy-four days, to finish a beautiful portrait of his Excellency, that is generally considered, not only an excellent likeness, but one of the best pictures

he ever painted. Indeed, he was himself so proud of it, that, on my return from Persia in 1815, he made me promise never to let any one but himself clean or varnish it.

"His Excellency Mirza Shefi, prime minister of the king of Persia, called upon me one morning at Tehran, so unexpectedly, that I had not time to remove the Persian ambassador's portrait from the sofa, on which I had placed it the moment before, from out of its packing-case.

"I hastened to the door of the drawing-room to receive the minister, and taking him by the hand, was leading him to the sofa, when he unaccountably drew back. It is necessary to premise, that in Persian houses, (and I was then living in a palace lent me by the king, whilst my own was building,) the apartments have frequently open windows as well as doors of communication to other rooms on the same floor, and that Mirza Shefi may have possibly mistaken the frame of the picture, erect against the wall, for that of a window. At all events it did not injure the illusion.

"On looking back to learn the cause of his hesitation, I perceived the old minister's countenance inflamed with anger, which, before I could inquire the cause of it, burst forth in an apostrophe to the portrait. "I think," said he; "that

when the representative of the King of England does me the honour of standing up to receive me; in due respect to him, you should not be seated." I could not resist laughing at this delightful mistake, and before I could explain, he said to me, "Yes, it is your Excellency's kindness to that impertinent fellow that encourages such disrespect, but with your permission I'll soon teach him to know his distance." Shaking his cane at the picture, he uttered a volley of abuse at poor Mirza Abul Hassan, and said, that if he had forgotten all proper respect to Sir Gore Ouseley, he must at least show it to the representative of his own sovereign. His rage was most violent, and I was obliged to bring him close to the picture before he was undeceived.

"In the course of my life, I think I never met with such a flattering, natural, and unsophisticated tribute to superior talents!

"On approaching the picture, he passed his hand over the canvas, and, with a look of unaffected surprise, exclaimed, 'Why! it has a flat surface!! Yet at a little distance, I could have sworn by the Koran, that it was a projecting substance---in truth, that it was Abul Hassan Khan himself.'

"It will give you a melancholy pleasure, my dear sir, to know, that in relating the above

proof of his wonderful talent to himself, in a large company, the tears of gratified feeling started to his eyes. He then admitted, that the Mirza's portrait was one of the best pictures he had ever painted; and, with modest delicacy, added, that the subject, the beard, the fur, and the dress, were all great accessories to a good painting.

"My dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"GORE OUSELEY.

"Thomas Campbell, Esq. Middle Scotland Yard, Whitehall, London."

The following letter from Sir Thomas Lawrence to Mrs. Wolff, taken more especially in conjunction with the preceding, and with what will follow it, evinces a blameless and delightful intercourse of taste and intellect. Our morals must be depraved, or our system must include some false sources of sentiments, when the comforts of female society and friendship must be withheld from a man, for fear of exciting aspersions upon character. The stain of puritanism, and of hypocritical cant---our worst heritage from the fanatics of the Commonwealth, continues to sully the people of this country. It is, however, consolatory to reflect upon the alteration which has taken place within the last quarter of

a century, and particularly since the peace of 1814 has opened to us the continent, and assimilated our dispositions and notions more to the rest of our fellow-men. It is but justice to both parties to state, that their frequent letters have no breathings of levity—they display only the close friendship of congenial tastes, and are always on intellectual subjects, or upon the business of life, communicated in no tone to create a suspicion of more tender sympathies. The letter contains criticisms, from some of which the majority of well-informed persons must dissent.

"TO MRS. WOLFF.

"I desire an instant and clear explanation of the thought in this passage—it is from the life of Agricola by Tacitus—the translation very true, though old—*no looking into Murphy's.* He speaks of Domitian being pleased that he was nominated joint heir by Agricola:

"'Being so blinded by continued flattery, as not to perceive that a good father never leaves any prince but a bad one his heir.'

"Now off hand—

"*Critique on Milman's Fazio.*

"The cause you assign for your dislike of Fazio, is from so pure a source, as to take from me

every unpleasant feeling at your censure of it, but that of disappointment, that I have failed in giving you an elevated pleasure. I do not hesitate to acknowledge, that, in three readings, it very powerfully affected me, and left me impressed with the conviction of its being, from the moment of the infidelity of the husband, a sustained and noble effort of a great tragic genius.

"On the day of my first reading it, I dined in company with Sir S—— R——, Mr. A——, a man of considerable talent, Mrs. A—— B——, Mrs. S——, and the Marquess of L——; and so certain was I of its excellence in its good parts, that I introduced the subject, by saying it was an odd coincidence, that our two first tragic writers were the sister and son of physicians—Apollo still maintaining his character in the union of the two arts. Sir S—— asked me to whom I alluded. I said to Miss Joanna Baillie, and Mr. Milman; upon which Lord L—— said, 'You mean Fazio—well, I am very glad to find myself so supported, for I think it a very fine work, and am pleased to have Sir Thomas Lawrence's authority for my opinion—it affected me very much indeed.' I give this verbatim to you, dear friend, because it was a great, and, at the moment, overpowering compliment to me.

"The Bishop of—— recommended it to me, and

I looked therefore for something of *the measured coldness of the scholar in it,* though I afterwards found his criticism of the good and bad, to my conception, just.

"In estimating the character of a work, there must always be that sort of convention between the author and his reader, that the latter must enter into his plan and design in the subject, both as to character and country, and as to the habits, prejudices, and passions that belong to both. A belief in the mythology of the East, or the curse of Kehama, is nonsense; but a man must believe in the wild, impetuous energies of undisciplined nature, though they lead to error and crime itself; or poetry, that the world has admired for ages, must now be discarded from the mind.

"Your opinion of tragedy is exceedingly pure and noble; but then it seems to apply more to the epic than to the dramatic poem, as the latter would be stripped by it of some of its greatest efforts. Comedy has to do with the weaknesses and vices of our nature; but tragedy (whatever of moral feeling be mixed in its result) belongs to its passions and its crimes. They are its very essence; and though you may find just and noble sentiment in many admirable plays, guilt and wretchedness are the foundations of those which are considered as the great examples of dramatic power. Venice Preserved, Othello, and Medea, must

still bear away the palm from all the lofty patriotism of Cato, or the pure morality of Tamerlane; for (in dignified sentiment, Rowe would be found superior to Otway) there is no new standard for tragedy. The heart must be agonized, not merely the reason convinced, or the poet does but half his business.

"It is essential, indeed, that no violence be done to the cause of virtue, by undue distribution of reward and punishment; and you must acknowledge, that in Fazio, whatever be the supposed defect of character, the crime of the one, and passion of the other, have full and ample retribution. There is no vicious pity, as in the German plays, the Stranger, &c.

"The wife is of an ill-regulated mind, but of an affectionate nature; *an Italian woman*, jealous of her husband, because she knows his character and weakness, and he is *guilty* of infidelity: and with what fine and daring poetry does she describe its danger---

'If that ye cast us to the winds, the winds
Will give us their unruly, restless nature—
We whirl and whirl! and where we settle, Fazio,
But He that RULETH the mad winds can know?'

"Could you be proof against her in the council?---

. . . . . 'I say he is NOT guilty!
Not guilty unto death! I say he is *not!*

God gave ye hearing, but ye will not hear!
God gave ye feeling, but ye will not feel!
God gave ye judgment, but ye falsely judge!'

"What is there in 'Measure for Measure' that is finer than this appeal? why, from Mrs. Siddons, it would have drawn down peals of thunder from the house. Then her wild despair in her visit to her infants—her night of wandering, in which she has *been* to his prison door, and turned from it, afraid to give him such 'cold comfort'—That picture of the infants stretching their little arms to her, and the impossibility of harming them—her final appearance in her last scene, even the mad, bitter taunt of phrenzied scorn to the fashion-monger on her mean garments, and the exquisite tenderness and pathos of the close—that line of Love himself—and we must pardon her:

'My Fazio *said*, we must forgive her—Fazio
Said so; AND ALL he said was best and wisest.'

That touching hope of a dying WIFE,—

'And thou believest he is no murderer!—
Thou'lt lay me near him—and keep her away from us.
It breaks! it breaks! it breaks! it is not iron!'

The button of Lear may be finer, but, in my mind, that alone is superior.

"Do but remember the innocent vehemence with which she repels the (to her) stupid charge of murder against Fazio—the mildness of whose

nature she almost *ridicules* in her astonishment at their absurd injustice—her rage, her contempt of their understanding, and unfitness for their office, when they persist in it—how totally unlike this is to the measured canter of thought and language in every other writer since Otway, Miss Baillie alone excepted!

"What Garrick said of Shakspeare, 'that he dipped his pen in his own heart,' is not, in my mind, more just than that the author of Fazio dipped his pen in the heart of that Italian lover, wife, and parent. The man, the husband, is an *instrument*—his *Jaffier*—weakness, on which her strength is built. The one thing which it is provoking he should have omitted, is some expression, after the riches are gained, of her ingratitude at the guilty possession. This has been strangely forgotten by him.

"I have tired you, I fear, with this long defence and vindication of my own sentiments."

In another letter to this lady (from which the following is an extract) he proposes, or rather communicates to her, the subject of a great, or rather beautiful, historical painting, on which his mind then dwelt with much earnestness. It may admit of a well-founded doubt, whether the subject was well chosen, and whether the world may not rather congratulate itself, than feel re-

gret upon the design being laid aside. The exertions of naked labourers, and the toilsome drudgery and confused details and implements of the mechanical art of building, would have been out of keeping or tone with the regal pomp of Pericles—and "the solemn magnificence of the group below" would have been more aided in expression by the rising structure of the Parthenon, than by a figure of the voluptuous and effeminate Alcibiades.

It was a canon of criticism, expatiated upon by Sir Joshua Reynolds, not to introduce in repose, any naked figure into the principal group, and this would have been avoided by the purple robe of Alcibiades, who has been too often represented by painters in nudity, to the outrage of taste, and to the ruin of the proper tone of the painting, by the mass of light upon the flesh colour. But in the subject proposed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, would not the mind have been distracted, by the equal importance of the objects destroying the expression of unity? Accessories or episodes should not rival the principal action. The design was laid aside.

"TO MRS. WOLFF.

"Pericles! Pericles! Pericles! Let all your thoughts, dear adviser, be on him, for determined

upon it I am. And now think of Aspasia, Anaxagoras, Damon, Socrates, Alcibiades, Phidias.

"What think you of their being placed under the magnificent portico when building? which gives me, in the varied actions of workmen, &c. on ladders, lifting immense weights, every display of the naked figure, which others cannot achieve, and I can.—Their forms now bright against the deep blue of the sky, and now as shadows against its lighter hues, contrasted with the solemn magnificence of the group below. I think we must give Alcibiades his flowing hair, his indolent graceful manner, and the long trailing of his purple robe."

At the period when the publication of "Cain" by Lord Byron, alarmed the fears of ascetics, and of many well-meaning but mistaken persons, beyond all powers of redemption by the exceeding beauty of the poem, Sir Thomas Lawrence fell into the vulgar error. He was not, however, insensible to the extraordinary merits of the work; and it is amusing to see how his admiration and intense delight at its magnificent composition, fluctuated with his fears of its evil consequences.

What can be a better answer to such appre-

hensions, than the effect which the poem had upon his own mind:—"*For myself, I never felt, from any cause of human suffering, more sincerity of emotion—I never appeared to stand so alone and so immediately in His presence—I never, (perhaps)—never before addressed him with such passionate truth of humble love and reverence, as I did after reading the work.*" This is to confess the master mind, in its almost superhuman influence upon the passions. If such be the effects of the poem upon an ingenuous mind, prejudiced, in the first instance, against it; the speculation of minds on which it may have a contrary effect, becomes a contemptible cavil.

Observations on Lord Byron.

"TO MRS. WOLFF.

"Miss C—— has probably informed you that Lord Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' has been returned to her friend, with many notes of recantation in his own hand, of mixed confession of prejudiced attacks on some, and present injury to others; * * * * * * * * * * the same mad wilful spirit that all his prose bespeaks him; and that in my mind is infinitely below his general

power. It is always below real genius to be insolent, capricious, and unjust; but I mean '*below*' as to the scale of intellect. Lord Byron's notes might be Lady M.'s, they are exactly of her calibre."

"TO MRS. WOLFF.

"I was at Mrs. Angerstein's last night, where Lord Byron's work (Cain) became the topic of conversation.

"I don't exactly perceive your opinion of the tendency, and not doing this, my own is at present with your sister's. I think it is likely to do much harm, and with exactly that class of persons whom one should most wish to preserve from it. To those of more intelligence, it will fall hurtless—who will see in it the writhings of a proud and rebuked spirit, driven to that last fatal climax of human error, in which, (as we together agreed,) goaded by the just reproaches of society, it turns upon it with demoniac hate, and says, 'Evil, be thou my good!' It is temporary triumph to the Carliles and the Hones, who will take full care to destroy the distinction, which, as in lingering remains of fear or shame, the author himself attempts to draw; and who will there-

fore represent the arguments of the Evil Spirit, and of Cain, as the belief and tenets of Lord Byron, the first poet and (with this unanswerable proof of it) the first philosopher of the age. Still the safe way with young minds is to insist on the author's opinions as given *in his note;* and that those dark speculations on the nature and fatal necessity of the Creator, are intended to be disgraced by him, in being assigned to the author of all ill, and to the first great criminal and dispenser of his hate.

"There are many fine passages of entirely opposite character, written apparently with great sincerity of transitory feeling, and so just and beautiful, as almost to bear out this most favourable view of the author's aim. It is impossible, however, that *we* can be blind to the existence of that unhappy nature, which seems to have triumphed in daring to forge arguments of hostility towards its Maker, and, in imagination, impiously to be confronted with him!

"For myself I can say, that I never felt, from any cause of human suffering, more sincerity of emotion—that I never appeared to stand so alone, and so immediately in His presence—that I never, (perhaps)—never before addressed him with such passionate truth of humble love and reverence, as I did after reading the work, and ruminating

on the frame of mind, and Pharaoh-like hardness of the heart, that had dared to pen it.

"I cannot help imagining that there is a strange, mysterious union in Lord Byron's mind, of genius, passion, and insanity; and that in the moment of highest elevation, the first is always excitement to the latter, making the human instrument as completely their slave, as the supposed victims of heathen inspiration.

"If you drive this his fatal effort from you, and read his 'Sardanapalus,' you will be charmed with many lovely passages, and with the sort of humanity with which he seems to have striven to rescue the character from its effeminate infamy, making it new in history, and yet entirely probable in nature. The parting scene with his wife, I think I mentioned to you; but what wife, what heroine of antiquity ever excelled that?"

"His (Lord Byron's) vivid (and though dark) grand energy of thought awakens the imagination, and makes us bend to the genius, before we scrutinize the man; but when he forces us to do the latter, the former becomes an object of apprehension and disgust; and, accordingly, Lavater's system never asserted its truth more forcibly than in Lord Byron's countenance, in which you see all

the character: its keen and rapid genius, its pale intelligence, its profligacy and its bitterness—its original symmetry distorted by the passions, his laugh of mingled merriment and scorn—the forehead clear and open, the brow boldly prominent, the eyes bright and *dissimilar*, the nose finely cut, and the nostril *acutely* formed—the mouth well-formed, but wide, and contemptuous even in its smile, falling singularly at the corners, and its vindictive and disdainful expression heightened by the massive firmness of the chin, which springs at once from the centre of the full under-lip—the hair dark and curling, but irregular in its growth; all this presents to you the poet and the man, and the general effect, is aided by a thin spare form, and, as you may have heard, by a deformity of limb.

"How good of you in heart, as right in judgment and in taste, to quote his passage about women; for so deeply had late events struck on my heart, that when I read that passage on my first sight of the work, I almost echoed the hissing of the serpent, as though it had been an angel's truth."

What metaphysicians may say upon his ideas of Lord Byron's genius, passion, and insanity, may be dispensed with; but the description of

Lord Byron's countenance comes as from one speaking, and entitled to speak, with authority, and it will be read with interest. The portraits of Lord Byron have been far from successful. They differ so very much from each other, that they may justly be deemed to be dissimilar from their common prototype. A person might almost imagine that in sitting for his portraits, Lord Byron had repeated the trick that Garrick played off upon Gainsborough.

The following is a fragment of a playful, family letter. It relates to the only daughter of his sister, Mrs. Meredeth, and who is now the wife of Mr. Aston of Birmingham.

" FRAGMENT OF A LETTER TO MRS. WOLFF.

"——Mrs. Aston's alarm about her,—for with my sister's gentleness, and her father's goodness, she must be too soon the little mistress of the family her existence makes, and thus will be too severely tried. She has a great thirst for knowledge, and has little accuracies of attention very delightful to me, and is what I can conceive to be like yourself at that age. She is not handsome, but not at all otherwise; and, without tune even of a hum, dances with more simple grace than I think I ever saw in a child; folds up her things like a tidy lady's maid, and ties up

her parcels like a little grocer . . . . . .

. . . . . .

"Of how very little use are the plain matter-of-fact understandings, in the education of a child's best or worst part—its nature. That they are innocent and good, is almost a negative security, if they have no subtlety of penetration—of detection of the future failing or vice, in the slight, but often certain indication of it, which passes totally unnoticed by common minds—the speck destined to be the tempest of future life."

In another part of this volume, a necessity has occurred of alluding to the late Queen and her daughter, the Princess Charlotte.

In 1817, Sir Thomas Lawrence was commissioned to paint the portrait of the latter a second time, and he staid at Claremont during nine days. He one morning filled up a few vacant hours in writing to his friend, and his description of the habits of the newly-married and juvenile offsprings and heirs of royalty, forms a calm, unostentatious, and delightful picture of domestic life. How ill such pleasures would have been exchanged for the public splendour and costly amusements by which they were tempted. It is a source of infinite gratification to lay before the country such a testimony to the disposition and virtues

of one, in whom centered so much of the public hope and love.

"*Extracts from Letters of Sir Thomas Lawrence.*

"I am now returned from Claremont, my visit to which was agreeable to me in every respect; both in what regarded myself, my reception, and the complete success of my professional labours, and in the satisfaction of seeing the perfect harmony in which this young couple now live, and of observing the good qualities which promise to make it lasting.

"The princess is, as you know, wanting in elegance of deportment, but has nothing of the hoyden or of that boisterous hilarity which has been ascribed to her: her manner is exceedingly frank and simple, but not rudely abrupt nor coarse; and I have, in this little residence of nine days, witnessed undeniable evidence of an honest, just, English nature, that reminded me, from its immediate decision between the right and wrong of a subject, and the downrightness of the feeling that governed it, of the good King, her grandfather. If she does nothing gracefully, she does every thing kindly.

"She already possesses a great deal of that

knowledge of the past history of this country, that ought to form a part of her peculiar education.

"It is exceedingly gratifying to see that she both loves and respects Prince Leopold, whose conduct, indeed, and character, seem justly to deserve those feelings. From the report of the gentlemen of his household, he is considerate, benevolent, and just, and of very amiable manners. My own observation leads me to think, that, in his behaviour to her, he is affectionate and attentive, rational and discreet; and, in the exercise of that judgment which is sometimes brought in opposition to some little thoughtlessness, he is so cheerful and slily humourous, that it is evident (at least it appears to me so) that she is already more in dread of his opinion than of his displeasure.

"Their mode of life is very regular: they breakfast together alone about eleven: at half-past twelve she came in to sit to me, accompanied by Prince Leopold, who stayed great part of the time: about three, she would leave the painting-room to take her airing round the grounds in a low phaëton with her ponies, the Prince always walking by her side: at five, she would come in and sit to me till seven; at six, or before it, he would go out with his gun to shoot either hares or rabbits, and return about seven

or half-past: soon after which, we went to dinner, the Prince and Princess appearing in the drawing-room just as it was served up. Soon after the dessert appeared, the Prince and Princess retired to the drawing-room, whence we soon heard the pianoforte accompanying their voices. At his own time, Colonel Addenbrooke, the chamberlain, proposed our going in, always, as I thought, to disturb them.

"After coffee, the card-table was brought, and they sat down to whist, the young couple being always partners, the others changing. You know *my superiority* at whist, and the unfairness of my sitting down with unskilful players; I therefore did not obey command, and from ignorance of the *delicacy* of my motives, am recommended to study Hoyle before my second visit there next week, which indeed must be a very short one.

"The Prince and Princess retire at eleven o'clock."

Alas! little did the writer think, when describing these endearing scenes of life in its young joys and brilliant prospects, that ere a month, the glad, young girl, animated and inspired by nature's warmth, by kindling visions of the mother, and breathing the freshness and fulness of the affections—that ere a month, she should be

writhing in agony—visionless—unconscious—perceptionless—in the charnel-house—"to lie in cold obstruction, and to rot."—How dreadfully is the change from warm and joyous life to exanimate matter, exemplified in a death like this!

"Popular love, and the enthusiasm of sorrow, never towards greatness perhaps so real, saw in her a promised Elizabeth, and while yet she lived it was a character which I should sincerely have assigned to her, as that which she would most nearly have approached: certain I am that she would have been a true monarch, have loved her people,—charity and justice, high integrity, (as I have stated) frankness and humanity, were essentials and fixed in her character: her mind seemed to have nothing of subtlety or littleness in it, and she had all the courage of her station.

"She once said, 'I am a great coward, but I bluster it out like the best of them till the danger's over.' I was told by one of the members of the council awaiting her delivery, that Dr. Baillie came in, and said in answer to some inquiries, 'She's doing very well: she'll not die of fear: she puts a good Brunswick face upon the matter.' She had a surprisingly quick ear, which

I was pleasantly warned of: whilst playing whist, which being played for shillings, was not the most silent game I ever witnessed, she would suddenly reply to something that the Baron or I would be talking of, in the lowest tone, at the end of the room, whilst her companions at the table were ignorant of the cause of her observations.

"I have increased respect for the Bishop of Salisbury, because he appeared to have fully performed his duty in her education. She had, as I have said, great knowledge of the history of this country, and in the businesses of life, and a readiness in anecdotes of political parties in former reigns.

"How often I see her now entering the room, (constantly on his arm,) with slow but firm step, always erect,—and the small, but elegant proportion of her head to her figure, of course more striking from her situation. Her features, as you see, were beautifully cut; her clear blue eye, so open, so like the fearless purity of truth, that the most experienced parasite must have turned from it when he dared to *lie*.

"I was stunned by her death: it was an event in the great drama of life. The return from Elba! Waterloo! St. Helena! Princess Charlotte dead!—I did not grieve, I have not grieved half

enough for her: yet I never think of her, speak of her, write of her, without tears, and have often, when alone, addressed her in her bliss, as though she now saw me, heard me: and it is because I respect her for her singleness of worth, and am grateful for her past, and meditated kindness.

"Her manner of addressing Prince Leopold was always as affectionate as it was simple; 'My love;' and his always, 'Charlotte.' I told you that when we went in from dinner they were generally sitting at the piano-forte, often on the same chair. I never heard her play, but the music they had been playing was always of the finest kind.

"I was at Claremont, on a call of inquiry, the Saturday before her death. Her last command to me was, that I should bring down the picture to give to Prince Leopold upon his birthday, the 16th of the next month.

"The etching was given me in a grateful moment, a sad one too, (for he was in tears,) by Colnaghi. He was her printseller, and she had made a large collection—all Sir Joshua's, Vandyke's, &c. He used to attend her when Miss Knight was with her, and saw her execute the thing, the first impression of which she gave to him.

"I eagerly caught at his saying, 'I was more

worthy of it,' and more than half asked him for it."

"If I do not make reply to different parts of your letter, (always satisfactory in a correspondence,) it is because I fear, having no long time to write in, that I may lose something by delay, in narrating the circumstances of my yesterday's visit to Claremont, when I was enabled, through the gracious kindness of my sovereign, to fulfil that promise so solemnly given and now become so sacred a pledge.

"It was my wish that Prince Leopold should see the picture on his first entering the room to his breakfast, and accordingly at seven o'clock I set off with it in a coach. I got to Claremont, uncovered and placed it in the room in good time. Before I took it there, I carried it in to Colonel Addenbrooke, Baron Hardenbroch, and Dr. Short who had been her tutor. Sir Robert Gardiner came in, and went out immediately. Dr. Short looked at it for some time in silence, but I saw his lips trembling, and his eyes filled to overflowing. He said nothing, but went out; and soon after him Colonel Addenbrooke. The baron and I then placed the picture in the Prince's room.

"When I returned to take my breakfast, Colonel Addenbrooke came in: he said, 'I don't know what to make of these fellows; there's Sir Robert Gardiner swears he can't stay in the room with it; that if he sees it in one room, he'll go into another.'—Then there's Dr. Short. I said, I suppose by your going out and saying nothing, you don't like the picture. 'Like it,' he said, (and he was blubbering) ''tis so like her, and so amiable, that I could not stay in the room.'—More passed on the subject, not worth detailing. I learnt that the Prince was very much overcome by the sight of the picture, and the train of recollections that it brought with it. Colonel Addenbrooke went in to the Prince, and returning shortly, said, 'The Prince desires me to say how much obliged to you he is for this attention, that he shall always remember it. He said, 'Do you think Sir Thomas Lawrence would wish to see me? If he would, I shall be very glad to see him.'—I replied that I thought you would: so if you like, he will see you whenever you choose, before your departure.' Soon after, I went in to him. As I passed through the hall, Dr. Short came up to me, (he had evidently been, and was crying,) and thanked me for having painted such a picture. 'No one is a better judge than I am, Sir,' and he turned away.

"The Prince was looking exceedingly pale; but he received me with calm firmness, and that low, subdued voice that you know to be the *effort* at composure. He spoke at once about the picture and of its value to him more than to all the world besides. From the beginning to the close of the interview, he was greatly affected. He checked his first burst of affection, by adverting to the public loss, and that of the royal family. 'Two generations gone!—gone in a moment! I have felt for myself, but I have felt for the Prince Regent. My Charlotte is gone from this country—it has lost her. She was a good, she was an admirable woman. None could know my Charlotte as I did know her! It was my happiness, my duty to know her character, but it was my delight.' During a short pause I spoke of the impression it had made on me. 'Yes, she had a clear, fine understanding, and very quick—she was candid, she was open, and not suspecting, but she saw characters at the glance—she read them so true. You saw her; you saw something of us—you saw us for some *days*—you saw our *year!* Oh! what happiness—and it was solid—it could not change, for we knew each other—except when I went out to shoot, we were together always, and we *could* be together—we did not tire.'

"I tried to check this current of recollection, that was evidently overpowering him (as it was me) by a remark on a part of the picture, and then on its likeness to the youth of the old King. 'Ah! and my child was like her, for one so young, (as if it had really lived in childhood). For one so young it was surprisingly like—the nose, it was higher than children's are—the mouth, so like hers; so cut, (trying to describe its mouth on his own.) My grief did not think of it, but if I could have had a drawing of it! She was always thinking of others, not of herself—no one so little selfish—always looking out for comfort for others. She had been for hours, for many hours, in great pain—she was in that situation where selfishness must act if it exists—when *good* people will be selfish, because pain makes them so—and my Charlotte was not—any grief could not make her so! She thought our child was alive; I knew it was not, and I could not support her mistake. I left the room, for a short time: in my absence they took courage, and informed her. When she recovered from it, she said, 'Call in Prince Leopold—there is none can comfort him but me!' My Charlotte, my dear Charlotte! And now, looking at the picture, he said, Those beautiful hands, that at the last, when she was talking to others were always looking out for mine!'

"I need not tell you my part in this interview; he appeared to rely on my sharing his thoughts.

* * * * * * *

"Towards the close of our interview, I asked him, 'if the princess at the *last* felt her danger?' He said, 'No; my Charlotte thought herself very ill, but not in danger. And she was so well but an hour and a half after the delivery!---And she said I should not leave her again—and I should sleep in that room—and she should have in the sofa-bed—and she should have it where she liked—she herself would have it fixed. She was strong, and had so much courage, yet once she seemed to fear. You remember she was affected when you told her that you could not paint my picture just at that time; but she was much more affected when we were alone—and I told her I should sit when we went to Marlborough House after her confinement. 'Then,' she said, 'if you are to sit when you go to town, and after my confinement—then I may never see that picture.' My Charlotte felt she never should.'

"More passed in our interview, but not much more—chiefly, my part in it. At parting he pressed my hand firmly—held it long, I could almost say affectionately. I had been, by all this conversation, so impressed with esteem for him,

that an attempt to kiss his hand that grasped mine was resistless, but it was checked on both sides. *I* but bowed—and he drew my hand towards him: he then bade me good by, and on leaving the room turned back to give me a slow parting nod, — and though half blinded myself, I was struck with the exceeding paleness of his look across the room. His bodily health, its youthfulness cannot sink under this heaviest affliction! And his mind is rational, but when *thus* leaving the room, his tall dark figure, pale face, and solemn manner, for the moment looked a melancholy presage.

"I know that your good-nature will forgive my not answering your letter in detail, since I have refrained from it but to give you this narration of beings so estimable, so happy, and so parted.

"Prince Leopold's voice is of very fine tone, and gentle; and its articulation exceedingly clear, accurate, and impressive, without the slightest affectation. You know that sort of reasoning emphasis of manner with which the tongue conveys whatever deeply interests the mind. His 'My Charlotte!' is affecting: he does not pronounce it as 'Me Charlotte,' but very simply and evenly, '*My* Charlotte.'"

It is an anachronism, but it is consistent with

the plan of the subject, to insert the following extracts from letters from Sir Thomas Lawrence to Mrs. Wolff and Miss Crofts---the latter respecting his feelings for the death of Mrs. Wolff. With these, this part of the biography must terminate; and the public, as well as the friends of the deceased, will be in possession of this important and much bruited episode, in the life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

"The poor old King! In one view, his death (since his life has been so long in death) is a benefit to the nation. The name of king has so much legitimate and grave authority with it, that the late Prince Regent will not now be subject to the gross scurrility that has so daringly attacked him. He is now monarch of England; and England, for its own pride, will more sustain its monarch, than the person, however exalted, that has acted for him."

A little before this, in writing from Aix-la-Chapelle to Mrs. Wolff, he had alluded to a king of a very different description.

"Lord Liverpool gave me an account of the Commissioners' interview with Bonaparte, when his doom of St. Helena was announced. Through-

out the whole, he preserved the most calm and dignified composure; once only being at all agitated, when, in speaking of the Regent, he said, that posterity would be the judge of his conduct towards him. At that moment a quivering in his upper lip, and his eyes filling, spoke an emotion, that betrayed itself at no other time during the conference. The picture (of Napoleon) instantly recalled this account of Lord Liverpool's to my mind."

The stateman's craft does not improve our nature. Little is that man to be envied, that can delight in describing the agony of his victim.

That Sir Thomas felt severely for the death of Mrs. Wolff, is evident by his correspondence. The following passages, in letters to Miss Crofts, have allusion to his state of mind upon her death.

"TO MISS CROFTS.

"Aug. 20, 1829.

——"I thank you for the book, which I have no doubt will be of salutary influence; but there is this difference between me and those to whom it is generally addressed, that my sorrow has brought me nearer to God, not diverted me from Him."

"Sept. 17, 1829.

"It is in these moments alone, that I am satisfied with myself; in every other, I am the same worldly being with things around me; and the dreadful certainty, that I *can be* these TWO beings, makes me feel that there must have been prior cause for this base alloy in our nature. That evil must have had its remote source, and is part of the great scheme unknown to us, and in which our present existence is but as a point, a speck in the vast creation, yet over which, in its minutest portion, the Deity has perpetual governance. You know me, Elizabeth, and know that I am not growing a fanatic, nor any other than the reasonable being, in my devotion to the Almighty, that in my heart I have always been. It is only that heart that has been so awakened as to show me what I am, and thus to increase my sense of His bounty and His love."

"Sept. 30, 1829.

——"On the other subject, we have equally thought and felt alike. I have missed no Sunday since my arrival in town, without attending divine service. Yesterday I spent at Mr. C.'s at M——; but went to that simple country church, and heard a good, but too abstruse sermon, for the greater

part of the congregation. An irreverent thought never yet passed through my mind; and surely it is none, that in the public worship of God, I am again in the presence of that sweet and pious nature, who loved Him with so genuine a devotion, and had confidence in that love, in th mercy and blessing it would secure, when accompanied by a life of service to His creatures."

—— "Religious education, I mean in its ordinary habits in families, inculcates gratitude and humbleness of mind towards the Creator; and by making these sentiments familiar to us, disposes us to thankful feelings for any good rendered us by our fellow men: whilst the entire absence of it has the opposite effect; and by leaving us independent of another world, makes us self-loving and proud in this."

On the 2nd of February 1829, in a letter to his beloved sister, he says,—"Let me have the pleasure to hear from you, that Lady Skipwill is better; though, alas! the return of severe weather is against all invalids, and I have more than one dear and valued friend suffering from illness, to which it is too likely to bring addition. I know you will be grieved to hear that Mrs.

Wolff has lately been afflicted with severer cold and cough than she has informed Miss Crofts or myself of; and that even now, although better, she is obliged to live in a room of the temperature of 55° or 60°, which she is advised, and is determined not to quit, till the close of spring, unless very considerably better, or indeed restored to health."

On the 7th of May, in a letter to his sister, he says,—"I grieve to tell you of the severe illness of Mrs. Wolff, who is suffering from cold, and constant fever; though the physician's report is still decided, that the lungs are not affected, and that she will recover soon. Still the continued high pulse is an alarming symptom, and the greatest possible care, and absence from the least exertion of the frame or mind, are essential to recovery."

This hope of recovery was fallacious, and Mrs. Wolff expired of this illness.

The following letter to Mrs. Angerstein explains itself, as well as elucidates the state of his feelings.

(Entirely private.)

"Russell Square, July the 9th, 1829.

"My dear Madam,

"It will give me great pleasure to receive

Mr. Angerstein on Monday next, at eleven o'clock.

"You may be assured, that my true friends in Charles Street have not been out of my mind, nor my engagement to dear Mrs. Rowley; but, except in cases of absolute necessity, I have willingly been employed, since my return from the country, only on subordinate matters in my profession, because, to acknowledge the truth, my mind has been totally unfit for others. You will naturally look for some adequate cause for this depression, and it is told in a few words. I have lost a deeply valued and revered friend! one who, without injustice, I could almost say, even to you and dear Mrs. Boucherette, was worthy, from genius, right principle, benevolence, and piety, to have been known, and been esteemed, and loved by you.

"To you I know this will sufficiently account for my slowness in resuming my appointment with Mr. Angerstein, for that sort of confidential sitting, which the presence of so true and long-known a friend must naturally make.

"On Monday I shall fully expect the pleasure of receiving him.

"Believe me ever,

"&c. &c. &c."

In affairs of love, Sir Thomas had need of the

fortitude of St. Anthony, for he was often tempted, and was more sinned against than sinning. His face and fine figure, with his elegant manners, led to these *egaremens du cœur*. A lady, to whose sagacity and prudence he was often much indebted, and to whom reference has already been made, in writing to a female friend, says—"I cannot but tell you what so fully illustrates my position, that Sir Thomas Lawrence was oftener wooed than wooing. I do most entirely agree with you, that our lost friend never gave pain, wilfully, to any human being, or flirted for the gratification of his own vanity. Did I ever tell you how strangely I was assailed, I may say persecuted, by a lady entirely unknown to me? I met with a Miss ——, at Lady Crewe's, who there learnt that I was a friend of Lawrence's; and she told me that he was attached to a friend of hers. Soon after, she brought this friend to call upon me. Both at once entered on this state of love, and requested me to find out whether he meant to propose and marry her, or not. I professed entire ignorance, and declined interference; still they came together, till I was, I fear, hardly civil.

At last I asked him about her, and he told me he had been some days in the same house with her, and had admired her much for beauty and talents; but that in the course of increased inti-

macy, he found she could not suit him as a wife, that he had withdrawn his attentions as soon as he made up his mind; but reluctantly confessed that her repeated attacks upon him since, directly and indirectly, (as through me,) had given him pain, and added to his determination. If women will go such lengths, I cannot pity them much."

Ladies, perhaps, are not celebrated for pitying each other in such cases; but there is something approaching to jesuitical casuistry, in the never giving pain "*wilfully*," and in not "flirting for the gratification of his own vanity." Why should pain be inflicted at all, or why should conduct be indulged in, which all men of sense and experience know will occasion pain? If flirting be carried to the extent of raising hopes, according to the usual interpretation of conduct, it is saying little, that the motive is not vanity.

The following letter, received by Sir Thomas, when President of the Academy, amounts almost to a caricature of "a woman of genius." Whether the letter was answered, or whether Sir Thomas had any wish to see so romantic and extravagant a writer, is not to be ascertained.

"SIR,

"As an humble admirer of the fine arts, and

a believer in the soft, yet potent influence which they exercise over the mind, I venture to address you, who have lived in a long and luxurious intercourse with them, who have unfolded many of their charms, and who have extended the limits of their fascination and fame beyond any modern artist! It would be a libel were I to apologize to you, sir, for writing; as calling in question that high feeling of gallantry, with which every cultivated and generous mind regards the softer sex!

"Though I am a woman, I yet venture, at a respectful distance, to follow the steps of those great masters of the pencil, who have handed down to posterity the lineaments and forms of the noble, the great, the brave, and the good! Therefore in my own, and in behalf of my sister artists, I would ask, why it has been thought necessary to exclude us from the advantages of attending those instructive and enlightened lectures upon the subject of painting, from which gentlemen derive the most useful information, direct their studies, and improve their taste.

"You, sir, like the far-famed genius of a lucid stream, preside over one of the most enchanting springs of science, and guide its fertilizing current! But why, alas! does it flow in full and buoyant pride, for the advantage of your sex

alone? Why is the golden channel narrowed in its course when woman seeks the brink, to taste—delicious draught! the sacred wave? Surely it is not from man's intellectual superiority alone that fair science has mounted her lofty throne, and derived all her strength and beauty? Examples of past and present days would leap from their hallowed shrines to plant a glorious wreath upon the brows of woman! and although we boast not the designating beard, the brawny sinew; nor possess (as in the days of Artemisia and Semiramis) minds formed 'for councils deep, and deeds of high emprize;' yet, at least our imaginations are vivid, our tastes capable of the highest refinement, and they only want your fostering hand to make them all that genius, short of thine own, could aim at!

"What though our forms are cast in a softer mould, shall it therefore be said we shall disgrace you by our being admitted to your lecture rooms? We are proud to hope not! Are you jealous of our abilities, and fearful of our competition? Perish the ungenerous thought! an idea equally unworthy of you and ourselves. For in no way can man more effectually exalt his own character, than by raising that being to eminence who sheds the brightest beams of happiness on his existence—and oh! remember that where

'Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,'

it should be man's first, best care to cherish and to cultivate these drooping plants—pining in adversity, and withering in solitude!' Nay, more, you may now, perchance, throw an additional lustre upon the name of a country that boasts of Sir Thomas Lawrence as her pride and ornament, and thus add one more laurel to your name, by leading these handmaids of science in the paths of fame.

"You certainly cannot be indifferent to the modest expressions of esteem and regard which, should you favour our views, will ever be addressed to you; neither can you be insensible to the bright supplicating eyes of my sister artists—loadstars fixed on you, Sir Thomas, for succour and encouragement.

"I am convinced, sir, you have too much politeness to refuse an early answer; in the full confidence of which I have the honour to subscribe myself, conjointly with my sister artists,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"A. B. Z.

"We leave it to your decision to select such lectures as are least likely to offend our delicacy.

"An answer directed to A. B. Z., to be left

at the Royal Academy till called for, (a fortnight from this date,) will be thankfully received.

"January the 12th, 1824."

A lady writing of Sir Thomas Lawrence's *liaisons* says, "I think every person of right feeling, every creature that will take the trouble to examine his own catalogue of failings, will be ready to pity or excuse the only shade on a character so beautiful and so much to be loved. I should be tempted to use the language of Laertes, 'A ministering angel shall he be,' &c. but it cannot be too strongly stated, that his manners were likely to mislead without his intending it. He could not write a common answer to a dinner invitation without its assuming the tone of a billet-doux: the very commonest conversation was held in that soft, low whisper, and with that tone of deference and interest, which are so unusual, and so calculated to please. I am myself persuaded, that he never intentionally gave pain. He was not a male coquette; he had no *plan* of conquest. All I know of his attachment was the ill-fated and never to be defended —— affair."

Ill-fated and indefensible indeed was this affair. Sir Thomas had carried his attentions to an ex-

emplary young lady so far, that it required, on her part, the utmost magnanimity and highest exertion of fortitude and generosity, to subdue her feelings, when he declared himself the warm and open admirer of her sister. The painful sacrifice was made magnanimously by the sister, and the courtship of the other proceeded to the time expected for the settlement of the day of marriage. The parent of the lady had agreed to relieve Mr. Lawrence of all his pecuniary embarrassments, when his wayward fancy too palpably reverted to his first attachment. He was of necessity forbidden further intercourse with the family, or at least with that branch of it. The pure, the excellent and beautiful girl, sunk into the grave, with wounded pride and broken spirits, the unsullied and deplored victim of his caprice. She was allied to a family more celebrated than any extant for talents of a peculiar description, and was the daughter of a lady whose genius in her high profession was probably never equalled, and who, with that genius, combined a beauty and a physical perfection, that created a union which hope can never expect again to see realized.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was probably the more to be pitied of the two. From the day of her death to that of his own he wore mourning, and always used black sealing wax. Uncontrollable

fits of melancholy came over him, and he mentioned not her name, but to his most confidential friend, and then always with tenderness and respect. "I do not mean to justify," writes a mutual friend, "what occurred, but still those who knew Sir Thomas as well as we did, might find much to palliate, and much to pity in the story."

His attachment and admiration of the Kemble family were strong and undeviating; and his opinions of Mrs. Siddons were of a truly exalted nature. On his early acquaintance with her, he wrote to his friend, Miss Lee, (the author of the "Canterbury Tales")---

"Mrs. Siddons is 'a noble creature,' and with a genius that strikes more certainly at the great than any, except your own, and yours is of a distinct nature—yours subduing the heart, and hers rousing the imagination. (I take her mind *out* of her profession.) I have consulted her and her brother on my picture of Milton, and as you will allow me to lower him beneath his sister, I will give you one little illustration of her right to the ascendancy. I had projected a material alteration in the action of my figure, and asked his opinion of it. He put himself in the position, and told me, 'it was not natural.' I asked Mrs. Siddons, if she agreed in his decision?

'Certainly,' she said, 'if in painting from Milton it is the *natural* you look for.' There is a power of mind for which we seem to want a name; even that of genius is inadequate. It is of a more close and compacted nature; heavier, therefore, and not so easily set in motion; but once moved, progressively increasing in force, as large and falling bodies acquire in velocity in proportion to the height they are dropped from. Mrs. Siddons is exactly of this stamp. The more she wills to do, the more she does. Give her but time in conversation, and a subject large enough for her mind, and nothing of brilliancy or wit could stand against her; the more she advanced in it, the greater would be her power of advancing."

This warm and juvenile admiration of the truly stupendous powers of this lady, increased as his judgment was matured, and the soundness or degree of it nobody can dispute or think extravagant. At the date of the letter, he was an inseparable companion of the artist, Mr. William Hamilton, a man of talents, eminent in his profession, and a devoted admirer of the Kemble family. His theatrical portraits, however, were truly theatrical in posture and action, nor did he succeed better in his portrait of Mrs. Siddons. The school of acting at that period (except with

a few) was extravagant, and the stage dresses grotesque and more unfavourable for a good painting, than the costume of female fashion was for portraits of feminine grace and loveliness.

Respecting the letter just quoted, it may be doubted whether John Kemble's opinion were not the more sound. What is the meaning of "*the natural*" in this sense. It is used merely for common, and the question turned upon the degree of deviation from what is common.

However, reverting from such digressions, to the questions of love, on one occasion the fates were just, and the hero had to feel that which he had often inflicted upon others. He fell *eperdument amoureux* of the Honourable Miss Upton, sister of Lord Templetown. The difference of rank could not be got over, and yet instances are numerous of painters having been more honourably allied. Infinitely the greater honour would have been that conferred upon the lady. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, when peers were held to be almost as sacred as the Deity, whilst Holbein was privately painting the portrait of a favourite lady of this British Nero, a great lord unexpectedly found his way into the painter's chamber. The violent and athletic Holbein seized upon the peer, and thrusting him out of

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the room, threw him down stairs, and bolted the door. Becoming alarmed at what he had done, he run to the King, by a private passage, and, falling upon his knees, obtained a pardon for his conduct. Presently the nobleman appeared, and made his complaint; when the King, with his usual oath, "By God's splendour!" exclaimed, "You have not to do with Hans, but with me. Of seven peasants I can make seven lords, but I cannot make one Hans Holbein."

Sir Thomas considered that the lady coquetted and trifled with his feelings. His passion lasted two years—a tolerable duration for unrequited love. He wrote the poem called the "Cold Coquette," already quoted, and often spoke with bitterness of "the triumph of the Cold Coquette."

To this succeeded his more intellectual attachment to Mrs. Wolff, "which, undoubtedly, innocent as it was," writes a discreet friend of the parties, "absorbed all his feelings and his time, and left no room for other attachments. If he made conquests, he was not vain of them, for I am sure his most trusted friend, after Mrs. Wolff (Mrs. Hayman,) has no idea of them."

This elaborate statement, and full and candid development of all that relates to the subject may appear to many supererogatory, and, perhaps, in some respects, even indelicate. The

facts, however, are set forth, lest others should indulge in exaggeration, or revive expiring slanders; or lest they should be inclined to indulge a prurient curiosity, by distorting truth or inventing falsehood.

CHAPTER III.

Enlightened zeal for the arts in France.—The Emperor Napoleon's patronage of the Arts and Sciences.—Sir Thomas Lawrence sent upon the Continent by the Prince Regent.—Contract-price of the mission.—Portable house shipped for Aix-la-Chapelle.—Does not arrive.—The Town-hall lent to Sir Thomas Lawrence.—His private letters describing his scenes with the Foreign Potentates.—Manners of the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and King of Prussia.—Interesting Anecdotes.—Sir Thomas leaves Aix-la-Chapelle for Vienna.—His letter from Heydelberg.—Arrival at Vienna.—His correspondence from that city.—He leaves Vienna.—His arrival at Rome.—First impressions.—His correspondence from that city.—Mr. Rothschild and Rosini.—Sir Thomas Lawrence leaves Rome.—His arrival at Florence.—His correspondence.—His return to England.

I HAVE now carried the biography of this eminent man, through all but three important stages of his life—his public mission to the continent—his splendid career after his return, and the last sad scenes of his eventful existence.

During the most severe struggles of the

French revolution, the partisans and public functionaries of that country never entirely intermitted their patronage of the fine arts. The French commanders in foreign countries availed themselves of every conquest to acquire the celebrated monuments of art, which they transmitted to their capital as the most glorious emblems of their victories. This fine imitation of Marcellus, whose spoils at Syracuse gave the Romans their first notion of arts and literature, with their beneficial influence upon private morals and public spirit, is secondary only to the more humane policy of protecting the vanquished in a quiet possession of every thing that has not a strict and immediate connexion with the affairs of war. Nothing, however, can reflect greater honour on the French character, than the emulous attention to the arts and sciences, by the rude and unlettered officers of the republic, so many of whom had sprung from the most humble birth, and had been reared amidst scenes of the coarsest ignorance.

The most illustrious example of a patronage of every thing relating to the arts and sciences, was exhibited by the Emperor Napoleon, even in the earliest stage of his career; and his example eventually shed an influence in this country, by the opening of our institutions to the

public, and by an incipient national gallery, and by various other facts that will appear in the course of this biography.

The visit of the allied sovereigns to England in 1814 had suggested the honourable commission to Sir Thomas Lawrence by the Prince Regent, of taking the likenesses of the royal personages, and of the illustrious characters that composed their retinue. But their stay in England was infinitely too short, and their time too much interrupted by state affairs, by pageants and court ceremonies, to admit of the completion of this purpose.

In 1818 the allied sovereigns, with the principal military and diplomatic characters of the age, were to assemble at Aix-la-Chapelle, to dispose of kingdoms, and settle the *arrondisment* of Europe, upon principles of convenience and utility, which, in conjunction with a Holy Alliance, would render the earth a millennium, and prevent the recurrence of war for ever.

These immense projects did not so entirely absorb the attention of princes and statesmen, but that the congress was deemed an excellent, and, probably, the only opportunity for a great artist to take the likenesses of the persons assembled at it.

It redounds much to the honour of Sir Thomas

Lawrence, (and the honour is reflected upon our country,) that the selection of his pencil, as the most excellent in Europe, was unanimous, and without an opponent being able to name an English or a foreign artist worthy, in any degree, to be put in competition for so high and unprecedented an honour.

Sir Thomas, in one of his numerous unembarrassed letters to his old and familiar friend, Mr. J. J. Angerstein, at Vienna, dated 1818, says, "The terms on which I undertook this mission were, to be paid my usual prices for the portraits, and £1000 for travelling expenses and loss of time. My journey to Rome will be on the same. These appear to be liberal terms, and I am sure are meant as such by the Prince. The first was of my own proposing, when the question was asked me; but I must still look to the honour I have received, and the good fortune of having been thus distinguished in my profession, as the chief good resulting from it, for many unavoidable circumstances make it of less pecuniary advantage."

If Sir Thomas did not complain of these pecuniary terms, nobody has a right to complain for him; but what has become a public transaction, is a legitimate object of public sentiment and opinion; and it may be thought scarcely right for an extremely affluent potentate to let

an artist who departs upon a national mission, have to set off the honour of being distinguished by the selection, against the calculation that the labourer is worthy of his hire. With placemen under government, such arrangements are never thought of.

Much importance must have been attached to this mission to Aix-la-Chapelle; of the representative of British art. Our government, fearing a want of due accommodation for so many splendid paintings on so large a scale, caused to be constructed in this country, a house in wooden frame-work containing three rooms. The first or sitting room for the subjects was fifty feet long by eighteen feet wide. There were two ante-rooms, the one of twenty-feet by eighteen, and the other eighteen by twelve. These ingenious portable-rooms were shipped at the Custom House of London, with all Sir Thomas's canvass and *materiél*, on Saturday the 3rd of October, 1818, and our ambassador at Aix-la-Chapelle, Lord Castlereagh, ordered them to be erected on the grounds of his hotel, as central to the accommodation of all parties.

But mismanagement rendered this absurd or at least unnecessary contrivance abortive. Sir Thomas left England on the 29th of September, 1818, and arrived at Aix in a few days. The house was shipped on the 3rd of October, and did not arrive

at Aix until it was useless. This *contretemps* was of very serious injury to the whole scheme.

Writing from Aix-la-Chapelle to Mr. Farington, on the 5th of November, 1818, Sir Thomas Lawrence says,

"My dear Friend,

"I would fill my letter with the causes of my not having sooner written it, but you will conceive them, in the anxieties, engagements, and business of my situation here, and take from me a short journal-leaf of my recent proceedings; for the first part of my story, owing to the unlooked for delay of my packages, was, except in alternate hope and disappointment, a perfect blank. My painting materials, large canvasses, &c. &c. were all in those packages.

"The known departure of the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia for the review, urged me to one exertion only, that of making a drawing of the former, that I might copy it on a large canvass, and thus prepare it for him in his absence. For that drawing, his imperial majesty honoured me with two sittings, and expressed himself much satisfied with it, twice assuring me, and those around him, that he liked it better than any recent one of him that had been before attempted. At the close of the sitting, he informed me of the exact duration of his stay with

the armies, adding, that he would give me other sittings, for the large portrait, on his return.

"The temporary rooms for which Lord Castlereagh had destined a part of his garden, not having arrived, the Magistrates of this city granted me the use of part of the large gallery of the Hotel de Ville, which was immediately fitted up as my painting-room, *and it is certainly the best I ever had.* The building itself is of vast size, and the length and height of the gallery and the portions of it reserved for me, are in proportion to it. It has three large windows, one north, and though it is of great depth, from an excellent German stove, it is of the most temperate heat throughout.

"The Magistrates took the right tone, not considering it as a boon to an individual, in which they might not have been justified, whatever might be his supposed professional talent, but viewing it as an additional honour to their city, that the allied monarchs honoured its Hotel de Ville with their frequent presence for this purpose, in conformity with the desire of the Prince Regent of England.

"A few days after the departure of the Emperor of Russia, after making due inquiries as to the number and length of sittings, the Emperor of Austria condescended to fix a day for his coming, and punctually at the hour I had the honour of

receiving him in my new painting-room, and the result has been, that, from the first sitting to the last completion of the likeness, (for it is finished,) I entirely succeeded, I may truly and accurately say, to the delight of his officers and attendants, and of numbers of the people of Aix-la-Chapelle, by whom he is exceedingly beloved, crowds lining the terrace and the hall of the Hotel de Ville on his departure, and shouting forth the enthusiasm of the heart for their former sovereign. Yesterday was his sixth sitting, and he sits to me once more for the hand, the face being entirely completed.

"I had some difficulties to encounter. His countenance is rather long and thin, and when grave, is grave to melancholy; but when he speaks, benevolence itself lights it up with the most agreeable expressions, and making it the perfect image of a good mind. He lives in all the state of imperial majesty, with splendid state equipages, &c. &c. and of right takes precedence of Russia."

"Thursday Evening.

"This morning I had the honour of receiving the Emperor of Russia, who came in the uniform he wore at the battle of Leipsig. He is a man of business, and I felt that, come when he would, it would be a sacrifice of time.

"He sat to me for an hour and three quarters,

and appointed to come again the day after to-morrow, and I had faintly painted in the head from the drawing. The sitting, though the first, advanced the portrait considerably, and successfully. I have no fear of the result. He saw my pictures of the Prince Regent, Blucher, Platoff, &c. for the first time, and with them, that of the Emperor of Austria and the portraits of the ministers, Prince Hardenburgh, Metternich, Count Nesselrode, with all of which he seemed greatly pleased. He is still a subject of great interest and eager curiosity. The landing-places of the stairs, the halls and terraces are lined with respectable people of the place, strangers," &c.

On another occasion, he wrote to his friend, Mrs. Wolff, saying—

"Tell all ill-bred men of your acquaintance, tell *me* this anecdote of the Emperor of Russia. In the midst of the concert, while the first violin was playing, I saw his eye glancing towards ladies at some short distance from him. When the close of a passage permitted it, he advanced with the greatest precaution, but perfect ease, and not the smallest sound of tread, to take a tea-cup from a lady, the wife of one of the aides-du-camp of Lord Wellington, (who had the good sense not to resist it,) returning to place it on a table."

To another friend he writes :—

" The King of Prussia returns here to-night. His sitting, and the Duc de Richelieu (a fine subject for the pencil) will complete my list at this place, for neither the Russian nor Austrian Generals are at Aix-la-Chapelle.

" The weather is delightful, my faithful servant Holman fags for me with hearty zeal, and disdain of labour and hours. I am in my painting-room by half-past eight, after breakfast, and between nine and ten the fine Prussian band march into the *grand place*, and enliven the brightest morning with fine airs and marches, some of which I have heard before, particularly an English air, which probably you may remember, of God save Great George our King, and which they play with many charming variations.

" Have you had enough of me? I suppose the Emperor of Austria has, for he told the Duke of Wellington, the other day, that on that morning I had been in very good humour—I had let him off with two hours. At least this informs you of the good humour of the speaker.

" I have been fortunately painting, as though my friends and liberal gentlemanly competitors were around me, of whom I have been often reminded, as the boys of Sparta were taught temperance. Tell me of those friends—of your own

health—Mr. Smirke, Thomson, Howard, Owen, Shee, Westmacott, and Phillips. Is it true, that Mr. West is completing his paintings in the library of the Queen's house? He should get it to exhibit them in. Pray do not fail to give my kind respects to him, and to Mr. Fuseli—to Mr. Flaxman; to each when you see them. But this letter is too full of self to be other than confidential to an indulgent and attached friend. Not, however, more lenient than he is respected by his

"Faithful and obliged

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"Monday Evening, 8th."

"This morning I had sittings of both the Emperors, (may I say it?) I have entirely succeeded in both. You may guess the general sense, from the love and enthusiasm borne by Austrians and Russians to their sovereigns, and from the curiosity of the people of Aix to see Alexander, and from their affection to see Francis. Now, dear friend, write if possible, the day you receive this. Remember me with the most constant regard to Vilmoins."

His description of his effecting a change of attitude in the portrait of the Emperor of Russia is amusing. It is extracted from one of his letters to Mrs. Wolff.

"I had to act decidedly against his judgment and wishes, and to make a total alteration in the picture, changing entirely the action of the legs, and consequently of the trunk. You will readily imagine that, circumstanced as I am, I work with the utmost vigilance of eye,—I never exerted this with more certain effect than in drawing in that very action. The process was new to the Emperor, and the accuracy with which it was done surprised and pleased him. All seeing in it an unusual action of his Majesty, gave it their unanimous approbation, and I, only on the day after saw its defect, and at all hazards determined to amend it.

"He stands always resting on one leg—(you know what I mean, the other loose on the ground, like the figures of the antique)—and he stands either with his hat in his hand or with his hands closely knit before him. The first figure was thus. You perceive that he here seems to be shrinking and retiring from the object of his contemplation, determining at the same time to preserve and hold fast one certain good from the enemy, whatever be the issue of the battle. These were my objections, and the vexatious thing was, that, before an audience of his friends, I was to commence the alteration, by giving him *four* legs, and though gradually obliterating the

two first; still their agreeable lines were remaining in most complicated confusion. What I expected took place: during almost the whole of it, the attendant generals complained, and the Emperor, though confiding in my opinion, was still dissatisfied. However, I accomplished the alteration, and the vessel righted."

In a letter to his niece, written exactly three weeks after, and dated Aix-la-Chapelle, Nov. 26, 1818, he again laments that the delayed arrival of his packages had occasioned him infinite anxiety, and had kept him in a state of idleness up to the 26th of October. He then says, "My exertions have been repaid by complete success, the family, attendants and the subjects of each sovereign unanimously declaring, that the portraits I have taken are the most faithful and satisfactory resemblances of them that have ever been painted, and the general voice of all uniting in common approbation—a word that I assure you is much below the impression I use it to describe.

"There has been but little of that gaiety that you might have expected here from the meeting of so many illustrious personages. A few concerts (at which Catalani sung more miraculously than ever,) and I think but two balls. The first was over before my arrival; the other I saw, in

which the three sovereigns danced the Polonaise, or rather walked it, with several ladies, beginning with either Lady Castlereagh or the Princess of Tour and Taxis (sister of the late Queen of Prussia.) There were an infinite abundance of stars and diamonds, and a deficiency of beauty. Lord Castlereagh was by much the handsomest man in the room, although there is great nobleness in the upper part of the countenance of the Emperor of Russia. The Emperor Francis has a face, when speaking, of benevolence itself, and that expression I have been happy enough to catch. The King of Prussia is taller than either, but with more reserve of manner. He has good features, and is of a sincere and generous nature. The Princess of Tour and Taxis has a very fine figure and manner.

"On Tuesday last I had the honour of receiving, in the entrance hall of the Maison de Ville, the Empress dowager of Russia, and of accompanying her up to my painting-room, where I had the happiness of witnessing her delight on seeing the portrait of the Emperor, and of receiving from her the fullest and frequently repeated testimonies of her approbation, in sentiments that I will not trust to paper, even to you, my dear Ann. I think that, relatively to my professional life, it was the happiest and proudest day I have ever known, the Emperor, who

had returned but the night before from Brussels, having visited me in the morning just as he was setting off again, and honoured me (being entirely alone) with the most gracious and flattering conversation—at the close of it, firmly holding and pressing my hand for many minutes.

"The Emperor has commanded me to paint a copy of it for the Empress dowager—(you should have witnessed her apprehensions, frequently uttered, lest it should not be as identically her son as the original picture)—a copy of the Emperor Francis, of the King of Prussia, of the Prince Regent, and, in the garter robes, of the Duke of Wellington.

"The King of Prussia has commanded a copy of his own portrait for Berlin, and of the two Emperors, and of the Prince Regent, in military dress. The ministers, in whose portraits I have equally succeeded, all request copies of them—Prince Hardenberg, Prince Metternich, Count Nesselrode and the Duc de Richlieu. Prince Hardenberg (the old Chancellor) through general Woronzow, (son of the late ambassador) who attended the Empress, informed me, when with her, that Count A. was charged with a message to me from the Emperor, and the next day he came with the general, presenting me, from his imperial Majesty, with a superb diamond ring. On my dining

with Prince Hardenberg, his highness presented me with another from the King of Prussia, with his initials in the centre, accompanied with a most gracious message.

"My professional intercourse with the Emperor Francis is not terminated. I have again to paint him, and am just setting off to Vienna for that purpose, and (to complete the general plan of the Prince Regent) to paint the portrait of Prince Schwartzenburgh, who, as you know, was generalissimo of the armies in the last campaigns against France. The Emperor Francis has promised a copy of his portrait for the Town House of Aix-la-Chapelle.

"Providence has enabled me to give the fullest exertions of my faculties to this arduous business, and a coincidence of rare circumstances has given a professional distinction to it that has never yet occurred. Sent here by royal command, the magistrates of an imperial city, in which for centuries the Emperor has been crowned, granted me the principal gallery of the Town House for my painting-room; and to this the three greatest monarchs in recent political importance, have condescended to come to be painted by me—the Emperor Francis sitting to me seven times, the Emperor Alexander (including two for a drawing) seven times, and the King of Prussia

six; the average time in each sitting being two hours, and in the result, and even during progress, my exertions being accompanied and crowned with the most complete success. Give my affectionate remembrances, my best love, to my dear Ann and Andrew. Tell them my health continues good, although I have had colds. My servants are both well. Holman has been animated with the true and faithful spirit of a good servant in an hour of urgency and necessary fatigue; and we are now both preparing for a further effort. Believe me, my dearest Ann, with love to all, and attached respects to Dr. Bloxam, and likewise particularly to Dr. and Mrs. Wool,

"Ever your affectionate uncle,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"Direct to me at his Excellency's, Lt.-General Lord Stewart, &c. &c. &c. Vienna."

Having inserted this letter, in which the intercourse with the Empress mother, and the whole scene respecting the portrait of her son are described, it is useful to make the following quotation from the really useful and interesting Travels into Russia by an English officer of great talents, and of almost unequalled accuracy—Capt. George Matthew Jones, of the Navy. He says, in one of his chapters on St. Petersburgh,—"Much

has lately been said of a portrait of the Emperor, painted for his mother, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is now exhibiting in the Hermitage, in the same room with the celebrated one by Girard, which, in the opinion of the Russians, has a most decided superiority."

This must be truly a Russian opinion, for Girard's heavy masses, strong contrasts, harsh outlines, and his almost invariable practice of making the principal become the secondary objects in the piece, with his colouring and want of aerial perspective, adapt him, compared to Lawrence, only to the taste of a barbarous people.

But Captain Jones, who is faithfully narrating the actual occurrences and opinions of the court and aristocracy of Russia, says—"It (Girard's portrait) has a great advantage in point of dress, the Emperor being in full uniform, and of course well set off; whereas he chose to be drawn by Sir Thomas in an undress, which gives him, and the whole picture, a heavy appearance," &c.—*Vide Jones's Travels*, vol. i. p. 507.

The author then proceeds to give the history of our countryman, Mr. Dawe, at the court of St. Petersburgh:—"Mr. Dawe receives one thousand rubles per *tête*, and is certainly a great man, for generals and chiefs are ordered to attend at such an hour, and in such a dress, and wait his

pleasure. It is even said, that he does not treat them with too much suavity," &c. &c. The whole account is amusing.

So utterly unenlightened are the Russians on this subject, that Captain Jones is obliged to state, that the paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds, at St. Petersburgh, are mouldering on the walls, a prey to the climate, and to the utter indifference of all around them.

But while Sir Thomas was acknowledging the fine appearance of Lord Castlereagh, analysing the countenances of the Emperors, and paying homage to the beauty of the Princess of Tour and Taxis, and to the other ladies of the court, he was himself unconsciously undergoing a very severe scrutiny, and was the admired of all beholders. The Emperors acknowledged that his manners and deportment formed a fine specimen of the English gentleman, and they were not insensible to the symmetry of his form, and to his fine expression of countenance.

The Congress being concluded, Sir Thomas lost no time in repairing to Vienna, according to the wishes of the Prince Regent, warmly seconded by the Emperor Francis and Prince Metternich, and by letters from the members of the imperial court and family.

In travelling from Aix-la-Chapelle to Vienna,

he wrote a few letters to his friends in England. In one, dated from Heydelberg, he says—

"I tell you, without method, all the pleasant or singular things that occur; and this, indeed, is a moment of fatigue, when want of order may be pardoned. I have slept out of my carriage but one night since I left Aix-la-Chapelle, and this is now the eighth. Garrick and Colman ought to have one day's taste of the lower regions, for giving to a ludicrous character, in the comedy of the Clandestine Marriage the name of Mrs. Heydelberg. Of all the grandly romantic spots, by nature, art, and interesting circumstances, that I ever saw, or that I think can exist, Heydelberg is the first. On the heights overlooking the university stands a castle!—a dream, a relic of Ariosto, left by him to be once seen by Lord Byron and Walter Scott, both, in this case, having a right to the grand vision.

'Towers and battlements he sees
Bosom'd deep in tufted trees,'

excites no image half so magnificent. It is all ruins, but ruins of so gorgeous a nature—and then so various—part of it like a vast .... * and a mass of rocks, then instantly contrasting with

* The letter illegible, being torn at this place.

another mass, incrusted with embellishments of architecture, and with sculpture between each window, of which there stand tiers on tiers of dukes, lords, and knights, in richest armour, with all the highly-wrought, grotesque accompaniments of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Then again come the massive square walls, of seemingly impregnable defence, with vast round towers, and more intricate structures for offensive warfare; and round them all, outermost walls of amplest extent, and still existing remains of hanging gardens of Babylon, over a Keep of tremendous depth, and a fallen tower, that discovers the small stairs of the more dreadful depth beneath. The nearer approach to the town from a fine bridge, with statues, uniting at a small distance with the magnificent forms I have mentioned, (all of which overhang the town on a great height,) is equally picturesque, though of another character. Then the students meeting you in every street, in dresses like those of Andrea del Sarto, and the Florentines of Michael Angelo's time, all of them with port-feuilles under their arms, seem to bring forward in daylight vision, another and the most interesting age that painters can languish to have known."

One pleasurable circumstance, equal to any

other, attended his prospect of visiting the German capital—his old and esteemed friend, the present Marquis of Londonderry, then Lord Stewart, was our ambassador at Vienna, and possessed an influence there above that of any other diplomatist.

Speaking of society at Vienna, Sir Thomas says that he had to guide his conduct with reference to the honour conferred upon him in the mission by the Prince Regent, and with a view to create in Germany a favourable impression of the liberality of an English artist.

It cannot be doubted that he succeeded in his efforts; for the immutably aristocratic laws of society at Vienna, were waved in his favour, and he was admitted in the first circles. In a letter I shall presently quote, he says, after speaking of the exclusiveness of the high society at Vienna, "Yet in the first circle only did I pass my hours of relaxation, unless when tempted by such invitations, as could not be resisted without offence to my own nature and sense of right." In the last sentiment, is a proof of kind and independent feelings. This was the view he had taken of his proceedings in Vienna, after he had left it and had arrived at Rome.

He frequently alludes to the friendship he received of Lord Stewart on this occasion. Even in September 1821, in a letter to Mr. Anger-

stein, he says—"An urgent repetition of Lord Stewart's request, determines me to set off by this evening's mail, for his seat, Winyard, near Stocton-upon-Tees. I meet Lord Londonderry there, on his way from Ireland. It is very true, that this journey is any thing but convenient, and that the greater portion of the time of my absence will be spent on the journey; but I consider the advantages and success of my continental expedition to have been greatly owing to the assistance of Lord Londonderry and to the friendship of his brother, so that my visit having something of sacrifice of present gain seems to render it the more just to their kindness. I greatly hope that you, my dear Sir, will view it in this light, and not as a glad departure from any regular and necessary pursuits, on slight and insufficient causes."

Several of his letters, dated from Vienna, further explain his situation and feelings in that capital. They are in his usual friendly, candid, and unostentatious style; and as they afford a true picture of his mind and heart, they will be interesting to the general reader. By artists they will be read with advantage.

In a letter to Mr. J. J. Angerstein, dated at Lord Stewart's hotel, at Vienna, on the 3rd of January, 1819, he says—

"The departure of Lord Stewart enables me to send you the drawing* in more security of its safety, than I could have felt by its going through any other hands. I hope it will not disappoint you. I have endeavoured that it should not, by adhering as closely to truth and identity as I have ever done in any portrait that I have ever painted: the account of the sittings for it I gave you in my first letter from Aix-la-Chapelle. Count Lieven was present during part of the first; but, as I told you, the Emperor sat to me alone on the second. This took place on the same day. The picture that I have painted for the Prince Regent is exactly in the same view of the face, as indeed it was begun from it. Five sittings, however, which the Emperor gave me for that picture (only one of which was of less than two hours' duration) enabled me greatly to improve the likeness in the lower part of the face, and therefore a long morning on the last day but one of my stay at Aix was occupied by me in carefully finishing the drawing from the picture; nor did I leave it till I felt it to be as perfect a resemblance as it was possible for me to make. In addition to the general opinion of persons of the highest rank who associated with the Emperor, it has been equally approved of by the Emperor of Austria, the Empress, and

* Of the Emperor of Russia.

their suites, and by the Archdukes ——— and Charles, who came yesterday with his exceedingly pretty Archduchess to see my pictures, having the night before signified his intention to me at the French ambassador's ball. The latter likewise saw, and equally liked it—coming into my room with the Archduke's permission towards the close of his visit. Pray tell Mr. and Mrs. J. Angerstein, that, as far as it is possible to do so in a drawing, 'I have given an accurate imitation of the colour of the Emperor's countenance. His constant journeying in open carriages has assisted, with his good health, in giving that ruddiness to his complexion which appears in the drawing, and which (strong in the lower parts of the face) is seen even in the forehead. I am anxious that it should immediately be mounted, and you must forgive me, my dear Sir, if, with Mr. J. Angerstein's concurrence, I direct how this should be done." (Here follows some directions for mounting this drawing of the Emperor of Russia.)

"You must excuse my solicitude that this little work should be seen to all fair advantage, and I must beg that it may always be viewed with the light coming from the left of the spectator.

"I fear it will yet be months before I have the happiness of being again at Woodlands. I have forborne to tell you, that, very unexpectedly, be-

fore I left Aix-la-Chapelle, I received commands from the Prince Regent, as a completion of the general plan, to proceed to Rome to paint for him the Pope and Cardinal Gonsalvi. I have no doubt that almost a principal motive with his Royal Highness was, the desire to terminate my mission in the most gratifying manner to myself, with an addition of honour, and of one of the highest enjoyments that an artist can be supposed to taste.

"To visit Rome has been one of those day-dreams that I have frequently indulged in; and the circumstances under which I may now gratify that wish, are, perhaps, the most favourable that could have been imagined, unless I had procured an ample fortune, and proceeded thither at my entire leisure. Yet I will own, that, either from my unfitness for much enterprize in travelling, or from the proposition not forming part of the original plan, and therefore being unprovided for, in my professional arrangements at home, in which indeed this journey to Vienna was not in my contemplation—from these and many home-feelings, I have certainly had less pleasure in the anticipation of this extended close of my mission, than perhaps it is grateful in me to feel.

"I have been silent upon the subject, from this want of alacrity, and even this morning I

expressed to my kind friend, Lord Stewart, a hope that something in conversation at Carlton House might occur to delay it till next year, but he appears to feel apprehensive lest, even the least hint of it might offend the Prince Regent.

"This is exactly my situation, and these are my feelings in it. I want cheering letters from the very few friends to whom I mention it, to bid me undertake the journey with cheerfulness; or I want some miracle to prevent it, that may still leave me in the undiminished favour of my royal patron.

"I send you, my dear Sir, one proof of an ineffectual attempt for another sitting at Vienna, that, had it succeeded, would entirely have led to the fulfilment of another purpose mentioned by me in a former letter, but the full occupation of the Emperor's time prevented it. The paper will, however, show you his entire satisfaction with the portrait.

"I have been successful in three finished resemblances painted here. Two Russian generals, aide-de-camps to the Emperor, (Yarnicheff one,) and Count Capo d'Istrias; and I have given, in one sitting, but that a very long one, a likeness of Prince Schwartzenburgh, that is greatly liked by all that have seen it.——Should Lord Stewart send his card with this drawing, will

you object to invite him to a dinner at Woodlands. That he will accept it for the exact day you may mention, I cannot answer for. He is a lover, and lovers have always great business on their hands. I can only answer from his own mouth, that he will be proud to be acquainted with you, should circumstances tend to your meeting.

"The Emperor's gallery here has a most magnificent collection of pictures. In it is Rubens' composition of the Theodosius, as large or larger than the life—fine and splendid, but still every alteration that Vandyke made in the composition, is an improvement in it; and though there are many fine pictures by the latter in the gallery, there are none equal to yours, which, from the union of the two masters, is, I believe, the finest historical picture ever painted by him.———

"Original portraits of great and good sovereigns are not often to be had. I consider myself most fortunate, therefore, in having gained this opportunity of serving them, and I have kept by me the first accurate drawing—a canvass of the Emperor Francis, to add to the collection of that kind, constant, and revered friend, to whom I now subscribe myself his obliged and ever faithful servant,

"T. L."

"The box with the portrait will, I have no doubt, be left in Pall Mall before you receive this. Should it not, pray let it be called for at Lord Castlereagh's."*

There is a frequent recurrence of this regret at his compulsory visit to Italy; for although he longed to enjoy the treasures of art contained in the eternal city, his thoughts and feelings were homeward bound, and he wished to postpone his visit to the Roman capital for another year. But surely he must have been misinformed, in the idea that his exercising his free will upon the subject could have offended the Prince Regent. Such an idea is derogatory to his royal highness, and is inconsistent with the delicacy of Sir Thomas Lawrence in attributing, in the first instance, the Prince's order for his proceeding to Italy, to a liberal wish to terminate the mission agreeably to the artist.

On the 10th of January, he wrote from Vienna, to his friend Miss Crofts of Hart Street. He says, "My mind and spirits are at times so relaxed and worn when professional exertion is over, as to make the act of sitting down and taking up this little implement, a hopeless exer-

* Mr. Angerstein being a native Russian subject, accounts for his solicitude to obtain the Emperor's portrait.

tion, at the very moment that all my heart is with my friends, languishing for their society, and feeling that no success in worldly plans can be an adequate compensation for the loss.

"How those plans have succeeded, or rather how far I have proceeded in the execution of the mission with which I was honoured by the Prince Regent, you will, I hope, be still further informed from the mouth of that constant and valued friend, to whom I am indebted for all the comfort and advantage of my present situation—I mean Lord Stewart; who, I know, meditates the plan of a visit to you, and who will tell you (though in too flattering colours) the favourable progress I have made. He will not tell you of that high-minded friendship that has so consistently supported me in all my efforts, and would have made the situation in which I am placed enviable indeed, but for the absence of those so greatly dear to me, and which I now feel the more sensibly since his own departure, for his affection has in it so much of their spirit, as almost to identify it with them.

"Greatly as it has lowered my estimation of my own talents, I am thankful that I have seen the fine works which this journey has presented to me, though, till my safe return, and knowledge of the continued health of my

beloved friends, whose truth and affection are my rock and support, I dare not be thankful for the journey. When I have seen, in all their splendour, Michael Angelo and Raphael, the world of art will have been unfolded to me, and all repinings be at an end, that professional views can have excited. That I have not done more than I have, that I may not do infinitely more, will have been my own fault. Fortune and friendship have done every thing for me, and the love of the good, and the accomplished, and wise, has rewarded me above all possible desert.

"The last of Vienna news that I can give you, is, that I had this morning another sitting from the Emperor, (the second since my arrival here,) which has still more improved his portrait, and gratified his Empress, whose love of him it is quite delightful to see. His good and benevolent nature, and with it he has a great variety of information and knowledge, produces a feeling of affection towards him from all; but the love of a wife is not to be classed with any other, a parent's alone excepted. Count Capo d'Istrias' (one of the Russian Secretaries of State, a man exceedingly popular from his known ability, fine wit, and talents, and society) is the last portrait I have painted here, and fortunately is the best. I am not spoiled, for I have luckily too accurate

a knowledge of my defective powers, but the generous praise that is bestowed upon my exertions might else have effected this human ill.

"To-morrow I shall have the pleasure of improving my picture of Prince Metternich, which, though it is so universally liked, from the popularity of the original, and its being a close resemblance of him, is at present below the character of his countenance. In Prince Schwartzenburg's portrait I have equally succeeded.

"'Nothing of the gaieties of Vienna, sir?'—'Yes, Ma'am.' The ball given by the French Ambassador, in which the nobility and ladies of Vienna appeared dressed with infinitely more good taste and propriety than I know I have ever seen in England, if the dress of the whole company be the question; for here it was without one exception of vulgar finery, or indecent display. Husbands and lovers are greatly indebted to this feeling of judicious modesty, and beauty itself is so much the gainer by it, that the contrary practice ought to be confined (if it must exist) to ugliness and vice. The Arch-Duke Charles and his pretty Duchess were of the party. The latter danced. She is young, and of an exceedingly beautiful, small, round figure, though not the least approaching to fatness, all her proportions being those of elegance and

height; in face very like the American lady, (not Mrs. Patterson,) whom I lately painted. She has already three children, of which she is very fond, and the happiness of this distinguished pair is every body's theme. He is of small figure, and of dignified, pleasing manners, with a face of great strength of character, (peculiarly Austrian,) and a high, but not unmusical voice. He has twice with the Duchess visited my painting-rooms, and, without pretensions to *connaissance*, has the good taste of good sense, a quick perception of the essentials of art, which pretenders to knowledge in its details are often entirely without.

" The friendly protection of Prince Metternich, together with the benevolence of the Emperor, (greatly influenced, of course, by the nature of my mission, and the sanction of the Prince Regent,) has given me as great, or a greater advantage in my painting-room, than was afforded me by the magistrates of Aix-la-Chapelle. It has a still finer light than that, and is generously assigned to me, although it is the great salon of the chancery of the empire. It is the centre of a great court of the palace, and the Emperor comes to it along the galleries of it. It is a square room of about fifty feet, and perhaps five-and-thirty high, and rendered

most comfortably warm by a stove lighted from an adjoining ante-room.

" Vienna is not, in the town itself, a large city, but of spacious suburbs, in which are sundry fine palaces of its nobles. It is rich in many treasures of art, and the imperial gallery of the Belvidere is certainly the finest, next to what the Louvre was, that is in Europe. I have been there four times, (it is a good distance in the suburbs,) each time in most bitter cold weather, and each time in a state of as warm enthusiasm, as Sheridan's lover under his mistress's window, up to his knees in snow.

" I have lost a sweet, good, modest, little being, in my niece Susan, whose delicate frame, when I last saw her, gave me the sad impression of a too short existence, although at that time suffering from no peculiar malady. Who can for the innocent regret the death of the innocent? It is a severe affliction to her parents, and sisters, and friends, and I have felt it more than the very limited knowledge which the distance of residence occasioned might seem to justify. I am very thankful that this one talent that God has given me, has in this case afforded consolation to my sister and her family, by perpetuating the form and (in expression) the nature of this lamented being, my dear little Susan.

* * * * * * * * *

" Will not Mrs. M.—will you not *prevail* on her to give me one nice long letter, before I leave Vienna, a letter of details, and of her heart, of Georgiana's progress in music, and other attainments; yet she is perfect mistress of French, is she not? Italian, I think, she does not so well know; but Italian singing demands some knowledge of it, and to articulate correctly as sweetly, is an excellence in singing that cannot be dispensed with, because it is evidence that the soul and intellect are employed in it. Instrumental music might else supply its place; yet I am fully aware that the mind may be powerfully impressed with the general image of the sentiment, whilst disregarding the medium through which it is conveyed, as in conversation we misplace words from carelessness, without producing the least confusion of ideas.

" I have written long enough, dear friend, to tire you. A power I have that you and others want, for I have never received one letter, since my departure from England, that has been half long enough. You are all of you mighty parsimonious and scanty. Remember me most affectionately to dear Hester, whose health, I trust, is still better; and do not forget my best compliments to Capt. C.

" Now will many days elapse, after the receipt of this, before a kind, long answer comes.

I hope not, for no amusements or occupations here, take the place in my mind of my loved friends at home.

"T. L."

Such were the honours paid to the representative of English art, in the capital of Germany. It is to be lamented that his stay at Vienna did not afford him the opportunity of descanting upon the objects of art and *vertu* in that city. A letter upon the artists of Vienna, from such a pen, would have been invaluable.

The following letter is almost the only one I can find, which has even an incidental allusion to the state of art in Germany. It contains also a fine instance of the kind feelings with which so great a man could give his advice, and express his approbation of the talents and conduct of a young friend commencing his foreign travels, in pursuit of improvement in his early professional career.

"Russell Square, July 21st, 1827.

"My Dear Sir,

"I have the pleasure to inclose a letter for you to Lady Georgiana Wellesley, at Vienna; which, on your arrival there, you will have the goodness to deliver at the hotel of the British

embassy, leaving with it your card of residence at Vienna.

"I sincerely rejoice at your good fortune in securing the kind hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Adus; and in having for your present companion, Mr. Gotzenberger, of whose genius I have a most sincere admiration. The compositions that I saw of his pencil were in the purest taste, yet with equal originality and power. Germany ought to abound in patrons, since I know it is rich in talent of the highest order. You will find, at Vienna, a gentleman, whose name, at this moment, escapes my memory, (Ichnor, I believe,) but who must be well known, from a large picture, just painted by him when I was there, from Goëthe's Fauste. He was much in Prince Metternich's family. Pray cultivate his acquaintance, for he was a young man of considerable genius, and, I believe, of equal worth in his private character.

"You go on this pleasant tour with great advantages—with youth, health, and energy—with a spirit of enterprise, that I trust will not be subdued by slight obstacles—and with good taste and confirmed power in your art, which cannot fail of the most favourable results. I know you will not content yourself with the mere cold details of objects, but give to animal nature its

varied action, habits, scenery, &c.; and without imitating Rubens or Snyders, look on it with the same enlarged view which, in their finest works, leaves that department of art almost the rival of the highest kind of historical painting.

"Be assured, that few things will give me greater pleasure than to hear of your success. I only lament that my disuse of writing to my friends on the continent, so much limits my power of service to you. Mrs. Adus must make up for it; and endear herself still more to her friends in England, by her patronage of one of the most ingenious and estimable of its artists. If you can possibly find leisure to write me a letter, let me hear of your proceedings—assured that few have a more sincere interest in your welfare than,

"My dear Sir,

"Your very faithful friend and servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"To John Frederick Lewis, Esq., Mrs. Adus,
"Bonn, Goddisborg, Germany."

From Vienna, which he left on the 3rd of May, 1819, Sir Thomas Lawrence proceeded to Rome. Notwithstanding his *Nostalgia*, Rome evidently kindled in him a concentration of mind and feeling, forming a perfect contrast to every thing that appears in his previous communica-

tions from the continent. It is very curious to reflect upon the fact, that the person who was at the head of the arts in Europe, leaving all competitors at an immeasurable distance, should be visiting Italy, for the first time, at the age of fifty. If any prejudice existed against the victor from the *Ultima Thule*, who had not drunk at the Pierian spring, it was overcome by his substantial merits, for we hear of no competition, of no damning with faint praise. The honours paid to him at Rome were flattering to the individual, and gratifying to his countrymen.

His journey from Vienna to Rome was very rapid and impatient. He slept every night in his carriage, *en route*, except one, when he arrived at Bologna at two in the morning, and going to bed till seven, he rose at that hour and proceeded to inspect the works at the academy, but more particularly those of Domenichino, and the Carracis, and Guido. Of his sensations and opinions upon first beholding, and afterwards reflecting upon these great works, he transmitted to England but few and very cursory accounts.

His first impressions of Rome, (he arrived on the 10th of May 1819,) and of its architecture, were very unfavourable; but he had soon occasion to alter his sentiments. Men of strong imaginations can always create ideas of objects

more grand and beautiful than the objects themselves, and they anticipate more ardent feelings than, at first, they are likely to experience. It is reflection, and a just association of ideas, that afterwards raise the objects to their real value, and the feelings become warmed upon every new examination.

Sir Thomas says, that he first caught the distant view of the dome of St. Peter's on a very fine morning, between six and seven o'clock, and that his pleasure at approaching the city increased every fifty yards, until he entered at the Porto del Popolo, when his delusion vanished, and he "found Rome small." He shortly afterwards confesses that he was subsequently "overpowered with its immensity and grandeur."

The following letter from him, nearly the first he wrote from Rome, will be read with interest.

"TO JOSEPH FARINGTON, ESQ.

"Hotel Grande Bretagne, Rome,
"May 19th, 1819.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I found your kind and welcome letter, on my arrival here on the morning of the 10th. The character of that letter tells me, that you will be better pleased to have details of my proceedings,

than an exact reply to different passages; and I am exceedingly obliged to you for your thoughtful attention to that style of correspondence, which is so gratifying to the absent.

"When I found it impossible, from the state of my engagements at Vienna, to get here in the Holy week, I determined to complete every little work that I had undertaken, and then to start with a courier's speed for Rome; leaving Venice, Florence, and Bologna, either to be seen at the close of my labours here, or to be left for another visit, should Providence enable me conveniently to undertake it.

"I found, however, that I must of necessity stop at Bologna; accordingly, for the only time on my journey, I slept out of my carriage, getting to Bologna at two in the morning, and resting till seven: then I breakfasted, and went to see the pictures of the academy. The Martyrdom of St. Agnes, and other large works of Domenichino, and the Caraccis, Guido, &c. I then returned and came to Rome by the Farlo-Monte road, through magnificent scenery, and (with one day's exception,) fine weather —catching my first view of St. Peter's on an exceedingly fine morning, between six and seven o'clock. Mr. Thomson, and Mr. Howard can well imagine the pleasure of that moment— a pleasure increasing every fifty yards, till I

entered the Porto del Popolo, when, (what will they say to me?) I found Rome small. If, however, they are indignant at this, tell them the injustice has been amply punished; for I am at this moment overpowered with its immensity and grandeur. Having thus brought myself to Rome, and given you the exact, the opposite, and true impressions on my mind, I carry you back to Vienna, to tell you, (AT PRESENT YOU ONLY,) the number and names of the subjects of my pencil.

"*Large whole lengths, in oil.*

"The Emperor; Prince Schwartzenburg; the Archduke Charles; the Archduchess; and a small whole length.

"*Half lengths.*

"Comte Capo D'Istrias; General Tchernicheff; General Ovaroff: besides greatly altering, improving, and almost completing Prince Metternich.

"*Three-quarters.*

"Princess C. Metternich; Child of the Archduke; Lord Stewart; Chevalier Gentz; Mr. Bloomfield; Lady Selina Meade; Child of Comte Fries; Sketch of Comte Libromiski's Child.

"*Drawings.*

"Princess Rosamoffsky; Comtesse Thurskeim;

Madame Sauran; Lady S. Meade; Princess Lichnowsky; Mademoiselle Rici; Comtesse Murveldt's Son; Comtesse Rosalie; Comtesse Vincent Esterhazy; Mr. Khammer, the known oriental scholar; Comte V. Esterhazy; Prince Schwartzenburgh.

"When I remind you, that not only the resemblances in the large pictures are entirely finished, but likewise parts of the figures, and every part accurately drawn, to enable me to complete them; and that this is the case with the smaller pictures, five of which are finished—that it is not now in my power to make slight sketches, from my habit of accuracy, and love of studying the finer traits of the human countenance, you will, I am sure, give me credit for as full and intense occupation of my time during my stay at Vienna, as during any period of the same limitation in London.

"The causes that led to such extension of my labours, I must detail to you at home. They may be accurately included under three heads—The duties of my mission—enlarged, (may I use the term,) enlarged policy---and thankful courtesy.

"I had to justify the Prince Regent's selection of me by the efforts of my pencil, and by the gentlemanly liberality that became an English painter. In my case, (from His Royal High-

ness's influence,) the customs, *laws* of society, of a government and aristocracy, rigid in the observance of them, were broken through, before any return for peculiar kindness was attempted to be made by me.

"All who know Vienna, know, that its "Society" is composed of different classes; that men deserving of the highest circle, and even a part of its nobility, are not admitted to it; that those persons possessing claims of fortune, intellect, and knowledge, far beyond mine, are yet 'not of the society,' (an expression in common use.) Yet in the first circle only did I pass my hours of relaxation, unless when tempted by such invitations as could not be resisted without offence to my own nature, and my sense of right.

"I am writing to a friend, who feels with peculiar sensibility, kindness, attention, and respect; and who, though perpetually observant of just economy, can enlarge to liberality of expense, where fit occasion prompts it. Well, expense with me, has been early morning, or nightly occupation of my time, to gratify a mother, a wife, or husband, or to pay just homage to high character, or distinguished talents and attainments. This is my defence, dear friend, for what may otherwise appear to you improvident and unwise, in the amount and number of my labours; but

by them a reputation has preceded me to Rome, that already shows to me its advantage. HERE I MUST confine myself to few objects, that I may return to England with the shortest possible delay. Rome I must leave, comparatively, unseen—Rome, which only Lord Byron has feeling and capacity to describe. 'The Niobe of nations,' it is indeed—the eternal city, to the sons of time; for with that it must exist, linked as it is to every feeling, sentiment, impression, and power, of the human heart and mind. Paris and the Louvre, Rome and the Vatican!—the dissoluteness, the puppet-show decorations, and dissonance, (Rome's purer share in it excepted,) of a common fair, to the public devotion of a people, in gratitude displaying its magnificence in its highest temple.

"Bonaparte forces himself upon you in the Vatican, and you involuntarily exclaim, 'How could he see this?'—and then you remember that he never saw it; and that one addition, therefore, of crime and disgrace, is spared him in the having seen it, and still retained his hard and low ambition. You have seen his countenance, but could you have seen it at the moment that Rome and the Vatican met his eye, how dark would have been its expression, as that daring and arrogant spirit had retired within itself, baffled and defeated—for un-

less he could have fixed his seat of empire here, his toils had been nothing; and in the hands of this old man had still existed an empire over the soul, that even to himself had shamed his tyranny.

"I have already been often at St. Peter's and the Vatican, and for many hours each time. The latter I determined to see alone. Hereafter we shall have many a talk on the comparative merits of the two great men.

"Yesterday, I dined at half-past one, that I might remain till night in the Sestine Chapel and the Vatican, or rather in the chambers of Raphaele, for, as you know, the former is part of the immense building.

"It often happens that first impressions are the truest—we change, and change, and then return to them again. I try to bring my mind in all the humility of truth, when estimating to myself the powers of Michael Angelo and Raphaele, and again and again, the former 'bears down upon it,' to borrow a strong expression, 'with the compacted force of lightning.' The diffusion of truth and elegance, and often grandeur, cannot support itself against the compression of the sublime. There is something in that lofty abstraction; in those deities of intellect that people the Sestine Chapel, that converts the noblest personages of Raphaele's drama into the audience

of Michael Angelo, before whom you know that, equally with yourself, they would stand silent and awe-struck. Raphaele never produced figures equal to the Adam and Eve of Michael Angelo—the latter is miserably given in Gavin Hamilton's print—all its fine proportions lost,—though it is Milton's Eve, it is more the mother of mankind, and yet nothing is coarse or masculine, but all is elegant, as lines of the finest flower. You seem to forsake humanity in surrendering Raphaele, but God gave the command to increase and multiply before the fall, and Michael Angelo's is the race that would then have been. But you must read Mr. Fuseli, his only critic. In both the Sestine Chapel and the rooms of Raphaele, all, in too many parts in them, is ruin and decay; at least it appears so to me, who was not sufficiently prepared for the ravages of neglect and time.

"I am exceedingly grieved to hear this account of the dangerous state of Mr. Owen's health, and beg you to present my kind compliments and remembrance to him. To write to him would I fear be thought obtrusive, and caused by his declining health. I say rather that he is in my remembrance, as one of those few of congenial minds, with whom I could hold glad intercourse on these scenes around me, and whom I hope speedily to meet in his recovered strength. We must have many and many a struggle toge-

ther yet—I am sure he would paint an admirable picture of the Duchess of ———. Ask him if she is not one of the most singular specimens of the *cold* and amiable that he has known.

"I know that I have appeared too insensible to the kindness of Mr. Thomson, in so considerately preparing my way for me, and yielding to my wish of his correspondence with me; valuable as it must be to all his friends, from its pleasantness, taste, and information. He is one of four persons, to whom in my journey I have perpetually recurred, as those whose classical knowledge, and hearty participations in the enthusiasm and delight excited by fine scenery in the country of the past and present, would have made it indeed enjoyment of the highest kind. I tried, in the dearth of companionship, to stimulate Holman into something like romance—

> "If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
> 'Tis from her handmaid we must take a Helen;"

and on the evening of my arrival, took him with me in an open carriage round the walls of Rome, to point out some of its scenery, and at every two minutes, he was affectionately dropping his head on my shoulder in a most glad sleep, though we set out with a gleam of promise, for he observed, in crossing the bridge, that 'St. Angelo's looked like a round building.' But he has been an admirable servant to me the whole time

of my absence, although he would not have been a fit companion for Johnson 'amid the ruins of Iona.'

"Pray give my affectionate respects to Mr. West, and tell him that the Marquess Canova inquired with great interest after him, and other members of the Academy. Tell me what his picture at the Royal Academy is—write as soon as your engagements and your liking to do so will permit. I hoped with your letter to have received one from Mr. R. Smirke; but I know that, in addition to his oppressive business, happiness has its engagements and occupations—yet tell him to write to me now.

"The Duchess of Devonshire is here and very condescendingly kind: the rest of English residents who remained here, are gone to Naples, where the Emperor of Austria now is—he returns to Rome for a few days on the 27th. I was the day before yesterday presented by the English Consul, our only representative here, to the Cardinal Gonsalvi, and most graciously received; and yesterday was honoured with an audience of the Pope, at the Quirinal Palace. Thomson will tell you the previous state ceremony, and magnificent apartments through which you pass.

"I was introduced into a small closet, in which the Pope sat, behind the opening of the door,

and after bending the knee was left alone with him. He has a fine countenance—stoops a little—with firm yet sweet-toned voice, and, as I believe, is within a year or two of eighty, and through all the storms of the past, he retains the jet black of his hair. I remained with him, I think, between seven and ten minutes, during which time he held my hand with a gentle pressure, from which I did not think it respectful to withdraw it. With a phrase or two of French, (which he does not like to speak,) and the rest in Italian, he spoke his sense of the Prince Regent's attention to him, and his gladness to gratify his wish, accompanying it with compliments to me. I then defectively expressed my gratitude and reverence, bent to kiss his hand, and retired.

"On going to the carriage, I found the maître d'hotel of Cardinal Gonsalvi waiting to conduct me to apartments, which, amidst the pressure of business and full occupation of the Palace by the Emperor and his suite, as well as by the Pope and Cardinals, his munificent care had provided for me in one part of it. They consist of four sitting-rooms, newly and handsomely furnished, bed-rooms, rooms for my servants, kitchen with its attendants, another servant; and, in addition to these comforts, a carriage is ready for me at all hours. I spent the last evening here, to write at more leisure this letter to my friend;-

but this morning my baggage went, and I dine in my new residence at four o'clock, giving up an engagement at the Duc de Braciano's, (Torlonia, the great banker here,) that I may not appear slow to receive the bounty of his holiness, or of his minister.

"The Cardinal is one of the finest subjects for a picture that I have ever had---a countenance of powerful intellect and great symmetry—his manners but too gracious, were not the attentions solely paid to the mission of the Prince Regent---the expression of every wish was pressed upon me, and the utterance of every complaint. The consul and myself were with him for full half an hour, sitting on his sofa with him, and at the close, he accompanied us through the rooms to the door of the hall. In all this, which so fixes the character of my situation here, I write, as a duty that I owe to such constancy of friendship as yours, to place every thing before you exactly as it occurs. Your knowledge of *mankind*, of *human nature*, will tell you *how much of prosperity is to be* veiled, if we would have any but our heart's friends sympathise in it: since it is a severer test than adversity, in which something of secret pride and self-love is generally an accompaniment to service. But heartily to rejoice with a friend in that state in which he needs not our assistance,

and to whom fortune may seem for the moment too partial in her kindness, is friendship beyond the reach of doubt; and this, with Mr. Angerstein, and two or three others, (but in this none superior to yourself,) you have invariably been. Give my respects to dear Lysons, to Mr. Smirke, Mr. Fuseli, Mr. Howard, Mr. Flaxman, &c. &c.

"Ever, my dear friend,

"Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Address to me, Palazzo Quirinale, Rome."

About the same time he wrote to his old and esteemed friend, Mr. Lysons, the following letter, which that gentleman received on the 27th of June, 1819, exactly two days before his death.

"Rome, Quirinal Palace.

"MY DEAR LYSONS,

"I am very greatly obliged to you for your friendly, amusing, and satisfactory letter. I cannot trace our friendship to so early a period as that in which I can have been indifferent to the pleasure of hearing from you; and by the ardency of a good, as well as the vigour of a powerful mind, you have now made it impossible to the most distant of your acquaintance. Again I thank you, and since I fear there must be time for

the kindness, I intreat you to write to me again, by the earliest day that your more important engagements will permit.

"I saw the literary effort of our friend advertised,* and was glad to see it, because I am sure that he can publish nothing that will not add interest to its interesting subject: either by new facts or such original and just observations as may develop the character of *Sir Joshua*, with nicer discrimination than it has hitherto been given with: though I give credit to his last biographer, for great acuteness and novelty of remark, and ability generally equal to the task. Cannot you contrive, at the foreign office, to send it out to me by the next courier that comes? Pray make an effort for it. *Sir Joshua's writings are highly esteemed* here, and it will be a great pleasure to me to be enabled to refresh the wreath of my finest master, by the zeal and talents of my nearest friends. But how is Mr. Angerstein now? You will both be content that I should name him as the very first friend I have, and I know that to give me information of his health, will be an additional inducement for your early writing. I wrote to him by the last post. You say that he is still unwell at Woodlands, but that Mrs. Boucherette says he is not considered in danger. I have never known him without cold

* Farington's Life of Reynolds.

or cough in some part of the year; and his constitution, the strength of it, even at his age, was so severely tried and ascertained years ago, that I will confide in his recovery from the present attack, since Mrs. Boucherette, who knows his constitution so well, is without alarm. It is only from your letter that I know of her being in town.

"Of Rome I can say nothing to you, but express fruitless wishes for your being here, and feelings of increased astonishment and admiration and AFFECTION for it, that its greatness and beauty demand from us. The remains of its earlier grandeur, are many of them on so vast a scale, and convey such an idea of power, and habitual notions of the magnificent and great, that they seem less exertions of men as they now are, than the equal and ordinary productions of another scale of being; their very pavement seems that of a race of giants, whilst the exceeding beauty of the hues and tints, and corresponding harmony of the sky, give a charm to the whole effect that divests it of every gloomy or depressing feeling, and fixes the mind in a state of the *purest admiration* that it is possible for it to enjoy.

"The splendour of the papal power is of another description; and in St. Peter's, and a few other churches, equally beyond all expectation or

conception of it that I had formed; and I should think the extent of the impression must be as new and powerful to every traveller. I understand that it is so to the Emperor, and I know from himself that it is so to Prince Metternich, to whom from his station, and the circumstances attending it, the magnificence of every other part of Europe has been fully displayed.

"Rome is not only the 'Niobe of nations,' 'the city of the soul,' as her only foreign poet has described her, but she is still, in present grandeur, the mistress of the world; and whatever success had attended the plans of Bonaparte, Paris could never have disputed this title with her. Great objects call for great exertions, and now that I have seen Rome, I do call it, for YOU *most particularly*, a *great* object to come here, and fully worthy of all the sacrifice it might exact from you for the six or four months of your residence. Do not let these years of your health, strength, knowledge, and powerful intellect, pass away without partaking of that enjoyment to them, which to all who know you, must appear to be so peculiarly your right. There is now here a general spirit of exertion, both in judicious repairs in preserving the great monuments of antiquity, and, by excavations, in discovering their foundations and parts (many of them highly wrought) that were before hidden from the eye. The project of

draining part of the Tyber is still to be carried into execution, though opinion is very much divided upon its success or failure.

"The arrival of the Emperor from Naples suspends my professional labours for the short period of his stay; but I am happy to tell you that I have had three sittings from his Holiness, and painted in those sittings a very strong likeness of him. The face, however, is not finished; for the Pope being an old man, his countenance has a great deal of detail in it; and a good and cheerful nature, with a clear intellect, gives it variety of expression. In public he appears feeble, from his stooping so much; but in private he seems to be in good health and spirits, speaks with a strong, clear voice, and sustains the sittings with undiminished strength. He is a very fine subject, and it is probable that the picture will be one of the best that I have painted.

"Our friend, Mr. F., will tell you how agreeably I am situated; and not the least part of my comfort arises from the liberality and kindness of the principal artists at Rome, who readily subscribe to what is good in our English style of painting, although it is different to the general practice of the art on the Continent. The presence of my Vienna friends for the few days of their stay is a great addition to my happiness; to

which, previously, the kindness of one of our own noblemen had much contributed; viz. the Duke of Devonshire, who, with the Duchess, will be here for some time longer.

"After dining yesterday at a superb dress public dinner, given by Cardinal Gonsalvi, I went with Prince Metternich to view, by torch-light, Canova's beautiful statue of the Venus, for which the Princess Borghese is said to have sat to him. He himself attended, and seemed to have great (and certainly very just) pleasure in the exhibition of his finest work. This morning I breakfasted with the Prince, his daughter, Comtesse Esterhazy, and their friends, at the early hour of six o'clock; and then set off with them to Tivoli, where I have passed a day of such enjoyment to a painter, as I think only those who have been in the finest weather, and pleasantest society, at that interesting place, can have known. Such a union of the highly and varied picturesque, the beautiful, grand, and sublime, in scenery and effect, I hardly imagined could exist. Like the Vatican and St. Peter's, it is infinitely beyond every conception I had formed of it, although so many fine pictures, by Gaspar and others, have been painted from it. The only person who, comparatively, could do it justice, would be Turner, who *(I write the true impression on my eye*

and on my mind) approaches, in the *highest* BEAUTIES of his noble works, nearer to the fine lines of composition, to the effects, and exquisite combinations of colour, in the country through which I have passed, and that is now before me, than even Claude himself. I now speak the clear remembrance of those impressions, when frequently the comparison *forced* itself upon me.

"I have pressed your coming to Rome as a measure due to yourself, your acquirements, and those circles of literary inquiry and knowledge, which have already been so much benefited by your researches; but in Mr. Turner, it is injustice to his fame and to his country, to let the finest period of his genius pass away, (when, as Lord Orford happily expresses it, 'it is in flower,') without visiting those scenes which, if possible, would suggest still nobler images of grandeur and of beauty than his pencil has yet given us, and excite him to still greater efforts than those which have already proved him the foremost genius of his time. You are now, from your permanent intercourse with the Academy, more intimately acquainted with us than you were, and can take some opportunity, with my respects to him, of pressing this on his attention, as *advice* and *intreaty* from one who has never been insensible to the superiority of his talents, or cold or insincere in his admiration of them. I return

to the subject of Tivoli, to tell you that we afterwards visited Hadrian's villa, where it was again your *turn* to be present to me.

"Tell Mr. Thomson, when you see him, that the walls at the inn at Tivoli have been newly painted, and that not a trace of the exuberant inventions of the pupils of his day, English, French, or Italian, now remains.

"I am of your opinion as to the munificent offer of finishing Mr. Harlowe's pictures, whose talents left him many admirers here. That part of your letter was very satisfactory which gave me news of our friends at Tholouse.

"With my best remembrances to them, when you write to them, and to all our circle in London, whom I now hope soon to visit, I beg you to believe me,

"My dear Lysons,
"Ever your obliged, faithful,
"and attached Friend,
"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"I am sorry to learn from you that Mr. West was prevented from attending at the dinner by indisposition. His again exhibiting recent productions of his pencil, or recent labours on former works, would have made his appearance in the chair very interesting. His power, at his advanced age, is beyond all example; and my visit to the

continent has given me a still higher opinion of his great talents and knowledge of his art, than I before had, and this from comparison with the works of the great masters.

"Some days have elapsed since my writing this. Yesterday (Sunday) the Emperor and Empress honoured my rooms with a visit to see the pictures and the portrait of the Pope, with which they were greatly pleased. I then went to the Cardinal's dinner, where this opinion was confirmed to me. After the dinner, I attended many of the Cardinals, and others of the company, to my rooms, to see his Holiness's portrait, which happily made the same impression upon them. I know that another sitting or two will still improve it; but in essentials, as to likeness and expression, it may be said to be successfully finished. I was afterwards at a very interesting spectacle, the races in the Piazza Navona, admirably arranged, perhaps with more care than usual, for the Emperor's presence; and the night coming on with singular beauty, I went with Prince Metternich and his daughter, in their chariot, to the Colosseum. The moon was in her fullest splendor—the air as soft and balmy as Shakspeare's

——— "Like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."———

Two friends of the Prince who followed us, made up the only party at this scene of solitary grandeur; and the entire stillness—the melting hues of these vast masses of ruin—(for in the light they were exactly of the *same* equal force of tone with the sky, and separated only by colour and not gradation of strength)—the broad and intense depth of the shadows—the terrific loftiness of part of the fabric, which seems unsupported, and remaining because *spared* by the elements—this accumulation of impressive circumstances, together with the solemn tranquillity of that interior, once resounding with the acclamations of the Roman people, at the most revolting moment of its dreadful exhibitions, but in the centre of which now stands a simple cross,—presented the most awful and sublime scene, unaccompanied with terror, that I, who am indeed but a young traveller, have ever witnessed.

"The small modern altars that are placed at regular distances in the circle, have a bad effect when the eye glances on them; but the grandeur of the whole remains undiminished.

"The fine frescos of Raphaele are in a state of greater decay than I expected. Those of Domenichino, who is better seen here than at Bologna, are in more freshness and vigour; but some of them, I fear, have been retouched.

"I must conclude this letter in a great hurry, from the courier just setting off to London.

"Give my very best remembrance to Mr. Ralph Price. Again remind Mr. R. Smirke of his silence, and tell Mr. Farington that I hope a letter from him is now on its way here.

"Ever, my dear Lysons,

"Your attached and obliged Friend,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

About four days after, he wrote a letter of great interest to his friend Mr. J. J. Angerstein. It would mar the reading of it, to anticipate its contents in other language than its own.

"Rome, Palazzo Quirinale,
May 23, 1818.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I will not occupy your time, after so long an interval has elapsed since I last had the pleasure of hearing from you, with details of my professional labours at Vienna, the essential parts of which you are already acquainted with. I know not, however, that you are informed of my having painted a whole length of the Archduke Charles, and a small picture of his child—works that, together with his illness, which suspended my proceeding with his picture, were

the chief causes of my remaining at Vienna till the Holy Week had passed. Had I been here, I could only have been an idle, though gratified spectator of the magnificent fêtes that were given to the Emperor; and I therefore determined to complete every little engagement for sketches, drawings, &c. that a sense of the kindnesses I received induced me to begin; and having done so, I came post to Rome by the Forli Monte, avoiding both Venice and Florence, and sleeping out of my chaise but a few hours at Bologna. I arrived there about two in the morning, and at eight was in the Academy, looking at some fine pictures of Domenichino, and the Carracis, that I had seen at Paris. On the morning of the 11th, I first saw the dome of St. Peter's, and though on entering the Porto del Popolo, the first impression was its looking neat and small, it has been since increasing in interest and grandeur with me every hour.

"On the third day after my arrival, I was presented by the British Consul to the Cardinal Gonsalvi, who received me in the most gracious manner; and on the next day I was presented to the Pope, who expressed himself deeply sensible of the Prince Regent's attention to him, and signified his acquiescence in his wishes. Amidst the hurry and almost entire occupation of the

Quirinal Palace by the Pope himself, and their imperial Majesties and suite, the Cardinal had been munificently provident for me; having assigned me most delightful apartments in a corridor of the palace, with a small terrace on the top, commanding a panoramic view of the whole city and Campagnia. I have besides, in another part still nearer the centre of the palace, three rooms for my painting-room and pictures; (for I have brought several with me on the top of my carriage;) and the room in which I paint the Pope is a fine apartment, fitted up for Maria Louisa, and close to the rooms of his Holiness. A table, carriage, and servants, are likewise provided for me. My professional exertions at Vienna (their subjects many in number) have considerably advanced my reputation, and, from the visit of their imperial Majesties and suite, and many Austrians, been of the greatest service to me here. Excuse these details of my situation, you, my dear Sir, whose friendship is of that *purest*, as well as benevolent nature, that it has as great pleasure in the *good* fortune of its object, as you would have sympathy with him in adversity. The pictures I brought with me are Blucher, a large whole length of the Emperor, another of the Archduchess Charles, a very small whole-length of her infant, Prince Metternich's

portrait, his daughters, Canova's portrait, yours, (which, tell Mrs. J. Angerstein, is the favourite of the men's portraits,) a head of Lord Stewart, another of the celebrated political writer, Gentz, Lady Worcester's, and Lady Selina Meade, sister to Lord Clanwilliam; and in beauty and interesting character, one of the most distinguished persons in Vienna. I have just had the honour of showing them to his Holiness, who expressed himself greatly pleased and satisfied with them; and by his observations, displayed a good natural taste and knowledge of the art. You will smile at this opinion of his judgment, after his approbation of my pictures, but you must admit of that partial exception to it. He is a fine subject for a picture, and though in his frame stooping with appearance of decay, has nothing of it in his mind, which is quick, cheerful, and vigorous. The Cardinal's is a very intelligent and noble character of countenance. He has surprising strength of constitution, perpetually active, and not sleeping more at any time than three hours and a half. He has been above fifteen years the first minister of the Pope.

"I have been the Lionardo da Vinci—the 'Modesty and Vanity' mentioned by Mr. Day. It is an undoubted and fine picture, in most perfect preservation, (in this respect very fortu-

nate,) and painted, I should think, in his best time; and yet, with all this, is so *very* low in tone, so dark, and the Vanity so far from handsome, that—although if you liked it, I would not *dissuade* you from buying it—at a distance from it, I cannot recommend it for an additional ornament to a collection, which has greatly increased in my estimation since my visit to the continent. There is a noble Raphaele in the Borghese, though in his second manner, that I would, but that is not to be sold. That Raphaele and the Diana, by Domenichino, stamp the Borghese as the first private collection in Rome, though Cardinal Fesch's is very rich both in the Roman and Venetian schools, and I am told in the Flemish, the whole of which I have not yet seen. Ah! there is a picture—there are *two*, *elsewhere*, that would indeed have adorned and crowned your collection; but I dare not advise their purchase to you, and (be entirely secret here, both you, dear Sir, and Mr. J. Angerstein) I have not found in my heart to mention them to others. Tell Mr. J. Angerstein quietly to find out the present possessor of a picture, (a fine one,) called Corregio, and sold in Mr. Udney's sale, an 'Ecce Homo:' it is engraved by Ludovico Carraci. It is the original of that picture, and the other is the original of the

Mercury teaching Cupid to read, in the Marquess of Stafford's gallery, by the same master. I had them both brought down for me, and placed by me in all lights, and know them to be most rare and precious. The first was sold by Mr. Day to its present owner. Be sure, dear Sir, to tell Mr. J. Angerstein and Mrs. John, if they can trace that picture, to see it, and tell you how they like it; and if *that* in character and expression be fine, (and I know her dear father would have pronounced it so,) tell them the original is *far before it.* It is a celestial work, and the other equally pure, of more celebrity, though in my opinion not demanding for its execution so penetrating and pathetic a genius.

"Colnaghi would get you a print of it (clumsy and gross as it is, compared with the noble work) under this title, Ludovico or Agostino Carraci's print of the 'Ecce Homo,' by Corregio. At present, the whole collection is not to be separated, and an offer has, I know, been made for these two of six thousand pounds, but perhaps not in immediate money. It does, I think, happen, that an article, whether picture or other object of value, that by its long celebrated and obvious excellence, seems to crown a collection, adds more to the general value of that collec-

tion than the amount of its purchase. Many and many anxious thoughts, *hours* of debatings in my mind, have I had upon that picture; and (what never occurred in my life before) depending on the exertion of this one hand of mine, I have actually made the offer of a considerable sum to an agent if he ever brings that picture to England, and gives to me the refusal of it for three months, and I would exert myself to do so. Yet you not having it, it is better where it is, in hands distant from hence; *that once were royal.*

"Pray, pray let Mr. and Mrs. J. Angerstein oblige me by seeing Carraci's copy of it, named as the original in Mr. Udney's collection. At the very time I was first introduced to you by Mr. Lock, at Woodlands, I had been so struck by the grandeur of that character, and its composition, that from memory I attempted to copy or imitate it; and when I get home I will show you its beginning---one of my very first attempts in oil, *I* only can *find it*---or I would order it to be sent to you. I have an attachment and respect for you not common, as the *causes* of it have not been common; but I am old enough to have a sort of paternal feeling for the Pall-Mall Collection, as Sir Joshua or Mr. West would have had, had they so gradually witnessed its

formation; and this has kept me resolutely dumb, although the mention of it to two quarters (both of which you may guess) was repeatedly pressed upon me. I *would*, if I had power, improve the arts of my country, knowing its superiority in existing talent and genius, but I am not liberal enough to wish these works brought to it, and in other hands. I have said my say, and to say it have had a long conflict, and I now feel like a person disburthening his conscience of long-hidden crime.

" Mrs. John Angerstein, your painter of so many years, and grown exceedingly old and grey in your service, implores you to go and see that same picture (once Mr. Udney's) that would have given occasion to pure and eloquent criticism at Norberry Park!

" How were dear Mrs. Lock, Mr. George, and Raphaele Williams, when you heard from them?

" And how, my dear Sir, is Mrs. Boucherette, and modest self-possessing Emily, whose intrepid affection, in a dreadful moment, is the theme of panegyric here, where Mrs. Boucherette and family are greatly esteemed and loved. They know Louis Chiavere; his father-in-law, the Duke of Torlonia, is very good to me, and I am intreated by his lady, by himself, and his family,

to learn Italian in the pleasantest and most certain mode, by taking dinner with them as often as I can; both of them *promising* that the servants shall not help me to a single dish, unless I ask for it in Italian. 'Tis such a *tempting* offer, that I find it exceedingly difficult to dine elsewhere.

"I am greatly at a loss for guides, the only persons performing that office being Canova and Camuccini, the Duchess of Devonshire and an Austrian Princess. Camuccini took me in this dilicious weather, and a sweet evening, to the Villa Albani, and the two ladies yesterday to the Doria Collection, and afterwards to the Ludovici Villa, and to the Borghese, in the finest evening of the finest day. Should the dear family at Willingham be with you now, they will appreciate this enjoyment justly.

"I have written enough, completely to exhaust your patience, my dear Sir, and fatigue your eyes, and will now therefore conclude with an earnest wish and hope soon to see you, but not, before I have the pleasure of hearing from you at this 'City of the Soul,' where all that is grateful to it, ought, for a short season at least, to be concentrated.

"The weather we have lately had on the Continent has I hope been equally favourable in

England, and kept you free from any other than constitutional cough, which I think at times you have always had.

"Believe me, ever,
"Your attached and faithfully
"devoted Servant,
"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"A variation in the hours of the different days, when the post goes, has occasioned my receiving back this letter, and in the interval I learn the painful news of your illness.. I do not erase what I have written about pictures, but think of it as of a painter's enthusiasm about his art. Your health is all we wish should now be attended to.

"Pray let me hear from you, or Mr. or Mrs. John Angerstein, by the next post, if so much can be sacrificed to me. The Pope sat to me to-day, and is pleased with my progress. Adieu, my dear Sir, and most valued friend."

It is amusing even to read the same version of these incidents told to his brother, the Rev. Andrew Lawrence, of Haslar, in a letter dated only two days prior.

" TO THE REV. ANDREW LAWRENCE.

" Rome, May 21, 1819,
Quirinale Palazzo.

" MY DEAR ANDREW,

" I am very sorry to hear that you continue so unwell; I hope, however, as the time is long ere letters reach us at this distance, that you will have recovered months ago, (for months will have passed between the writing of the letter which brought me the unwelcome intelligence, and your receipt of this,) and that the fine weather we experience here will have its influence in England, and assist in renovating your health and spirits.

" At the present moment I have not time to write to dear Ann or my nieces; and I must beg you will give my best love and affection to them, informing them of my safe arrival here.

" An illness of the Archduke Charles, whose portrait was begun when it attacked him, detained me at Vienna till past the Holy Week; for I could not think of leaving it with the picture of so distinguished a personage unfinished. He gradually recovered, and I had sittings from him, which enabled me greatly to improve the resemblance, and complete the accurate drawings of his person; and likewise to finish for the

Archduchess a portrait of their infant. I then made a courier's journey here, sleeping out of my carriage, and but for a few hours, at Bologna, and arrived safely with portraits I brought with me entirely uninjured.

" All the English who were here, I found gone with my Austrian friends, and the imperial court, to Naples: the English Consul however remained, and immediately presented me (for I luckily brought a dress with me) to Cardinal Gonsalvi, the chief Secretary of State, and the Mr. Pitt of Rome; who received me in the most gracious manner, and made arrangements for my being presented to the Pope the next day. Accordingly the grand chamberlain of the court (this is not his exact title, but it describes his office) introduced me, after going through the magnificent apartments to a small room, immediately behind the entrance door of which his Holiness was sitting.

" I was then left alone with him, when partly in French, and partly in Italian, he expressed his sense of the Prince Regent's attention to him—his readiness to gratify his wish—concluding with a personal compliment to the person to whose skill he had delegated the mission. During this time, from the moment of his offering me his hand to kiss on my entrance, he held

mine with a gentle pressure, which made it improper for me to withdraw it, till I again kissed it on retiring.

" His person you know from prints—but that you may know it better, I will paint a PICTURE of him before I leave Rome. Notwithstanding his age, from which he stoops a little, and the anxieties he has undergone, his hair remains of its fine jet black, and gives additional effect to a very striking countenance, and regular features. Cardinal Gonsalvi is an admirable and noble subject for my pencil, and I have little doubt of concluding labours—which hitherto in every instance have been successful—with perhaps the best examples of my comparative ability; for the grand specimens of art around me, (not of living art,) make that epithet necessary to truth, and sincere impression.

" The Cardinal, with his Holiness's sanction, has munificently lodged me, amidst all the pressure of occupation, by the imperial court and suite, (for they return for some days to Rome,) still in the same palace, ' the Quirinale,' with his Holiness and himself. I have, I may say, a house entirely to myself; for my apartments are at the end of a corridor, and by steps detached from it, though architecturally belonging to it.

"I have a small entrance-hall, a dining-room, and above, a bed-room, and dressing-room of the same size; and above these a small breakfast-room or writing-closet, with two drawing-rooms, newly and very handsomely furnished, and on the top of my delightful apartments a small terrace from which I have a noble panoramic view of the whole of this fine, and, while time exists, most interesting city. Nearer to the central building of the palace, I have two rooms and a closet for my studio, and an entrance-hall of equal dimensions with them; the Cardinal with a delicacy of attention which extends to every thing, having ordered my name to be written on the door. . On the morning of my presentation to the Pope, the Cardinal's maitre-d'hotel was waiting to show me my apartments, where the servants, or valet de place, cooks, &c. were all in attendance, for my kitchen is in my house, and a table and carriage, &c. are assigned me. The Duchess of Devonshire is here, and full of all condescending attention. I have already been introduced to the parties of the French ambassadors, the Duke of Torlonia's, with whose family I dined yesterday, the Princess Ghigis—and this morning I go to see the Pope give his benediction from the front of St. John Latheran.

* * * * *

"I have been, and had the best possible view of this grand ceremony: his Eminence having placed me with two foreign Ambassadors, in the midst of the prelates and cardinals at the window of the church, and within two yards of the Pope at the moment of his blessing the people. I can give you no idea of the grandeur of this scene, in one of the finest days for the spectacle that could have been. The troops, as you perhaps know, are on this occasion all drawn out, and cannon fired at the moment that he gives his benediction. I should tell you that this, and subsequent attentions from his Eminence, were not by deputy, but by his own hand. I could tell you much more of my flattering reception here; but I have written of myself too much, yet it is a leaf, a sort of journal, of this most interesting period of my professional life—the Duchess was waiting for me in her carriage, and afterwards, with her and Princess Kasalcovitz, sister to the Prince Esterhazy, I went to see the Doria Collection, and afterwards dined with them, meeting in the evening, Prince Poniatowski, brother to the late King of Poland, and then going with them, later in the evening, to the Duchess of Torlonia's party. To-day they have taken me to see the Farnese and Corsini palaces, and afterwards a heavenly walk through the gardens to San Pietro Montorio, where I had the finest view

of this unequalled scene, that I have yet found. The Duke of Devonshire is here—I dined with him at the Duchess's on Wednesday, and with Lord Gower at the Duchess's dinner to-day.

"Canova is the same generous friend to me that he was, and has given up his time to me, to his genius and engagements most precious. Camuccini likewise. Adieu, dear Andrew. I write for your own private eye, and that of my dear sister only, since no mistake can be greater than that of expecting to produce participation of pleasure, by the communication of prosperous and flattering details. It is not always pleasant to the self-love of the hearers; and in *genuine feeling*, there are ten friends to our adverse, to one in our good fortune.

"Believe me ever,

"Your constantly attached Brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

In one respect, the prior letter is of a national importance, as it relates to Mr. Angerstein's collection, which has since become the public property, and the invaluable nucleus of a national gallery.

I will now insert a letter to a lady of taste and talents; and if the subjects of this familiar communication be not of such public importance as those of the last, the letter itself affords a pleas-

ing portrait of the author's talents and amiable turn of mind.

"Rome, Palazzo Quirinale, June 25th, 1819.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"The place from which I date this letter will revive many agreeable thoughts and recollections, and amidst these, the intrusion of the writer may be forgiven. That I should have fear of my letter being thought intrusion, arises in great measure from my having so seldom committed the mistake or fault; for your kind indulgence to those who have had the happiness of being obliged by you, would, I know, have authorized a correspondence, less abrupt and unexpected than a long interval or omission makes it. Do you remember that evening in the larger drawing-room in Pall Mall, when you and your Emily endured so many questions from me about the Sestine Chapel, the Vatican, and other objects of art so interesting to a painter? That I should now be on the same spot, (although my residence is not in the palace of Lucien Bonaparte,) seems a dream, following and formed by that conversation; and a delightful one it would indeed be, could I be now telling it to you in that same room, and surrounded by those pictures which occasion so great a blank in the Colonna palace.

Except the landscapes in distemper by the Poussins, there are now few worthy to be remembered; although the palace, the gallery in which they were, is one of the most striking things in private magnificence that is to be seen in Rome.

"I again hear of the severity of the late illness of my best friend, although it is accompanied with news of his being greatly, if not entirely recovered. Mrs. Thompson, with her daughters and Mr. T. Bonar, called on me at my rooms on Sunday last, in her way from Naples, and, to her glad surprise, found Mr. A.'s picture on my easel, which I believe she had never before seen. I wait with just anxiety for some letter from Woodlands, that may give me a more recent, accurate, and favourable report.

"I become more and more charmed with Rome (rather a lady's phrase) as the period approaches when I must leave it. But there is a charm—a spell of bewitching influence about it, that no other place of residence could have, were but our friends participating in our enjoyment. Its past greatness—the magnificent edifices of its more recent power—its treasures in art, and the climate, the sweet pure hues of atmosphere that seem to wrap every thing in their own harmony, have influence on the feelings that makes even the Colosseum, with all its sublimity of ruin, an

object of admiration, unmixed at the moment with one chilling or depressing thought; so sweetly are its hues, its strongest light or deepest shadow, still in unison with the heaven that gazes on it. (Don't think me too fanciful, Miss Emily, the thought is not mine, but Young's;

> "While o'er his head the stars in silence glide,
> And seem all gazing on their future guest.")

"Have you ever seen Rome from the top of the Villa Pamphili, in the evening sun of a fine day? You see grouped together, in small compass, three objects of great interest and beauty—Monte Mario, St. Peter's, and, in farthest distance, Soracte rears itself between them. Then, on the other side, you have all that the Alban hills command, with Tivoli, and its mountainous scenery, uniting the fine and various lines of horizon till they are stopped by the masses of the Vatican. I have this evening driven there alone, (having determined to be to myself this whole day,) and felt the exceeding beauty of the scene, with that undefined loneliness of delight which amounts almost to pain, formed, as it is, of many causes—thoughts of the past—of youth—and friends, and absence, which I think, when alone, the close of evening in the country always brings before us.

"I passed my morning for some hours in the Sestini Chapel and the Vatican; and having the finest light, I sent up, and procured an order to admit me to go round the top of the chapel in the narrow gallery, which possibly you may remember over the cornice. I thus saw the noble work with closer inspection, and therefore more advantage. With all your love of Raphaele, my dear ladies, you must and shall believe in the superiority of that greater being, of whom in grateful, virtuous sincerity your painter himself said, "I bless God that I live in the time of Michael Angelo." Admired and popular as he was, it was fine, yet only *just* in him to say so; and from frequent comparison of their noble works, I am the more convinced of the entire veracity of Sir Joshua Reynolds's decision in favour of Michael Angelo. I am not used, I hope, to be presumptuous in my opinions about art, but, in my own mind, I think I KNOW that *Sir Joshua Reynolds* COULD NOT have had another opinion on the subject..

"There are many able and judicious opponents to it, but I believe they would cease to be so on examination of the work itself, instead of viewing it in sterile and false copies, or exaggerated imitation. Amongst the imitators of Michael Angelo, I never include Mr. Fuzeli, who, in all

qualities of fine composition, is *entirely original.* Michael Angelo's line is often (I should say *usually*) *severely pure.*—Michael Angelo is often, and, *in the highest degree, elegant* in his forms and proportions—his Eve reaching at the apple is an example of it, and, in dignified beauty, has never been equalled by Raphaële; whilst the awful and appropriate simplicity of his tone, and that breadth of light and shadow, so very finely described by Mr. Fuzeli, (I mean in his whole account of this noble work—a masterpiece of elevated criticism,) produce, altogether, an impression on the reason, as well as the imagination, against which all the variety and beauty, and sometimes grandeur, of Raphaele, contend in vain. It is Hector against Achilles—you love him, but see that he must yield.

"I have rambled into this artist's talk, from entire confidence that it is language fully understood by you, and not displeasing. You have yourself been nursed in art; and, in your evenings at Norbury, while engaged in your work or rational amusement, have imbibed opinions and truths, which the ablest artists acquire, only by long and doubtful practice.

"I cannot close my letter to you, one of the most valuable friends that my life has known, without acquainting you that I have entirely suc-

ceeded in my mission here. No picture that I have painted has been more popular with the friends of its subject, and the public, than my portrait of his Holiness; and, according to my scale of ability, I have executed my intention: having given him that expression of unaffected benevolence and worth, which lights up his countenance with a freshness and spirit, entirely free (except in the characteristic paleness of his complexion) from that appearance of illness and decay that he generally has, when enduring the fatigue of his public functions. I have been equally successful in the portrait of Cardinal Gonsalvi; a physiognomy, as you know, of a very different nature, and particularly fine; full of sagacity and energy.

"There is a true Christian goodness in the Pope —a prompt wish to prevent trouble to others, both in acts of becoming homage to him, and even in those of more essential duty, that is very striking. You know that he walks feebly; and when sitting to me, he is placed on the sort of throne that I have for all my sitters; and in his own chair he is still more elevated. Yesterday, when I was painting his hands, and sketching in the figure, he was reminded that the ring he had on was not the one that should be painted (there is one belonging to the dignity, and placed on his

finger when he is elected.) He rose immediately, said he would get it himself, and, in spite of urgent remonstrances from the Maestro de Camera, and gentlemen about him, went to his room and brought it. He is pleased that his friends give such entire approbation of the picture, and that the Prince Regent's wish is accomplished. If it be allowed me to view this little action of the Pope as assistance meant to me, as well as habitual consideration for those about him, I may then class it with an honour done me, in the same general feeling of kindness, by the Emperor of Russia; who, whilst I was holding the picture, and therefore could not prevent him, put the pegs into the easel, and then assisted me in lifting the portrait on them. On a subsequent sitting, he gave me other aid, before his slower attendants could see it necessary. The first in rank, and the first in talents, can always afford to be freely liberal and kind. They are the second-rates, who are obliged to look about them, and see lest something should be lost, in dignity and self-importance.

"I hear so much of Naples—I am so persuaded by all—amongst others, so strongly by my Vienna friends, to see it—that having this only opportunity, perhaps, in my life, for seeing it, I shall soon go there, though, I trust, for not more

than a week. I shall then bend my course homewards, and hope that Providence, in its bounty, will give me again the sight of every friend that I left in England, in as perfect—in *better* health than when I left them.

"I beg you, my dear madam, to give my best and attached respect to Mr. Angerstein—to Mrs. and Mr. John Angerstein, my remembrance to your son, and my never-dying love to your three daughters—a message which no mother can be slow to bear from aged gentlemen, whom malarias, banditti, and seas, have separated from them.

"Ever, my dear Madam,
"your obliged,
"and faithfully-devoted Servant,
"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To Mrs. Boucherette, J. J. Angerstein's, Esq.,
Blackheath, London."

Four days after, he wrote a long and affectionate letter to his sister, of which the following is an extract:—

"Rome, June 29, 1819.

"MY DEAR ANN,

"I am happy to tell you, that I have completely succeeded in the picture of his Holiness, and to

the utmost of my expectation, and almost of my wishes. I think it now the most interesting and best head that I have painted, and the general opinion is in unison with this belief; for it is thought the best and happiest resemblance of the Pope that has ever been painted. Of the Cardinal's portrait I have made a very promising beginning; and, on the whole, I have no doubt of these closing labours of my mission being fully equal, if not superior, to any of my former efforts. Having sufficiently admired and puffed my own performances, which I do, however, with sincerity as well as vanity, I regret that I have not time to represent to you the pleasantness of my residence here, and circumstances attending it. The air of itself is heaven, though now and then the devil troubles it with storms—a magnificent one of thunder and lightning being now roaring and rumbling over my head. Rome is still the most interesting spot on earth, except that which contains the friends we love, &c. &c."

It has been a subject of serious and well-founded regret, that Sir Joshua Reynolds communicated so little to his friends in epistolary correspondence; and very few of his letters have been traced by his biographers. Sir Thomas

Lawrence's letters are not only very numerous, but they are full of information, and are evidently the unaffected effusions of his mind. The following letter to Mr. Farington must be read with interest by English artists; whilst the intelligent of all countries will read with pleasure the little anecdotes characteristic of the late Pope, and of his celebrated minister.

TO JOSEPH FARINGTON, ESQ.

"Palazzo Quirinale, July 2, 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

"In nothing do your letters (interesting as they are to an absent friend) give me so true pleasure, as in the certainty they bring me of your undecaying friendship; or, if I may flatter myself so much, of your *increased* regard. It is no small honour to me, to have gained, and to retain, the friendship of men, whose years and wisdom are so much beyond my own; and whose counsel and society are sought and valued by all who are best entitled to their comfort.

* * * * * * * * *

"Turner should come to Rome. His genius would here be supplied with materials, and entirely congenial with it. It is one proof of its influence on my mind, that, enchanted, as I con-

stantly am, whenever I go out, with the beauty of the hues, and forms of the buildings—with the grandeur of some, and variety of the picturesque in the masses of the ordinary buildings of this city—I am perpetually reminded of his pencil, and feel the sincerest regret that his powers should not be excited to their utmost force. He has an elegance, and often a greatness of invention, that wants a scene like this, for its free expansion; whilst the subtle harmony of this atmosphere, that wraps every thing in its own milky sweetness—for it is colourless, compared with the skies of France and England, and more like the small Claude of Mr. Angerstein's and Lord Egremont's, though the latter has a slight tendency—has it not?—to heaviness—this blending, I say, of earth and heaven—can only be rendered, according to my belief, by the beauty of his tones. I must already have written the substance of this to you, as I have to Lysons; but my dwelling on the subject arises from no affectation or assumed feeling. It is a fact, that the country and scenes around me, *do* thus impress themselves upon me; and that Turner is always associated with them; Claude, though frequently, not so often; and Gaspar Poussin still less. You perceive my dread of displeasing you by the mention of another name; yet the sweetness of his colour

is much nearer than Gaspar, and his composition is often fine. He was a man of distinguished genius, and therefore worthy of the affection and admiration of his pupil. I seem to do injustice to Mr. Callcott by not mentioning him as an artist highly worthy of the enjoyment of this scene; but I think he himself is generally ready to yield the palm to Mr. Turner, and therefore will not be offended at the exclusive preference that my pen has shown. In viewing the magnificence around me in these delightful evenings, I cannot have you and Mr. West to participate in the pleasure; and it is an irksome and unquiet state of the mind, when it cannot communicate its feelings, or rather have them accurately understood; but I have had the next best thing to the companionship of knowledge, the society of real lovers of nature, and possessing great sensibility to its beauties. This praise of them is open to suspicion of its cause, from their being persons of high rank; and that circumstance was not likely to diminish the pleasure. All, unless when wounded by disappointment, a little feel its influence, and it is part of the course of nature that they should. The person next to you two and Mr. Turner, whose mind and eye would be most in unison with mine, in the contemplation of these effects and scenes, would be a lady—would be Mrs.

Wolff, to whose friendship, with that of Miss Crofts, I am indebted for that arrangement of my pictures, which you mention in your letter. To you three I am under more obligation, for just and nice criticism on my works, and (I hope) for consequent improvement of them, than to any other friends. Be not offended, grave and experienced artist, that I place a female with you. There is sometimes a nice taste and quickness of perception in woman, that supplies the place of labour and study; and where it is accompanied by a sound and clear understanding, may be resorted to with great advantage.

"You are very considerate in sending me so many details, respecting my friends and the state of the arts; and thanking you most sincerely for your kind discretion, in speaking from my letters, rather than reading them out, I will give you some account of myself and my proceedings.

"If what I have done here in the portraits of the Pope and the Cardinal, be compared only with my own works, I have had complete success; and may truly say to so near a friend, that as an artist, I have no where been more popular than at Rome. I came here too with very moderate expectations; with many apprehensions, indeed, of failure, as to impression on the public mind; and this result is therefore the

more pleasing. With the subject of these pictures all here were acquainted; and one of them had been, it was thought, very successfully painted by David and by Cammucini, the two first painters of Paris and Rome. The reputation of the former you well know, and the latter is an able artist, and from his character and manners deservedly esteemed. His portrait of the Pope generally pleased: it was exceedingly well drawn, and with a very forcible effect; but he did not encounter the difficulties of his subject. He chose, if I may say so, its too obvious and quiescent character. His view of the face was nearly a profile, with eyes, and head, and frame bending down—an image of respectable decay. I have painted him full in front, with all but the eyes immediately directed to you, with every detail of his countenance, (and it is one of many minute parts, but these animated with benevolence, and a sort of mild energy, that is the real character of his intellect and nature.) The securing this, with a good and true tone of colour, has given me undisputed victory; and equal success in Cardinal Gonsalvi's portrait, (who has so fine a countenance, that it seemed difficult to satisfy the public expectation,) has still more established the superiority of our English school. I have not effected this without some trouble to my sitters.

The Pope has sat to me eight times, and probably I may require two more sittings from him for the figure part, which is already painted. Though, in public, appearing to bend under the weight of his dress, and the fatigue of ceremonies, and with real infirmities of age and sickness, he has still a cheerfulness of spirit and activity of mind, that bear up against them, of which I can give you a little instance. The chair in which he sits is on a sort of throne, and in ascending this he is generally assisted. On Saturday last, he was sitting to me for the hand, and it struck me that the ring he had on could not be the same that is always placed on the finger of the Pope when he is elected. I mentioned my doubt, when his Holiness immediately acknowledged that it was not, and said he would go to his chamber and fetch it, if I wished to introduce it. I could not deny the wish, although humbly protesting against obtaining it by fatigue to him. His Maestro de Camera, and two or three prelates were round him, each anxious to save him the trouble, but their remonstrances and supplications were in vain; he got down from the throne, went to his room, and brought it. It is true, that his suite and attendants were spared the trouble by this action, which doubtless sprang from habitual good nature—but it was likewise

to assist me in the progress of my work; and I have almost a right to class it with the Emperor of Russia stooping to put the pegs into my easel, and then with me lifting the picture on it. This latter circumstance quite equals Charles the Fifth taking up the pencil for Titian, and the only trifling thing wanting to the parallel is, that *I* should *be* a Titian. This omission, however, I cannot help, or certainly I would. I forget what critic it is who says, 'a simile should not go on all fours.'

"You say that the manner in which I have been received, during the execution of this arduous task, is not merely pleasant to me, but likewise to the honour of our art—of existing art. I am conscious that I too inadequately represent it, but certainly its professors cannot complain of being lowered in station by the absence of any due attention to their brother artist. I was yesterday, St. Peter's Day, a spectator of doubtless the most superb ceremony and spectacle (taking its scene into the consideration of it) that this world can exhibit; the celebration of high mass in St. Peter's. No words of mine have any power of conveying to you the magnificence and grandeur of it. By the care of the Cardinal, and the persons having the direction of the ceremony, I was placed

nearer to the Pope than any other stranger, (with the exception of the Duke of Saxe Gotha, and some other persons of rank,) in the seat that ranges on the side, and immediately behind the Cardinals; so that I had an entirely convenient view of the whole ceremony. Titian never conceived any thing more gorgeous, and at the same time solemn in dignity, than the accompaniments and dresses of the personages in this scene. At three o'clock I dined with Lady Shaftesbury, and in the evening called on the Duchess of Devonshire, to go with her and her two friends to vespers at St. Peter's. By the time the service was finished, the first illumination of St. Peter's was begun. We staid, going frequently round that noble area, till the second illumination, and then drove to the house immediately opposite to the bridge and castle of St. Angelo, to see its display of fire-works, from the room and balcony which had been recently occupied by their Imperial Majesties, and now by some of the Cardinals, and a select party of the first families. The night before, I had seen the fire-works from the same place, by the Cardinal Gonsalvi's direction. When the whole was over, I went to the French Ambassador's, Comte Blacas, which is always attended by the first society, and about one o'clock returned to the Quirinale Palace. And here let

me tell you another kindness and condescension shown me. I have a close and an open carriage at my disposal, and two fine spirited greys, with a remarkably good and courageous driver. The evenings are so fine that I now choose the latter carriage. This description of vehicle, however, is not admitted into the great gates of the palace; but a special permission is granted to me, and it being the only one, the guards know the sound of the carriage, and when all appears dark and closed against me, however late the hour, I hear the gates unbarring before my carriage rises up to them. This preference having added to my coachman's vanity, and on the first day exceedingly to my valet de place's astonishment and alarm, (who knew the prohibition, but was not in the other secret,) I drive in with a spirit that proclaims any one rather than your humble friend, but which I need not check, as the Pope and superior inmates of the palace sleep towards the garden, and out of reach therefore of the noise.

"This evening at six, the Duchess called on me to take me to the Villa Mattei. When we got there, we were in despair at seeing the carriage of the Prince of the Peace, its present owner, driving up. He very courteously, however, begged the Duchess to enter; and whilst her Grace and his daughter walked round the gar-

dens, he took me into the house to show me his collection of pictures.

" He does not now reside there, and the servants he came with were in attendance on his daughter; but having the keys, he unlocked the rooms, opened their shutters, &c. and played as obligingly the host as a man well could. He is not handsome, has nothing of the air noble about him—a large head, small eyes, and stout frame, without fatness. I have now closed the evening by returning, the earliest parting guest, from the Princess Ghigi's.

" Since my writing the above, another day has passed—the morning occupied by a sitting from the Cardinal, and other employment on his picture; and the evening in a delightful drive with the Duchess of Devonshire, who called on me, to the Borghese villa; and the night at the Duchess of Torlonia's party. Thus, dear, most valuable, valued, and trusted friend, my time is passed, and the account of it given to you, whose discretion, judgment, and knowledge of mankind, will see, from the nature of it, that it should be confided only to you.

" Rome presents so many objects of rational curiosity and strong interest, that a stay of two months, divided between them, professional business, and necessary, because due, attention to

civilities that strangers receive, passes as a day. In this view, my visit to it must be unsatisfactory. Hours (an irrational part of its system, yet in some measure arising from the climate) are late here—late, I mean, for our conjecture of Roman habits. The fashionable world in London is much later. An amusement for all classes, the theatre, does not begin till half-past nine, and, of course, does not close till one or two. I went but twice, and each time came away at twelve. I rise always at seven, or before, and breakfast regularly a little after eight. The Pope sat to me at half-past ten. I give this in the past, for I yesterday took the last sitting—the ninth. His Holiness is, I dare say, glad to be released from this fatigue, but he expressed it in a cheerful manner, and said, he hoped no artist would think of painting after me. Cardinal Gonsalvi told me, with apparent pleasure, (the pleasure, in a highly courteous nature, of communicating pleasure,) that when proposing to the Pope the introduction of the foreign ambassadors on Wednesday, (the usual day for it,) his Holiness desired it might be Thursday, as he had engaged to sit to me on the Wednesday. As the Cardinal himself remarked it as a compliment to me, it is NOT boasting to tell you of it.

"My portrait of the Cardinal is not so far ad-

vanced, for the hands are not painted from him, which they shall be. There is always a something, that one imagines at least, to be got over, in the intercourse of a stranger with the friends, suite, and dependants of the great, who are always more distant and *great* than the personage himself; but my picture of the Cardinal has so gratified and conciliated all, that every countenance has instant cheerfulness that I meet—every gesture and expression, that of respect and attempted service. The unequalled activity of his character makes him the severest task-master; but his manners to them are so pleasant, and his nature so benevolent and just, that they seem to love him as if indulgence were his characteristic weakness. "Ah!" they say, "our Cardinal is a man of iron—he is not flesh and blood as we are!" and he has either said something kind, or done something liberal, and they repeat it with a pride and delight in him, that is like the feeling of children to a mother. On the first day, I painted in the whole head, and very like him. He has a penetrating and pursuing eye, and I make him look directly at the spectator. Edward told me, that when I left it, two domestics came in very softly and quietly, looked at it for a moment, and then *ran* out, and brought in, according to his phrase, 'a dozen.' I go through the

Segretariato di Stato to my painting-room; and, from the first day, an immediate change in the manner of all took place, and from mere cold civility, the constant reception I have mentioned. The town artists are equally satisfied, and I may say, surprised at the likeness, I have sketched in the whole figure; and from his taking precedence before any minister of other powers, I have painted him a small whole-length—a sitting figure of less dimensions than Sir William Grant's.

"I have sustained very positive loss in the departure of my Vienna friends. I dined with Prince Metternich, whenever an engagement at the tables of the Cardinals, the Duchess and Duke of Devonshire, or Duke of Torlonia, would permit.—'My dear Lawrence, whilst we stay, let us see you always at dinner'—the first two days, whilst Austrian nobility were present, placing me next to his daughter, who sat at his right hand—a seat relinquished by me, against his direction, on the third. With him, his daughter, and their suite, on eight different evenings, I visited the beautiful villas and places of interest round Rome. He was always on my arm when we arrived at them, and often took me in his chariot, with his daughter, (who constantly travels with him,) the only person here admitted to that honour—her husband, Comte Esterhazy, and Prince

Kaunitz," the ambassador, following in other carriages. The last evening of their stay, I went with him in his barouche, in company with his daughter and Prince Kaunitz, to take a last look at St. Peter's, and afterwards to view the sun setting on Rome from the Monte Mario. His daughter, though never in England, speaks English remarkably well, and is to him, in intellect and nature, and in their mutual affection, what Portia was to Cicero.* I do not compare a modern statesman to that father of Roman eloquence, (sanctified by all honours of history and time,) except in height of political importance, and in the certain existence of this sweet, domestic feeling. That you may know part of the link that binds me to him, besides his kindness, and the circumstances of fortune, see him with me at Tivoli, before the lower, tremendous cascade, which is out of view of the town, though, if you look up, you just catch the Sibyl's temple. We were standing alone and silent before it, just so far distant as not to be stunned by the noise— 'And here,' he said, 'it flows on—always majestic, always great; not caring whether it has audience or not; with no feelings of rivalry for power! Here is no envy, no exertion for an effect. Content with its own grandeur, no

* It is unnecessary to point out the error of this classical allusion.

vanity, no *amour propre* are here.' If you were to tell this to our diplomacy or politicians, of the dexterous, ambitious, politic Metternich—of him who endured that audience of a day with Bonaparte, at Dresden, and is reproached by Lord Grey with having so entirely deceived him—of Prince Metternich in society—the gay, the quizzing Metternich—they would never believe, or would sagely ridicule the tale; but it is this Metternich that I love, who, when dressed for the ambassador's party, his equipage and attendants waiting, at half-past ten at night, on my sole call, at my suggestion could change his dress, take me to his daughter's room, where she was at her little supper, at her husband's bedside, who was ill with slight fever, persuade his 'Marie' to put on her bonnet and cloak, and come with us to see the Colosseum, by the moonlight, that was then shining in purest lustre, where we staid till, on our stopping at the French ambassador's, he found it was twelve o'clock. He had then to make a slight change of dress, but I had none with me, and declined entering, and was therefore getting out of the carriage to return in my own, which had followed me with Edward. Prince Metternich, however, would not permit it, but desired me to remain with his daughter, and conduct her home, which I then did. One short anecdote of her, and I conclude this *too long*

letter. On my one day expressing surprise at her preferring the Netherlands to any country she had seen, she said, 'It is so cultivated—the peasantry are so happy. I know it has not rocks and waterfalls, but God made the country for man; and where he is not happy, ah! it is in vain that you tell me of rocks and waterfalls.' This was said in a steady, even tone of voice, without raising her eyes from her work, as an inward and unheard sentiment.

"Dear and valued friend,

"Adieu,

"T. L."

With respect to art, and to subjects of a public nature, the following letter adds little to the information contained in the preceding correspondence, but it must not be omitted in the series. The attention which the members of the Angerstein family paid to the pecuniary interests, as well as to the personal gratifications of their friend, is evinced in the care of taking for him, during his absence, a portion of the loan for which Mr. Rothschild had contracted with the government; and to obtain a share of which, before it was brought into the public market, could be effected only by private friendship. The fear of loss was small, as the share could

be disposed of, if the price approximated to a discount; and had a loss occurred, friendship would have suggested the remedy.

The transaction reminds me of Mr. Rothschild's having conferred a similar favour upon the most eminent professor of another branch of the fine arts, with instructions not to part with his shares until he (Mr. Rothschild) should tell him. But the professor was mercenary, and finding that he could dispose of the bargain immediately for a small advantage, he accordingly got rid of it. When the advantageous time of sale arrived, Mr. Rothschild addressed the gentleman with, "Now, Signore ———, you must sell your shares, and they will clear you three thousand pounds sterling." The rage of the vehement Italian, in finding that his mercenary precipitance had occasioned him the loss of such an advantage, was unrestrained. Whether this share of the loan proved of much benefit to Sir Thomas Lawrence, it is not now of any consequence to ascertain.

"Palazzo Quirinale, July 9th, 1819.

"My dear Sir,

"The receipt of your letter, which speaks such recovery from your sickness, gives me the

greatest pleasure, except that last line of it, which mentions the state of your eyes. I ought to be the more grateful to you, for thus exerting them for me. I see no proof of their failing in this letter, which tells me of it; for it is written as legibly, and with hand as steady, as any letter that I have ever received from you. Your account of your family gives me additional happiness, and of all their gaieties and dissipation, their balls, routs, operas, and plays. The balls here are nearly as much attended as the operas, and the routs as the plays; and Mrs. Boucherette will tell you what profusion of them there is in Rome. There is one amusement, however, which cannot as yet have travelled so far as England—a comet. It has been got up for us several nights together, and the weather being intensely hot, we gaze on it for coolness, and find it infinitely refreshing! Notwithstanding the heat, (and inhabitants of Rome say it is the hottest summer they have known for many years,) my health, thank God, continues good; and painting in a large room, which from its aspect is not visited by the sun, the greater part of the day is passed without my feeling the oppressive influence of the weather. In the evening there is still air, and, as I think, hardly a night passes without my going to St. Peter's, which is always cool, and never yet,

that I have known, in the least damp,—I have defence, in my very pleasures, from the apprehended danger.

" I understand exactly the alterations and addition you are making, and see the obvious comfort they will secure. The work is nothing compared to the benefit obtained. The house, though neat, was always less in appearance than its interior convenience proved it to be, and this little deviation from mere outward symmetry will at once speak its purpose. The result of your Chancery suit is a great triumph, though it be attended with some little loss,—a pecuniary sacrifice that will never compensate Mr. G—— for the loss of all gentlemanly character, in conniving at such fraud, if it did not originate with him.

" A thousand thanks, my dear Sir, for your recollecting me in the list of your friends for the loan. Is it not a very hazardous speculation for Mr. Rothschild? Time passes so swiftly, that if it continues at a discount for a month or two, it will never fetch up its way in the remaining period. If Norbury was destined to be sold—to lose its rightful owner—Mr. F. Robinson, a gentleman of worth and fine talents, may be the possessor of it with less repugnance to its friends. That William, dear William Locke, and myself,

should be so near meeting at Rome, and not do it, is a little vexatious. He probably will be quitting Paris at the end of September, when I shall be near Blackheath; for all that I now can hope to do, is to return to my house *within a year from my leaving it—and this I* WILL *do.* I know that I must, as you say, have outstaid all your expectation, but as certainly I have outstaid my own. Even the amount of my labours, considering all things, is not little; and when the subjects of them are remembered, and the NERVOUS DIFFICULTIES OF THE TASK, and that I have in no instance failed in it; but, by the exhibition of English art on the continent (as one of our many able artists) have in its own limited claims, so far done credit to our country, I hope the extension of my stay, and the disappointment I may have occasioned from that cause, will not merely be overlooked, but justified. By whomsoever the mission had been executed, the Prince Regent's intention in it has been fully appreciated on the continent, as a project worthy the enlarged munificence of a monarch. It gives me the truest satisfaction that I have so entirely succeeded in these closing labours of my pencil. The people of Rome (so many have seen them that I may use that expression) are delighted at seeing this venerable and good being so faithfully,

and (though it is not in the least flattering) so favourably represented, and from many quarters I hear of their regret that no copy of it is to be left for them. The Pope, modest as he is, is yet pleased with a work that is so approved of by his friends, and, as the Duchess of Devonshire informs me, his friends find only his true humility and apprehension of false conjecture or misconception, preventing him attending to their wish of his ordering a copy to be sent to Rome. I have received his commands to request of the Prince Regent a copy of his Royal Highness's portrait. I believe I informed Mrs. Boucherette, in my letter to her, that his Holiness sat to me nine times, and I have painted in the action of the figure, as well as the hands, from him. I am advancing with it, and with the remainder of the picture. The matter for my back-ground, &c. is more appropriate here—the details of dress, &c. The likeness of Cardinal Gonsalvi is equally strong. I proceed with that in the next week, and then immediately quit Rome for Naples, where my stay will be very short indeed.

" I have no time for painting there, but still I shall take with me some of my smaller pictures, for I have Vienna friends there who have reported of me favourably.

" A small portion of self-love, which perhaps

my travels have not sufficiently corrected, makes me desirous of knowing if my drawing of Alexander was carefully mounted? If its frame has satisfied you and the ladies? And whereabouts is its situation?

"Give my best respects, my dear Sir, to Mrs. and Mr. John Angerstein. I fear Mrs. Boucherette, and your Willingham friends, have by this time left you. How is she now in health? Does Mrs. John Angerstein so improve in appetite, as to make a good solid feast on the merry-thought of a lark? Is Julius still in Germany?

"The Princess of Wales, as probably you will have learnt from others, has suddenly left Pesaro, having demanded passports not in her own name. Her residence, at present, is not accurately known. Her friend has been here for a few days, and it was told me last night by Abbate Pagloz, that she is in treaty for the Barberini Palace. He called twice on the Abbate. As this letter goes by a courier, even now a line from Mrs. A. or your son, to spare your eyes, would perhaps reach me on my return from Naples.

"Adieu, my dear Sir,

"Believe me ever your faithfully attached Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Sir Thomas Lawrence made a short excursion from Rome to Naples; and there needs no explanation or apology for inserting the following letter.

"TO JOSEPH FARINGTON, ESQ.

"Rome, Palazzo Quirinale, August 18, 1819.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I receive your kind letter on this sad and unlooked-for event, with the truest sense of the manly sympathy that prompted it, and the friendly solicitude that hastened to give me comfort. You knew how much it would be valued by me when coming from you, so great a sharer in the loss. Robert Smirke had the goodness to write to me immediately; and before this, you will perhaps have heard from him that his letter is answered by me.

"I have some few very early acquaintances; but Lysons was, I think, my oldest living friend, except a gentleman, Dr. Falkner, who now resides at Bath. It was at Bath that I first knew him; he was then entering life, with every promise of being distinguished in it; and I well remember with what feelings of respect I saw him afterwards enter the circle of the Royal Academy, on one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures, appearing known to all by whom it was an honour

to be known; and early fulfilling the expectations that his talents and integrity had created. In after life, the direction of those talents was changed, with no diminution of general respect; and even the enmity, that principally his generous zeal excited, had no power against the solid estimation that accompanied him to the end. With persons the most adverse to him, there was a full acknowledgment of the weight of his character; a tacit approbation even from the coldest. He might be thought prejudiced, or wanting sometimes in manner—too ardently supporting a friend, and too (bluntly) fearlessly asserting his opinions of those whom he disapproved; but the known sincerity of his nature, his clear understanding, and many attainments, carried him through; and there was no man high in station or eminent in genius, but would have mentioned Mr. Lysons as his guest with security of a favourable impression on the hearer's mind. He was known and admitted to be master of the subjects of his pursuit, and those demanded scholarship and knowledge.

"Mr. Pitt, I am sure, would never have been in company with him without addressing him upon them, and thus making him an object of the general attention and respect: and this estimable, and in solid attainments, accomplished

man, was one of the most welcome, the most dear in our small circle of unity and affection; in whom we all confided, and who never appeared in it but to share in every discomfort or triumph that awaited us, and to heighten every pleasure we enjoyed.

"For myself, I every day feel, that I have less and less right to exclusive sympathy or regard, but it is no *small disappointment* and *sorrow to me*, that LYSONS is not to welcome me on my return. I shall see the friends still left to me with grateful pleasure; but I shall see that home with gloom, at the door of which he never knocked without glad admittance, (this indeed is comfort to me,) without the truest welcome, from the man whom through life he had so distinguished, obliged, and served. I hope your judgment will not be against a purpose mentioned by me to Mr. Robert Smirke. I think it is due to our lost friend; and that we three younger men, are the proper persons to effect it.

"Many thanks to you for your account of Mr. Angerstein; I lately had a long letter from him, but your news is of course of much later date; and therefore, particularly satisfactory.

"I am sorry that you could not send me better information of Mr. West. His age is

great, but his general constitution must be good, and I trust it will still rally. I wish, dear friend, you would call on him to say, and with the greatest truth, that my visit to the Continent has impressed me with a still higher opinion of his powers, and the superiority of his knowledge, which has a soundness and wisdom in it that no opinions on the *practice* of art, which I have ever heard, have equalled: I mean, in some of the most essential points to which an artist's attention should be directed. Tell him that I was greatly impressed at Naples with the fine picture which, in the print, I have always admired, of the dead Saviour, in the church of San Martino, by Spagnoletto. It deserves to be placed in the same room with the Transfiguration, Domenichino's St. Jerome, Daniel da Volterra's pictures, &c.

"Naples is very rich in works of art; there are fine pictures in the Studio, good statues, magnificent bronzes. I saw Pompeii—a scene of too much interest for short description, and fully equalling all my expectations, or rather, much surpassing them; and Portici, and I went up Vesuvius on a night when the mountain was in more than usual action; a little too much so for our temerity, or dread of shame, I don't know which. We got up the mountain by about

half-past three; but had little time to contemplate its grandeur, being enveloped and endangered by its terrors. The getting up the last cone was the most toilsome, and, for a time, hopeless labour I ever experienced. Our torches had been blown out; and all around and below us was thick vapour, for the wind had turned against us. We saw nothing below our feet; and above us, only by partial gleams, smoke from the lava on the other side of the crust, and frequent explosions which, as we were arriving at the top, carried light stones over us. The tremendous roar of those explosions, the boiling lake over which we hung, the insufferable heat and sulphur, compelling us to be motionless, that we might avoid suffocation, and recover the power of breathing for another instant,—the pain from the hot ashes in which we had been sinking almost knee-deep at every step, and the burning edge on which we at length stood, with the knowledge that even our guides could not guess at the exact force of each succeeding explosion, denied us the power of long observation; and after witnessing a terrific sublimity of effect that I had vaguely conceived in Milton, we descended.

"This seems a charged description; but indeed, it is a very exact one. Our friends at

Naples congratulated us on having been on the mountain on this particular night; it appearing to *them* in greater action than it had been on any preceding evening; and *on the mountain* our guides were willing we should have remained till sunrise; but on a lower cone, and on the torches failing us, they objected to going further. For this they were abused by two of our companions—I should say one, who insisted that the torches had been blown out by them; and I, who had no vanity or courage of enterprize in the thing, but a strong desire to witness, at close view, the grandeur that on this evening had so charmed at a distance, prevailed on my friend and closer companion, (a gallant young Pole, Comte Wagna, with a hundred times my courage, but who was wiser, from having so often been in scenes of danger,) to join him in the contest. The guides reluctantly obeyed; and certainly, to this irrational and obstinate conduct of our companion, I was indebted for this magnificent sight, which, in its impression on my mind, then and since, amply overpaid the toil, and almost justified the rashness.

"On the last day of my stay at Naples, I dined at Resiria, the village at the foot of the mountain, at the villa of Prince Nugent, the Neapolitan commander-in-chief; and from the

window of his drawing-room again beheld it, though in less grandeur. The other window of the room opened on the bay and city. You may guess the beauty of this situation on a fine evening. I have in none of my letters to England given this detail of my going to Vesuvius. I know how quick rumour is to magnify difficulty into danger, and danger into accident; and have no wish to be thought careless of my health, for many reasons. I shall not stay here long enough to receive an answer to this; but pray let me find a letter at the post-office, Venice.

"Believe me, dear and valued Friend,

"Ever your obliged and faithful

"LAWRENCE."

Sir Thomas remained at Naples only one fortnight.

Relating the same excursion to another friend, he concludes his letter by saying, that on his return to Rome, "My rooms, by the friendly munificence of the generous Cardinal, were ready to receive me; and here I remain at present, in perfect health, till one fortnight longer."

In a letter to a lady, dated 23 Aug. 1819, he says, "My visit to Naples was very pleasant, till its closing days. The scenery is at once

magnificent and enchanting, and the city gay as Paris; indeed, its fault is, that it is too much so. You know the various objects of high interest that are near it. I saw them almost all, and amongst the rest Vesuvius, on a night fortunate for the view of it, being then in unusual activity and splendour. A few hours prior to my going up the mountain, I went to Pompeii, and lingered with my friend Count Wagna in that city of the dead, till the close of twilight; having on the right a sweet moon, rising in its pure brightness; and on the left, its old, still living, and threatening foe, whose lava then appeared rolling out in colour of the purest gold; not the dull red, in which, in full day, and in its sluggish mood, it generally appears. —I returned to Rome without one adventure from brigands, or checks from sickness."

On the 21st of September he wrote the following letter to his sister, Mrs. Bloxam, which contains a statement of his sentiments and intentions.

"Rome, Palazzo Quirinale, Sept. 21, 1819.

"My dear Sister,

"I seize the opportunity of sending this letter to Mr. Homer, through the Secretary of State's office here, to acquaint you of my perfect

health, of my almost entire completion of the two portraits of his Holiness and Cardinal Gonsalvi, (that of the Pope is finished,) and of their entire success; and my CERTAIN departure in the next week for Florence, on my return home. I go to the house of Lord Burghersh, from whom I have just received a *lasciare passare*, which enables me to reach him without interruption from the *douaniers*.

"My stay has been prolonged chiefly from the interest which these portraits have excited here; and the advantage, and therefore importance, of completing them on the spot. Not merely in the likenesses of face and person, but in the draperies and back ground—they are considered universally to be my best works here; and I brought with me some of the best I had ever painted. Rome is a place of such increasing interest to an artist, that long as I appear to have staid, I make great sacrifice of the highest rational enjoyment and means of future improvement, in quitting it so soon. These pictures, so important from their subjects and destination, have occupied a large portion of the time I have passed here; and but for the kind solicitude of my friends, and particularly of the exceedingly generous attention of the Duchess of Devonshire, I should have omitted to see many objects of the greatest value in art—scenes and relics

of the finest beauty and grandeur. Their goodness has, however, enabled me to make the most of my time, although the mass of resources in Rome must of course leave too much unseen.

"Write to me, dear Ann, at the post-office, Venice; but write immediately on the receipt of this. Give my best love to Andrew, and affectionate remembrances to my niece Ann, her sisters and brothers; with best regards to the Doctor, and Dr. and Mrs. Wooll. You will not fail to remember me to Mr. Homer, whose interest shall be pressed by me to the latest moment of my stay; and a true and considerate friend will, I know, enforce it after my departure.*

"Ever, my dear Ann, your affectionate brother,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

His passport for leaving Rome, bore date 17th

* This is an allusion to a very interesting fact. Mr. Homer married a foreign orphan, of unknown parentage or connexion of any sort, and, after the lapse of many years, became acquainted with her descent by the accidental communication of a stranger, who expired from the excitement of the narration. The facts imparted the knowledge that the lady was the heiress of some property in the Roman States, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, by his employing able counsel, and taking other judicious steps, was instrumental in the recovery of the estate.

of December 1819, and he left that city on the 22nd, and arrived at Florence on the Christmas-day.

It may be mentioned, that several years after, he had the satisfaction of receiving from an artist at Rome, the following letter, relating to a subject interesting to Englishmen. The letter, from which the following is an extract, was dated from Rome on the 15th of January 1823.

" Your kind remembrance of me, in letters received by persons in Rome, has made me feel that it is high time to fulfil my promise of giving you some account of your picture, now that it has been publicly exhibited for some weeks. My wish to do this satisfactorily, has induced me to wait till all those artists, whose opinion I most respected, had had an opportunity of seeing your work. The account of every thing preparatory to exhibition has, I make no doubt, been transmitted to you by Sig. P. Camucini, whose zeal and friendship, as I have seen them exerted in the care of your picture, do him the greatest honour. His brother, too, who alone had access to the Pope and the Cardinal, proposed the placing the portrait where it now is, (in a room by itself adjoining the works of Raphaele,) 'in order that it might be seen and studied by the artists of the Roman school, who are acknow-

ledged to be deficient in colouring, and light and shadow.'

" Perhaps you have never heard, for P. Camucini was reluctant to tell you, that a stain of salt water was at first very observable in the background and part of the figure: he, however, so completely removed it, that it would be unnecessary for me to mention it, except to show what a valuable friend he has been to you. Now for the work of art—and I am happy to be able to tell you the whole truth, although I must smile at some of the faults that have been detected; but before I begin, I—who am astonished and delighted at the picture—must apologize for the coolness of a *reporter*. Pray consider it, not as a proof of impartiality, but of veracity. Agreeably, as I understood, to your request, Camucini read to the Pope, &c. a passage in your letter, in which you mention His Majesty's commands to have his lower extremities literally copied. This circumstance being generally known and having been considered as a deprecation of criticism, fastidiousness has fastened on the vulnerable part, and some have set down the smallness of the feet and ancles, 'as a fault on the right side.' Next, it is said, 'that the ear is too low—that the figure is very broad, (having plenty of drapery across the shoulders;') and then, said a Frenchman, 'he

(the artist) seems to laugh at the *literal* truth.' Alluding, I suppose, to the king standing in his robes any where but near his throne, as well as to all those liberties in effect and execution, by which general probability is made to supersede particular truth. A German (you know the German taste) told me, he had no patience with people who could search for trifling faults in drawing, if they existed at all, 'while contemplating such an enchanting effect.' And the same Frenchman I have quoted above, said, he never saw a finer specimen of the *brilliant* in painting. The head (must I except the drawing of the ear, to be consistent?) is said, *by all*, to be a masterpiece of colour and execution, and no word, I can find, can do justice to the admiration I have heard of the dress and ornaments. Five or six different tones of white are reckoned among the silks, satins, silvers, and ermines, all pure, yet 'each giving each a double charm.' I cannot remain silent myself on this subject, because it is to an artist so conspicuous an excellence in the work. It is a fine principle to have a warm and cold colour of *the same kind* in a picture. The Venetians even give us warm and cold blues together. The agreeable effect this produces, is very like the same air played in different keys in music. The sparkle of the crown is another wonder that is dwelt on, and

you will be pleased with the remark of a very intelligent person, viz. that the whole picture emulated that corner, and that the diamonds were the *key* of the effect. The Frenchman was certainly correct in his expression of *brilliant*, as expressive of the general character of the effect. The English artists here think it one of your very best works, and are unbounded in their delight and admiration. They admire—and this is a general opinion—the dignity without strut, which the figure displays; and the action of the hand, they say, is regal as well as novel; but nothing has escaped unpraised by your countrymen, even to the light and sparkle of the sky and landscape.

"A great number of applications have already been made by Italians to copy the picture; so many, in short, that it has been found necessary to be very select in giving permissions; for as Camucini justly observed, he must be a clever artist who could make a tolerable copy of such a picture, without much previous practice in the same way. When first I saw the picture, it was without a frame; and when I saw it in one, I found that it was absolutely necessary to its complete effect. Its general colours are red, blue, and white; the gold frame balances these, and

forms a principal mass to the otherwise too small portions of positive yellow in the picture. It is this predominance of blue and white (without being cold) which gives that gemmy freshness to the whole—a quality not very compatible, as I should conceive, with *yellow*. The frame, therefore, is the best place for it. I have now said enough. I have anxiously looked for faults with others' eyes, and should fill this twice over, if I were to enumerate the beauties they have discovered. England is indebted to you for establishing on the continent a high reputation for the British school."

The following letter appeared in the "Collector," under date, 20th of January, 1820, about three weeks after Sir Thomas Lawrence had left the city.

"Rome, January 20th, 1820.

"I have already told you, that we have recently seen here quite a constellation of English talent. Lawrence, Turner, Jackson, Chantry, and Moore—to say nothing of a milky way of secondary geniuses. The first-named (Lawrence) has made a sensation beyond description. You

will see a proof of the likelihood of this in the works he has taken over with him: but you cannot figure to yourself the effect here of the contrast they presented to the cold, insipid, weak things of the present school of Rome. To the Italians he seemed to introduce a new art, and he gave them all plenty of opportunity to see not only his works, but his manner of working, by leaving them freely open to inspection in all their different stages. With great liberality, and an utter absence of quackery and affectation, he admitted the public, without distinction or exception, between each sitting, into the room where his pictures were. He was regarded as a superior being, and a wonder, as indeed he was here. His elegant manners made him so many friends, and these and his talents procured him so many distinctions, that he could scarcely prevail on himself to quit the place. He lingered in it much longer than he intended, and his broken resolutions excited the ridicule of those who had not the same temptations to break theirs. Lawrence has declared that Rome supplies the test of the painter and the poet. It has, I believe, inspired him with 'high resolves,' which I hope his return to London will not dissipate. His portraits of the sovereigns, &c. you will see; but

one small work which he has left here, exceeds, in the estimation of every body, all that he has done beside, without exception. It is the head of Canova, which he did in London, entirely repainted, and it may now be cited as the most poetical, elegant, enthusiastic delineation of acute genius, without flattery, that has ever been executed. Its animation is beyond all praise. '*Per Baccho, che uomo è questo!*" I heard Canova cry out when it was mentioned. And then the effect of the whole exceeds even the emperor's. Crimson velvet, and damask, and gold, and precious marble, and fur, are the materials which he has worked up to astonishing brilliancy, without violating good taste, or the truth of nature. This painting is a present to his Holiness, and a noble one it is."

It was the intention of Sir Thomas Lawrence to have returned to England with as little delay as possible; but at Florence, his first stage of rest, he was detained by a cause calculated to influence strongly, a man of his grateful and humane feelings—the illness of his faithful servant. ¶His letter to Mr. Farington, dated from Cremona, reflects honour upon his memory.

" TO JOSEPH FARINGTON, ESQ.

" Cremona, Feb. 19, 1820.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,

" Repeated explanations of my detention in Italy, and that arising from one cause, so depressed my mind, that I adopted from it the blameable resolution of not writing to you again till I got to Venice. On my arrival at Florence, I fixed ten days to be the limit of my stay. On the second day Holman again fell so dangerously ill, as to make the attendance of two physicians necessary; nor did he rise from his bed till within four days of my departure; my residence having been above five weeks. It is true, that I had the alternative of leaving him to the chance of recovery, and of constant careful attention; but he was himself so alarmed and anxious, and it was impossible for me, on recollection of his long services, to resort to so painful a measure. The kindness and humanity of Lord and Lady Burghersh made me desirous of making some attempt to prove my sense of their goodness; and when I found my stay thus protracted, I painted a small picture of her ladyship and her child, which has afforded the greatest pleasure to Lord Burghersh, and their friends, and given additional evidence of the state of

English art, to the artists and amateurs of Florence. Lord Burghersh was as Lord Stewart to me, which is describing all of kindness. The imperial family came to his house to see my pictures. I had been introduced to the grand Duke and them, at the court balls, and got some friends introduced there likewise. The Academy elected me a member, at a meeting called for the purpose; and my own countrymen at Florence paid me all gratifying attention. I set off on Monday last for Bologna, with Holman by my side, still unwell; and travelling in dreadful weather, we got here in the middle of the night. The next day I went to the Academy, where the finest pictures are placed, (many of Domenichino's, Guidos', and the Carraccis', which were at Paris,) and there I had occasion, on long examination, to think that I had not before sufficiently admired them. Tell Mr. West, that I more acknowledge the high merit of the 'Martyrdom of St. Agnes' than I did, in considering merely the composition of it; and great part of that is very fine indeed. The pictures he copied in Italy were all of first-rate excellence. The Cardinal, by Vandyke, a noble picture. The Bolognese school is, in my opinion, far superior to the Florentine, which, with a few exceptions, is all learned distortion, apathy, and falsehood.

By apathy, I mean total absence of the passions and feelings—and by falsehood, actions improper to the sense and incident, and, in some, impossible to the human frame—Michael Angelo, its great founder, as a painter, must be still excepted—my opinion of him remains unaltered. It was, besides, your great friend's faith—(I read you with great pleasure at Florence)—and I must always, from deep impression, fairly and frequently tried, believe it to be the true one. But the Bolognese, and all their school, yield to the Lombard, to the great man whose works I have been contemplating at Parma. I got there early on Wednesday, and spent the whole day in the Academy, the Cathedral, and other places, where his works and those of Parmegianino are to be seen. The next morning I went again, twice, to look at the Cupola from those small arches, (Mr. Thomson knows them,) and four times I went on long visits to the St. Jerome, his finest work. How beautiful, how devoid of every thing like the handicraft of art it is—the largeness, and yet ingenuity of its effect—the purity of its colour—the truth, yet refinement and elegance of the action, particularly of the hands, (in which he peculiarly excels;) and then, a lesson to all high-minded slovens, the patient vigilance with which the whole is linked toge-

ther, by touches, in some instances small almost as miniature, but like the sparkling of water. The touches of flowers, herbs, stones, in Claude, carry on the general harmony, by the most agreeable forms and shapes. I am going now to see the splendors of Venetian art. I know what will be the impression on my senses and my mind, which ought not to resist the noble daring of their inventions, and various combinations of rich colour; but that reverence for the perfection of nature and of truth, (by which I mean the best of each, and which I see in Raphaelle, Corregio, Titian, and Sir Joshua Reynolds,) cannot be shaken by the luxuriant falsehood, even when united with the genius of Paulo Veronese and Tintoretto; and though Rubens, (perhaps a greater genius) is not forgotten by me, I shall still bend to these four, with the acknowledged benefactor of the first as the head of all. How fine was our Sir Joshua! How we know him now, when we see the sources of his greatness, and remember how often he surpassed their usual labours; and in his own country, and in Europe, against prejudice and ignorance, how firmly and alone he stood.

"I determined to come away on Thursday night. I had a letter of introduction from Lady Burghersh, to the minister of her Majesty the

Arch-Duchess, and on Thursday morning, I enclosed it to him, expressing my regret at the necessity of my immediate departure, and that I was deprived by it, and by the hazard of unpacking them, of submitting the pictures of the Emperor her father, the Pope, &c. &c., to her Majesty's inspection. This letter I sent in the morning: on my return to my hotel, I found one from his Excellency, conveying a gracious message to me of her Majesty's pleasure at my arrival, and appointing four o'clock for my being presented to her. With this letter came a card of invitation, from her lady of honour, to dine with her Majesty at eight. Of course I obeyed both commands, and previously had an interview with General Neipping. At both hours of appointment a royal carriage and attendants were sent for me to my hotel. I found her Majesty very gracious, and of natural, though dignified manners. The dinner-party was eight persons—I staid till a quarter past ten. It appeared to me that attention is paid to the Arch-Duchess, in some observance of her *former* grandeur. The circle (always standing) was distant, as at a drawing-room at St. James's; and I perceived that his Excellency did not take her hand in going through the apartments. You may think that I improperly give the title of

" Majesty." It is hers of right, by the Treaty of Paris. She told me of favourable mention of me by the Emperor.

" I wrote to Mr. Angerstein on my arrival at Florence. I dread to ask about Mr. West, yet rely on the strength of his constitution to give me the pleasure of seeing him in usual clearness of intellect on my arrival in this next month, when I shall certainly be at home. How are my two friends, Mr. Smirkes? to both of whom my heart always feels affection, though my pen is such a sluggard in expressing it. Remember me to Mr. R. Price. What vicissitudes have happened since I left England! My generous patron will, I think, now suffer less from the outrages of insult and calumny, for the people of England love the monarch of England, and the title of King has its high authority.

" Tell Mr. Thomson that I looked for the head of the daring, impious, incendiary, in the St. Jerome, and thought I had found it here. Tell him that, to my astonishment, I found the person of the malefactor recorded in a room of Bodoni's—that I bid for the effigy of this worse than spoiler of Ephesus; but they have a strange taste for crime, and value it too much to part with it.

" When you meet at the club, say you have

heard from me, and give my respects to all the members. By this time Mr. Turner is returned to you. I am travelling in dreadful weather,—incessant rain and snow.

"Believe me ever, my dear and highly valued Friend,

"Your obliged and attached

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Mantua, Feb. 20.

"MY poor servants find that travelling does not give them better health; the air of this place can be seldom favourable to it. It has been a dismal, chilly, damp morning, but I have had enjoyment that made me for a time forget its bleak discomfort. I have seen the noble inventions, and in some instances finely coloured frescos of Julio Romano—finely coloured for the grandeur of their subjects. It is such a body of high poetic composition, as I think I never saw in painting but in the Sistine Chapel; and there not with so much fancy. The latter indeed would have been there misplaced. The Cupid and Psyche of Julio Romano, is a work of more sublimity of thought than Raphaelle's; and his Homer is very grand. It is difficult not to be depressed by the gloom of these deserted mansions. It is walking through cemeteries, and

loneliness of course adds to the feeling. 'Happiness was born a twin,' is not one of the worst lines of Lord Byron. How is Mr. Fuseli? I thought of him this morning when viewing these fine works—the finest of them."

In this letter I must admire the candour with which he confesses his change of opinions upon subjects of art; and to those who were prone to consider him too compliant in sentiment, I may refer to this letter in proof of his maintaining rather obstinately, or even perversely, his opinions in opposition to his friends.

That the Florentine School is not so severe and simply natural as that of Rome and Bologna, must be acknowledged; but few will concur with Sir Thomas Lawrence, that it is all "learned distortion, apathy, and falsehood." The notice of the Ex-Empress of Napoleon, and the whole letter, is curious. But from Florence, he had written the following letter to Mr. Angerstein.

"Florence, December 25th. 1819.

"My dear Sir,

"I write but one line to you, to acquaint you, that on my servant Holman's slow recovery from dangerous illness, I left Rome on Wednesday last, and arrived here with Lord Elgin last

night, who overtook me on the road. He is just setting off for London, and I have not time to get my letters from Lord Burghersh, who lives at some distance, and to whose house I go this morning. . I hope to hear accounts of your continued health and spirits; and equally good news of Mr. and Mrs. John Angerstein, and Mrs. Boucherette.

"I had a gracious audience from the Pope; and from Cardinal Gonsalvi, the same friendly and courteous conduct that he has invariably shown towards me. The Pope commanded me to paint a copy of his picture for Rome. This, from the peculiar modesty of his character, and humble piety, is a sort of sacrifice in him, and a very flattering circumstance to me, particularly as a good picture of him had previously been painted by the best Roman artist. He had before ordered from me a picture of the Prince Regent. I have a present from his Holiness, with his arms upon it, which of course is distinction, in the remembrance of my family. Forgive the hurry of this letter, my dear Sir, chiefly written to solicit a line from you to Venice, to the post-office there; or if you cannot write instantly, to the post-office at Paris. I have been long absent, but Italy comes to me

but once in my life, and I cannot but think it an essential benefit to have seen it.

"Believe me ever, my dear Sir, with the highest respect,

"Your attached and faithful Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"P. S. The best compliments of the season to you. Here the weather is cold. On the journey, the nights were as mild as those of June.

"My stay at Florence will be ten days. I shall not paint here, but occupy myself solely with the works of art around me.

"To John Julius Angerstein, Esq.
"Woodlands, Blackheath."

A few days after, he wrote to his sister—

"Florence, December 29th, 1819.

"MY DEAR ANNE,

"Lord Elgin's journey to England, at the moment that I have left Rome, gives me opportunity to write this one line, to tell you of Edward's slow feeble recovery from long and dangerous illness, of my own entire health, and (as you perceive by the date of this letter, which I write from the hotel at which, with Lord E., I have

just arrived,) that I have commenced my return to England—a fact at which you will not be sorry. In the morning I go to Lord Burghersh's, who has been long expecting me, and where rooms are prepared for me.

" My letters I hope to find there, and amongst them one from Andrew and you.

" Give my best remembrances and respects to Drs. B. and Wooll, my love to your family, with assurance of my affection, and longing to embrace you again on English ground. I have had very gracious audiences from the Pope and Cardinal, both of whom have given me presents.

" Ever most faithfully and fondly yours,

" THOMAS LAWRENCE."

It is strictly in unison with the present subject, though an anachronism in point of date, to quote the two following letters, written to an English artist studying at Rome, and whose works, in the public estimation, fully justify the encomiums bestowed upon their author in these letters.

It has been observed, and with apparent justice, that no profession is so saturated with jealousy, envy, and detraction, as that of the painter. If this be true, it redounds the more to the honour of Sir Thomas Lawrence, to find

him not only free from these faults, but always ready to do justice to his brother artists, and to encourage and assist the student of merit. It is true, that an uncandid person might attribute this to his immeasurable superiority to all around him, for envy and uncharitableness commence only where it is feared that others may put us from our stools. These two letters to Mr. Williams reflect honour upon that gentleman, as well as upon the author of them.

"Russell Square, March 9th, 1829.

"My dear Sir,

"I have received and read your welcome letter with great pleasure, and shall carefully attend to your wishes respecting the exhibition of the picture you are sending, and the having it properly framed. The drawings I shall give to Mr. Robson, should any thing prevent your sister's calling for them.

"I trust I need not tell you how sincerely I rejoice in your success, and in the good taste and liberality of my countrymen; but hitherto you have 'won your spurs by your own valour,' however the kindness of friendship may have cheered you in the contest. Think no explanation to me necessary, for change in your choice of subject, provided it be advance in character;

for the painting of your figures last year convinced me of your increasing ability in the study of the human figure. You already walk in perfect safety, and need fear no pit-fall in your path. I am anxious to see the picture you are now sending, of which I heard last night a very favourable opinion from Mr. Turner.

"You give me sincere pleasure in still considering Mr. Bailey as your first friend, in your own selection of the purchasers of your pictures. Neither can it be undelightful to you to send down the best efforts of a genius that is now generally acknowledged in Europe, to that private and humbler scene, where it was first nurtured and advanced. There were many competitors for your little picture of The Youthful Italian Lovers; but having your own authority for considering it to be Mr. Bailey's, I carefully retained it for him. Beautiful as your drawing of the same subject was, I preferred the picture.

"I am well acquainted with the talents and intelligence of Mr. Havell from my own knowledge of his works, and the report of his friends. Your tour to Naples must have been rendered both pleasanter and more improving by such companionship—at the same time, I think your own mode of study the best and safest, as being the surest preservative against manner—from

whose net Mr. Havell has not escaped. If, indeed, you now go to complete those sketches which were but highly traced with him, and add to them the colour and effects of nature, your tour, with a man of such known taste and knowledge of composition, whether beautiful or grand, will have been all gain, and the benefit be lasting.

"You inform me, that you have not forgotten my own commission, which I took the liberty to offer you, of a drawing of Rome from San Pietro, in Montorio: you will oblige me much by executing it for me. Your powers are now in their youthful vigour, and there is a truth, delicacy, and refinement in your drawings, that, except in our greatest artist, I have seen in no other. From my own recollection, a sunset, or evening, is the finest moment for that glorious scene.

"You have so many commissions of importance, that I hardly venture to press others on you. There is a gentleman, however, who is desirous of having two pictures by you, about the size of the Boy and Girl, at your own price and subject. He is not in the circles of fashion, but known to almost all our artists, by his liberal patronage, and gentlemanly conduct: his name is Vernon. Let me know that you undertake them for him.

"I shall not fail to give your remembrance, with your thanks, to Mr. Callcott, who will be much gratified by the report of your success. You are fortunate in still having the society of Mr. Eastlake, an advantage that cannot be too highly appreciated. I am much pleased with your account of Mr. Uwins. He very greatly obliged me by sending me some sketches from Urbino, that birth-place of the prince of painters. They are done with a Raphaelesque simplicity and taste. I shall have to write to you again within a day or two, on the receipt of your picture.

"In the mean time, believe me to remain, with my best regards to Mr. Pietro Camucini,

"My dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"Thos. Lawrence."

"Russell Square, March 27, 1829.

"My dear Sir,

"I have the pleasure to tell you, that your picture and the drawings are safely arrived. I have ordered a frame for the former; and the latter are now either with Mr. Robson, or gone from him to your sister.

"Your drawings will doubtless be much ad-

mired; but I prefer your picture, which I think very beautiful. You have rendered all in nature, (which, though it ought always to be hallowed, is yet sometimes unpleasing in itself, and often grossly represented,) with a delicacy and affection that make it deeply interesting and pathetic; and you have likewise given to it in such subjects, beauty. The composition and colour of the picture are exceedingly good, and altogether make it a decided advance on your popular little picture of last year.

"I have little to add of other criticism, except to notice a trifle of defect. You have taken great pains with your principal figure, and the eyes are as well drawn as the features of her sweet countenance; but in the two boys—the one on the ass, and the other accosting him—the eyes are too dark and ill-formed; let this carelessness be soon impossible to you. Besides the incorrectness, it is a check to the interest of the work, or the incident, however trifling, where there is meant to be communication between the figures. In that sweet little work of last year, the boy was not looking in the girl's face, nor the girl quite at him.

"Be at the pains often to draw that feature, I can quote you high authority for it. I have a sheet of eyes drawn by Michael Angelo for some

young Penry Williams, whose genius had excited the friendly effort.

"Try now to get something of more precious character of surface in skies and distances; don't be content with fair insipid, fair Roman painting, (this between ourselves.) Clouds, 'tis true, are all softness; but we have been too long accustomed to see them touched with the expression of the pencil, to be content with their smooth and spiritless representation. 'Tis the same with your distances; they are very accurate —of true and sweet hues. But you do not *scumble* enough, nor give that finer zest of delicate pencilling, that is so exquisite in the first works of Claude and Turner. One thing I see is very much against you, viz. the coarseness of your canvass, which the no quantity of colour could entirely subdue.

"I yesterday had the pleasure of showing the picture to a very zealous admirer of yours—Lady Morley: herself (as a copyist) an admirable artist, and supporting your talents in the best society, with equal intelligence and warmth.

"Your sister has just sent me your letter, with the description of the picture, which I shall direct to be inserted in the catalogue. I have not yet written to Mr. Bailey; this picture, I am to understand, is for him. But pray tell me

what would be your price for another of the same sort of subject and size?—I mean, your general price to any visitor of your study." I am now going to ask a trifling attention from you, which may not be without its use. Never write a letter home, without adding to its date, the place of your residence at Rome. Letters are mislaid, your friends may be old, and their memory of the numbers and names of streets be rapidly decaying; whereas, if *one* only of the former is preserved, the direction is found, which some intended patron may be soliciting at that moment; or which may be wanting to the direction of some letter. The Duke of Wellington never writes a *note*, but with scrupulous attention to this little form. Besides, the habit of doing one thing, leads to the application of it in another; and the peculiar danger to which talent and genius are exposed, is irregular, desultory thought, and neglect of method, of that love of order, which is essential to respectability and happiness. I fear you will think my letter and lecture too long; but their extension springs from sincere regard and esteem, that will always leave me,

"My dear Sir,

"Your very faithful Servant,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

It seems common to every body, to reprove in another the faults he finds in himself. Independent of the love of order, and the advice respecting the dating of letters, the reader may smile at the criticism respecting the Boy and the Ass, when he reflects how strongly the same faults were committed by Lawrence, in his painting of the two young gentlemen (Masters Pattison) playing with the donkey, and which has just been engraved. The children are stiff, modish, and unchildish; and they look neither at each other, nor at the animal; but as if they were conscious that the creature was of too plebeian a nature to assort with the gentility of their dress, and discipline of their sports. This is not to paint from nature, nor to grace it by the spirit or beauty of imagination. But Lawrence's failures of this description are but very few, and they escape criticism, in the admiration of his numerous beauties.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir Thomas arrives in England.—Is elected President of the Royal Academy.—His reception by the King.—Royal Honorary distinction conferred on the Academy, in compliment to Sir Thomas.—Exhibition of the year 1820.—Death of the Rev. A. Lawrence.—An incident at Portsmouth.—Private Correspondence.—The King's esteem for Mr. J. J. Angerstein.—Valuation of the Angerstein Gallery.—Sir Thomas's Correspondence upon Paintings.—His First Address to the Royal Academy.—Exhibition of 1821.—Establishment of the Irish Academy.—Controversy upon the subject.—Neglect of the Arts by Government.—Sir Thomas Lawrence's patronage of the Irish Academy.—Is elected an Honorary Member.—His Correspondence.—The Exhibition of 1822.—His independent conduct at the Queen's death.—Private Correspondence and Anecdotes.—Exhibitions of 1823 and 1824.—The Children of Mr. Calmady.—History of the Painting.—Anecdotes of the Sittings.—French taste.—French Engravings.—Mr. Lewis's Engravings.

Sir Thomas Lawrence arrived in England, from his continental tour, on the 30th of March, 1820. He brought with him eight whole-length portraits for the King, the Prince Regent having

ascended the throne on the death of his royal parent, in the preceding January. On his arrival he was unacquainted that in the interim (on the 10th of March) his friend, Mr. West, the venerable president of the academy, had expired. The first intelligence he received of this event, was accompanied with the assurance, that the Academy were resolved to elect him to the vacant chair, and that the admiration of his genius, with the general attachment towards him, precluded any chance of opposition. The choice was expected to be unanimous, and the dissentients amounted to only two. The election took place the day after Mr. West's funeral.

The following letter to his brother, was written on the spur of the occasion.

"Russell Square, Good Friday, 1820.

"My dear Andrew,

"I wish I had as good news of your health to receive, as I have of mine to give. I am arrived in perfect safety, with all my packages uninjured. I came yesterday morning. I knew not that there was to be an election of President of the Royal Academy in the evening, till a few hours before it. I did not go to it, but with the

exception of two votes, I was unanimously elected. It is very cheering to me to receive this unsolicited mark of the confidence of my brother artists on the first day of my return after an absence of more than a year and a half.

"In many respects others are better qualified for the situation than myself; but its duties will not be neglected by me. I shall be true to the Academy, and in intention just and impartial. I cannot, unfortunately, write to dear Anne. I set off this evening for Brighton, in the hope of being admitted to an audience of the King.

"Ever believe me, dear Andrew, with the truest affection,

"Your's,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

His Majesty highly appreciated the superb works that Sir T. Lawrence had brought with him, and he spoke of the honour which his genius as well as his conduct upon the continent had reflected upon his profession and his country. Desirous of testifying his respect and admiration, the King, through the medium of Sir Thomas, conferred upon the presidency of the Royal Academy a gold chain and medal, bearing the likeness of his Majesty, and the inscription—

"FROM HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE IV. TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY."

From the day of his return to England, to that of his death, his time was incessantly occupied either professionally, by the splendid patronage showered upon him, or by the solicitations for his society by his friends, who comprised the most dignified individuals in the country.

This year (1820) he is designated in the Exhibition catalogue, "Principal Portrait Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty, Member of the Roman Academy at St. Luke's, of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, and of the Fine Arts at New York." The exhibition contained 1072 productions of art, and among them Sir Thomas exhibited the five following:—88. Portrait of John Bloomfield. 115. John Abernethy. 122. The daughter of the Archduke Charles. 140. Lady Selina Meade. 171. The Right Hon. W. Grant, late Master of the Rolls.

In 1821, his eldest brother, the Rev. Andrew Lawrence, died at Haslar. In his illness, he was nursed by his sister, Mrs. Bloxam, who, prompted by affection, left her family, and repaired from Warwickshire to Portsmouth for that purpose—a fact which testifies the harmony

and affectionate union that prevailed throughout this amiable family. Early in July, Sir Thomas wrote to Mrs. Bloxam the following letter, which evinces his feelings on the occasion.

"July 1821.

"MY DEAR ANNE,

"Your letter is indeed a comfort to me; and I trust that the hope which you and our friend Dr. Mortimer both feel, will, by God's blessing, be gradually realised. Dear Andrew's general health and habits have been so good till it was attacked by that painful malady, that the moment nourishment begins to have its salutary effect, its course is likely to have progressive power, if no unlooked-for return of fever prove too strong for the exhaustion occasioned by its past violence. Dr. Mortimer informs me that it was greater at three o'clock on Thursday morning, almost than at any former moment; but that at eight o'clock, nature seemed to have conquered, and from that moment he gradually and hourly improved.

"At no period have I been professionally occupied by more *urgent* business, and, therefore, never have I been more distressingly circumstanced. Three hours of danger would not else have found

me absent; nor, however urgent the business, would any but royal commands have so detained me. His Majesty has seemed to make it a great point that pictures, his own portrait and others, should be instantly finished. I was with him on Monday at Buckingham House, from between three and four to half-past six. He then commanded me to attend him at Buckingham House on Tuesday at four, which I did, staying with him till half-past six. He then confirmed his former appointment to sit to me at three on Wednesday, but which, by the advice of his physicians, he subsequently declined. With the necessity of immediate attention to the wishes of his Majesty, is that of receiving the Duke of York's sitting to me for the Speaker and Prince Leopold, (the latter, however, is going to the continent to-morrow,) whilst the termination of the Exhibition brings on the immediate business of the Royal Academy, which claims my attendance this evening, and which claimed it at a public dinner on Monday, but from which my interview with the King detained me.

"I secured three seats for my neices in the Abbey, and for either your, or their friend, with whom they were staying, the day after I heard of their coming; and a fourth should have been theirs had they wanted it. I did not dispose of

them to others till the return of my messenger to Dr. Sleath's at noon on Wednesday. They were in an admirable situation, commanding the whole scene and act of the coronation. But, as you properly say, they must not regret the disappointment, since the dreadful ill that caused it, has, in its fearful consequences, been averted. You have really so accurate an account in the papers, that I can add nothing to it.

"Nothing can be conceived more grand, nothing more gratifying, than the scene in the hall, on his Majesty's return to it from being crowned.—All in hushed silence whilst the preceding mass of the procession was advancing, and the moment he appeared, the whole of that splendid assembly huzzaing, then waving, and even some throwing up their hats, the ladies tossing their handkerchiefs—made such a scene of gorgeous triumph and mental heartfelt exultation, as never yet can have been exceeded, or perhaps been equalled.

"My dear Anne, read the latter part of this letter to my dear Andrew, when his spirits can bear it, with the assurance of my love and constant prayers for him. I beg you to give my best thanks to Dr. M. for his letter of to-day, which *to-day* I have no power of answering. Perhaps I ought not to give you regret, by saying, that late on Wednesday evening I could have pro-

bably given my nieces tickets for the Hall as well as the Abbey; but they were of such value and request, that only THEN I could have done it.*

"Ever your attached Brother,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

In the fluctuations of the disease, hopes had been held out to Sir Thomas of his brother's recovery. Only five days before he expired, he wrote again to Mrs. Bloxam.

"July 26, 1821.

"MY DEAR ANNE,

"A thousand thanks for your comforting letter of to-day, though my thanks are equally due to you for every letter that you have written, under more painful impressions. The bark I know is every thing. At Rome, where the malaria is but another name for typhus, they

* Immediately after the coronation, the King sent for Sir Thomas Lawrence, and directed him to paint a full-length portrait of him, in his coronation robes, seated in St. Edward's chair, with his regalia, as he appeared at the altar in Westminster Abbey. It will surprise the public to learn, that the numerous full-length portraits of his Majesty, in his garter robes, were paid for only at the rate of three hundred guineas each—less than one half of Sir Thomas's regular price.

throw in the bark at every hour, and even half-hour. Their sole reliance is upon it, and from constant practice it is now seldom that they fail to be successful.

" I had nearly lost Edward, from one or two of these *half*-hours having been omitted in my absence by his attendants.

" I grieve that you have additional suffering in the illness of your son. The timely advice and precautions that, with Dr. Mortimer's assistance, you have taken, I trust will soon restore him.

" I have had a kind and pleasing letter this morning from my niece Anne, thanking me for my care about places at the coronation, which indeed were very good ones.

" Yesterday I was late at the fullest levee I have ever seen. The King appeared in good health and spirits. I do not attend the drawing-room to-day; for it is chiefly held for the presentation of females; and although men are admitted and welcomed, who have none to present, still their absence, where it is not disrespectful, is, I know, relief to his Majesty, and (on my part) it will not be misconceived. Your comforting intelligence allows me to have the distinction of meeting him at Prince and Princess Ester-

hazy's this evening, who give a dress-ball in honour of his Majesty; as the Duc de Grammont does to-morrow.

"It is too early in recovery for books to be read to dear Andrew, and I know of none at once light and interesting enough for him. The papers have not much amusement in them, but these you have regularly. The ——— gave you very accurate representations of the Hall, Abbey, &c.

"Remember me affectionately to my brother, and with every true esteem and regard to Dr. Mortimer, believe me ever

"Your attached Brother,

"T. LAWRENCE."

On the 31st of July, Mr. Andrew Lawrence expired. He was buried on the 7th of May, the principal officers of the service paying every honour to his obsequies. Sir Thomas Lawrence had repaired to Haslar to see the corpse of his brother, and to attend his funeral. This occasion afforded him an opportunity of gratifying his humane feelings and liberal disposition.

In 1818, he had likewise been at Portsmouth, to attend the funeral of his brother, Major Lawrence. On that occasion, at his arrival at Portsmouth, a very furious storm was raging, and in

its fury it had just swept away the pier at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. Sir Thomas repaired to the "Point," in order to cross the mouth of the harbour to Gosport, in his way to his brother's apartments at the Naval Hospital at Haslar. On the Point, however, he could gain no attention from the watermen, for they were assembled in a dense crowd, and perfectly absorbed in some object of overwhelming interest. Sir Thomas joined the throng, and looking over the shoulders of some men, he perceived a group of a man and woman, with several children, all of them nearly naked, standing in the centre of the multitude, and paralysed by some affliction. Upon inquiry, he found that it was the family of a poor waterman, whose hut, with all its contents of implements, clothes and furniture, had just been swept away by the sea. Sir Thomas entered into the feelings of the scene, and after conversing some time with the sufferers, he bestowed upon them a sum of money. Before he left Portsmouth, he again visited them; and making more deliberate inquiries into their condition, he bestowed upon them a bank-note, which the result will prove to have been of some amount.

After the funeral of his elder brother, at Haslar, in 1821, Sir Thomas, on landing at the

Point, went into a shop to inquire the residence of a certain waterman. Repairing to the place of reference, he found the family in a neat and comfortable dwelling, with all the marks of hard but prosperous industry around them. Entering the house, he was suddenly greeted with ecstacy by the mother, as the kind gentleman who had given them the bank-note when their house was washed away, and had enabled them to do so well in the world. It is less to the honour of our uninstructed nature to add, that the woman concluded with "God bless you, Sir! the neighbours were very angry and jealous because you behaved so handsomely, but you saved us, and we are now happy;—may I be so bold as to ask your name." "Never mind my name," said Sir Thomas, "you are comfortable now, and I wish you well;"—saying which, he retired. The jealousy and anger of the neighbours may recall La Rochefoucault's maxims, that "there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends, that does not displease us." Notwithstanding the excessive benevolence and uniform kindness of Sir Thomas himself, he has frequent occasion, in his correspondence, to bear witness, from fatal experience, to the reverse of joy generally felt in the prosperity of a friend or equal.

Sir Thomas now evidently contemplated an

increased system of instruction in the art; and it would have been well for the country had he formed a private academy of pupils upon a scale larger than that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Upon this subject, in November 1821, he wrote to his esteemed friend, Mr. J. J. Angerstein.

"Russell Square, Nov. 10th.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Mr. Williams, the young student who has been at Woodlands, has shown me the drawing he has made from my crayon picture, which I think very delicate and pretty. The countenances, however, of Madame Sabloukoff and the Miss Boucherette, have failed a little, and I have desired him to leave it with me for my correction. He will have it again on Monday.

"I have unluckily caught a cold, which renders it unwise to leave my house, or I should this day, or to-morrow, attempt the pleasure of seeing you at Woodlands. Since I last saw you, I have been constantly occupied with executing professional commands from the King, finishing two or three private commissions of too long standing, and seeing to the preparations of my rooms in Pall Mall, for my exhibition in the spring. To this object I shall now lend an almost undeviating attention, and in a week or two

must leave my painting here, either for my other rooms in Pall Mall, or Buckingham House. I have long been in want of a large room for pupils and assistants, but the difficulty of finding one near me, and the inconvenience and probable loss attending the progress of their labours at any distance from me, have hitherto prevented my attaining this highly necessary object.

" From this difficulty I shall now be relieved, by converting the attics of my house into one large room, or possibly two; in which I can have one superior disciple, (a phrase in the good old style,) and in the largest room, others who may be painting together. All will then be under my own eye, and my progress be thus extended and quickened.

" Besides this essential advantage, it will give me the use of a second living-room below, which is now rendered useless, by the number of works that I have been obliged to place in it. At present, I have but one sitting-room, in which I breakfast and dine; and am denied, by this privation, from paying necessary attention to my friends.'

' " These alterations in my house will be made by Mr. R. Smirke. They will not be visible to my neighbours in the Square; and as I do not want the credit of ' extensive additions' to my

house, I shall let the work proceed as quietly, but at the same time as rapidly, as possible. My workmen come in at the Mews behind my house.

" Pardon my troubling you with this long detail about myself and my proceedings.

" Though too long away from Woodlands, which you kindly leave open to me, I still believe in the steadfastness of a regard, which has lasted, for my happiness and comfort, so many years; and that what is essential to a professional reputation, which your friendship and that of your family have so long supported, will not be uninteresting to you.

" Pray, my dear Sir, take care of yourself this weather—it is hazardous to the strongest health —in a moment I caught my cold.

" I learn from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, that the King is in perfect health, and the better for being thinner.

" I am prevented from calling at Carlton-House by this vexatious cold; but if I receive commands to attend, I shall of course go, and will send to one of his Majesty's truest friends immediate intelligence of his present health.

" I inclose a letter to Mrs. J. Angerstein, in which (very shortly) I take the liberty to request her assistance.

" Let me have good news of your being un-

assailed by illness in this dismal weather, and believe me to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Ever most faithfully, your obliged

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Being upon the subject of Mr. Angerstein, who was now of an advanced age, and approaching to his death, which happened at the age of eighty-eight, in 1823, it may be advantageous to lay before the public a few of Sir Thomas Lawrence's private letters respecting that distinguished gentleman's collection of paintings, which was doomed to form the nucleus of our national gallery. Upon the purchase of this collection, and of the Elgin Marbles, Sir Thomas Lawrence was the principal person consulted—in the first instance, by the Lords of the Treasury, and in the second, by the Committee of the House of Commons.

We have seen that the intimacy of Mr. Angerstein and his family with Sir Thomas was uninterrupted from their first meeting to the day of his death. It would be difficult to conceive a friendship more honourable, to all who had the happiness to participate in it. An intercourse like this carries our social nature, probably, to perfection.

I insert the following letters, to show how high-

ly this intellectual and splendid patron of art was esteemed by his late Majesty.

" Russell Square, Tuesday Morning.

" My dear Sir,

" It gives me real mortification that I have not had the power of seeing you again; and even now I must defer that pleasure till Friday next. Our pictures go in to-day—to-morrow I attend as President to examine the works sent—a task that lasts till the evening; and the following day, Thursday, is the Academy club-dinner.

" I had the satisfaction of finding his Majesty in better health than I could have expected. I was admitted to an audience of him, at a quarter before five on Saturday, staid an hour, and receiving his gracious commands to dine with him, returned at a little past six, and staid in his presence till a quarter past twelve—the whole of which time he appeared in unabating spirits, and with not the slightest appearance of weakness. What passed I will relate to you on Friday, coming an hour before your dinner—coming at five.

" One thing I will now mention, that his Majesty spoke of you—to me alone, and before his company—in such terms of respect and regard,

and with such warmth of manner, as could originate only in very strong fixed attachment and esteem.

"Pray, my dear Sir, give my best thanks to Mrs. Boucherette, whose kind note I received—to your Amelia and your son, for their comforting interest in my welfare.

"Ever your obliged and devoted

"LAWRENCE."

Upon the transmission of the portrait to Windsor, Sir Thomas wrote as follows:—

"Russell Square, Nov. 8, 1828.

"DEAR ANGERSTEIN,

"Having just received his Majesty's commands to send down to the Castle at Windsor the portrait of dear Mr. Angerstein, with that of Sir Walter Scott, to be placed there preparatory to his now immediate residence there, either at the close of the ensuing week or the beginning of the next; may I request you to oblige me with your order for the delivery to me of the original portrait, as I am desirous of retouching the copy, after the long interval that has elapsed since it was painted. I shall detain it but a few days, and will then safely return it.

* * * * * * *

"You will be glad to hear that his Majesty is so much better, as to have passed three hours at the Castle on Wednesday last. This I had from the person who met him there. He drove over in his poney phaeton.

"Most faithfully yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Russell Square, Nov. 25, 1828.

"MY DEAR ANGERSTEIN,

"I regret that continued pressure of business has prevented my sooner acknowledging your gratifying letter. I have deferred it, till I have now to thank you for fresh kindness, in the fine game that you have sent me.

"I have the pleasure to tell you that the portrait (as perfect a copy as I could possibly make it) has been sent to Windsor, and was yesterday, doubtless, seen there by the members of the Privy Council; some few of whom were acquainted with the revered original. It was accompanied by the portrait which he gave to his Majesty, of Mr. Pitt. I rather chose that these two should go together, as (what indeed was needless) it would remind the King of the generous loyalty of his spirit, and of his personal regard for his Majesty.

"Dear Mr. Lock's portrait must be one of

my exhibition pictures, or I would send it to you.

" I dine to-morrow at Mr. Peel's, and shall probably hear something of the reception of the portrait.

" With best, and the highest respects, as you well know, to Mrs. Angerstein, and remembrance to the circle round you, I remain, my dear Angerstein,

' Ever most faithfully yours,

" THOMAS LAWRENCE."

When Mr. Angerstein commenced his career in London, the arts had scarcely elicited any extensive notice, much less of patronage, compared to what they enjoy at the present day. But amidst the cares of one of the most extensive mercantile connexions extant, Mr. Angerstein, fraught with the spirit of the Medicis, was the most useful and judicious encourager of the fine arts in our country. His correspondence with Sir Thomas Lawrence, respecting the purchase of paintings, was very frequent. The following letter, incidental as it is, appears to me of interest.

" Russell Square, December 12th, 1814.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" The pleasure I feel in hearing from you,

with assurance of your continued health, and that of all at Willingham, is checked a good deal by other parts of your letter, which relate to a very disagreeable subject.

"I certainly shall not attempt to combat your decision respecting the loan of your pictures to the British Gallery; but I do hope that you will not suffer a very just indignation at the presumptuous ignorance, and unhandsome conduct, of one of the directors or governors of this institution, to impel you to communicate that feeling, in your letter of refusal to Lord Stafford, in any other way, than by that refusal itself, and the firm, but cold and guarded expressions in which it is conveyed. Let it be felt by them *as a loss*, to be truly and obviously accounted for by themselves; but let not the letter itself afford the smallest triumph to narrow minds, by the seeming irritation of one word of its contents. This, possibly, may be *justice* to others—to the more liberal body of gentlemen who conduct this society; but it is certainly the most dignified course for *you* to adopt, and such as can hardly fail to make its due impression on their minds.

"With regard to your determination respecting any future mode of giving admission to the view of your collection, I would only suggest to you, with the most perfect conviction and sin-

cerity of mind, (and in which I know I should be seconded by Mr. West and Mr. Lock, and the ablest artists in the Academy,) that your pictures are too fine, and the character of your collection now, for many years, too firmly established, to stand in need of any such restriction. They are too admirable *not* to be assailed by ignorance and malevolence—breath which should be suffered to pass away, dimming for a moment, but prevented by the splendor within from remaining longer. When many virulent libels were brought to Oliver Cromwell, his answer was, 'If my government is made to stand, it is not these paper bullets that will throw it down!' —and your collection is made to stand, or the art itself is nothing. I know that you have *no* copies—Mr. West knows and asserts it—Mr. Lock knows, and will do the same. There can be no higher authority than this; whatever approaches to it in judgment, is sure to do the same—and will you suffer such solid support, maintained too by the reputation of your gallery through all Europe, to sink, in your opinion, before the danger arising from the conceited dogmas of a man, who, I am sure, has sufficiently avenged you, in the disgrace of those libellous passages against the Regent, in the other parts of

that review; and in the most ridiculous ignorance, (detected instantly by any artist,) wherever he ventures on detail, as examples for his opinions? His purchase of an obvious copy, two or three years since, brought on him the ridicule of his brother connoisseurs, who have long ceased to consider him as authority in any thing but learning.

"Of course I shall give no admissions till your return, and as certainly not then but with your permission, and in such mode as you finally determine to adopt.

"I am delighted to hear of the health and spirits of Mrs. Boucherette, and Mrs. J. Angerstein, and (so happily) of all the family. I hear of your riding; and extravagant reports of dissipation speak of your dancing! Would that I were dancing there too; but home is my sphere now.

"Remember me, my dear Sir, to all—gentlemen as well as ladies—and

"Believe me ever,

"Your obliged and devoted,

"LAWRENCE.

"To J. J. Angerstein, Esq., A. Boucherette's, Esq.
"North Willingham, near Wragley."

When, on the death of Mr. Angerstein, the design was entertained of disposing of his gallery, Sir Thomas wrote to his son.

"DEAR ANGERSTEIN,

"I do most sincerely think that you should not ask less than £70,000 from the Prince of Orange; and as sincerely do I pray and implore that *at* that price he may not have them.

"At least, before they are sold, as just patriotism and duty to our country, they should be offered for a less sum to the government—to Lord Liverpool.

"Ever most truly yours, but, at this instant, with great anxiety and dread!

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

So much interest did he take in this gallery, that when he received a request to value it, he writes—

"DEAR ANGERSTEIN,

"I *am most grateful* to *you for allotting* me this last task of affection and respect.

"My sincerest thanks and remembrance.

"Ever yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Pending the negociations, he alludes to the subject in the following letter :—

"Russell Square, Dec. 5, 1823..

"DEAR ANGERSTEIN,

"I had this morning the honour of an audience of the King, and have it in command from His Majesty to request of you, as personally from himself, that you will lend me the portrait of dear Mr. Angerstein, that I may make an exact copy of it for him. This command was accompanied with those expressions of respect and affection, which I have often heard from His Majesty during the lifetime of your late father, and of the perfect sincerity of which, (though none could be wanting,) this gracious remembrance of him is an unanswerable and most gratifying proof.

"I hope dear Mrs. Angerstein and your family continue in perfect health; and that when you heard from her, Mrs. Lock was well. I should almost conjecture, that in spite of the fatigue of travelling, she had left Lee for Brandon. I am at this time so occupied with professional and academical business, that I seldom go from home, and seem to know little of my friends.

"Have you any objection to tell me the state

of your negotiation with the government for the sale of the collection? To the inquiries of mere acquaintances, a vague reply may be a sufficient answer; but to my professional friends, who know the interest I take in the collection, and the friendship with which I was honoured by Mr. Angerstein and your family, my entire ignorance on the subject, (as they know the matter has been pending between the government and yourself,) appears strange to them, and makes explanation on my part rather difficult.

"You may, I need not say, fully rely on my keeping secret whatever you wish should remain so; and on my communicating only what you are willing should be known.

"Believe me to remain, with the truest esteem and regard,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

When Mr. Angerstein intended to fill up his gallery by the purchase of two valuable paintings, having consulted Sir Thomas Lawrence upon the subject, Sir Thomas wrote in reply—

"Russell Square, Feb. 15th.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It is natural that I should wish to repeat to you, that my justification to myself, as well as to you and your family, for proposing this measure,

is my full conviction of its judgment, and the certain benefit of its result. The possession of two of these works* (and *four* are of high merit) would add to the general value of your collection, in an infinitely greater degree than the mere addition of the sum you would give for them. It would be such a *preponderance* of excellence, as would leave all rivalry hopeless; and such an increase of estimation, would be solid security to the high rate of your gallery as property: a view of it, which undoubtedly ought to be a prominent consideration in the case.

"The sum I recommend to be offered, can, indeed, be accepted only from the pressure of

* When Murat lost the throne of Naples, his queen, who retired to the Austrian territory, contrived to secure some of the finest paintings in Europe, which her husband had added to the Neapolitan gallery. Among these were the two of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Correggio here alluded to—Venus and Mercury teaching Cupid, and an Ecce Homo. The first had been of the magnificent collection of Charles I., and at his execution had been sold to the King of Spain for £1,000. It was removed from Madrid to Naples, by Murat or his brother-in-law. The Ecce Homo, with several other valuable paintings, had been bought by the Marquis Venuti, for Murat, from the Colonna Palace. Mr. Angerstein's offer of £6,300 was rejected: and the paintings, at the recommendation of Sir Thomas Lawrence, were purchased for the £9,693 by the present Marquis of Londonderry, who was subsequently offered double that sum for them.

necessity, and the difficulty of political circumstances in the family.

"These pictures were the gems of the late royal collection of Naples. Often has their existing destination been matter of inquiry at Rome, when I have dared to hint at the subject, (for I have never, to any human being but yourself, mentioned that *I* had *seen* them,) and of surprise that the ex-queen had contrived to secrete them.

"With respect to any question of the indisputable originality of the pictures, I WILL ADMIT OF NONE. I have spent my life in the close study of the higher refinements of art—have succeeded in the execution of them beyond my competitors—have studied this master in the native scene of his great labours—Parma. I took with me, to see the works now offered, one of the best judges living, (who valued the collection of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds,) and had them down, for the most minute examination, close to the windows of the room in which they hung. I KNOW them to be of the rare value at which I now report them; and if, when we are both gone, (for mine, I feel, is not a long life,) that collection, in Pall-Mall, is either kept entire, separated, or disposed of in public sale, I am *certain* that the existence of these pictures in it, will be found to have been a benefit to it, (as I

have said,) in a far, far higher degree, than the value of the money for which they have been procured.

"But the sum I recommend you to offer is below *all* fair estimate of the collection; and I am restricted from advising more, by a dread which it is just and proper in me to feel, but which renders the acquisition of them all but hopeless. It is, however, only on terms of *great* advantage, that I wish you to possess them; and in limiting my proposition to that sum, I obey my strong, long-cherished, and ardent wish that they should be yours, without forfeiting that duty, my dear Sir, towards you and yours, which the long and generous friendship I have experienced from you and from your family, so powerfully exacts.

"I inclose the calculation of the sum demanded, at the supposed exchange—to which I have added the sum to be offered, if the measure meets your approbation.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

250,000 francs, at 25.80 *(the exchange)* . .	£ 9,693
at 25	10,000
The sum proposed	6,300

"To John Julius Angerstein, Esq.
Woodlands, Blackheath."

The following letter alludes to Mr. Angerstein's design of purchasing a pretended Rembrandt.

"Russell Square, Wednesday night.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Mr. West and I had, to-day, a long, uninterrupted inspection of the picture. We afterwards went to Pall-Mall, to see your own, and the result is this mutual opinion:—

"First, that the picture offered to you is a fine one—that it is, however, not superior, in any *one* point, to your own—that, on the *whole*, it is very inferior to it in value—and, lastly, that, though an original work, it is not, in our opinion, *by Rembrandt.*

"We both received the same *first* impression of its force and splendour, and have equally agreed in the gradual weakening of that effect on our minds, by a closer examination; whilst that in your possession is higher in our admiration than it ever was.* Mr. West has never *seen* so fine a Rembrandt, and does not believe that any now exists. After all the other pictures in your collection have been seen, *that* should be brought (as we have now left it) close to the window; for it demands the fullest light to show its matchless beauty, and should be seen (that and the Coreggio) the last of all.

* The picture here alluded to, is the Woman taken in Adultery, which had cost Mr. Angerstein £2,500. It is to be lamented that so much of sublime art has been devoted to this subject; for at best it illustrates a humane feeling by a dangerous equivocation of morals.

"And now, my dear Sir, forgive the liberty I take in suggesting the most satisfactory mode to Mr. West and myself, (should it meet with your approbation,) of terminating the business. As the sum proposed, or to be given, must, from the *real merit* of the work, be large, demand a *full history of the picture.* You have a right to do so; and since the value set upon it is equal to that of an estate, with the *title* to which you would be fully satisfied before you bought it, require that a clear account be made out to you of the original destination of the work, and the names of its possessors, down to this moment. If they object to this, the thing is over at once; and even should they agree to it, and *send* you documents, still the final determination is, of course, in all possible courtesy, your unquestioned right, whether of acceptance or rejection —for rejection I hope you will decide upon, *whatever* explanations may take place.

"The merit of the work is very great; but it seems impolitic to buy a picture, questionable in its origin, and of which, in the same line of art, you possess one so infinitely its superior.

"You will pardon this long letter, and believe me to be, with the truest respect and fidelity,

"My dear Sir,

"Your obliged,

"T. LAWRENCE.

"The mob attacked Mr. Ponsonby's house last night, and others—and broke two panes in mine!!! Are you for or against the Corn-bill?

"The inclosed note you will burn after reading it."

From this period, to the very day of his death, he was vigilant in watching opportunities of examining every painting and drawing of the eminent masters to which he could get access. His correspondence with Mr. Woodburn, upon the subject, is replete with good sense and talent. It exhibits the real pleasure which a man of genius feels in his favourite pursuit, distinct from the pedantry or affectation of connoisseurship, or the pride and vanity of the collector. It is this which makes the fine arts a source of moral excellence and of the most exquisite intellectual pleasure.

The following letters to Mr. Woodburn, likewise contain matter useful in relation to the tracing and estimation of eminent paintings.

"Russell Square, June 29, 1820.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"During the present daily employment of your time, in the children's phrase, do you burn? But where are Michael Angelos' and Raphaels' to be now found at Harlem? wherever they are,

I can trust to your knowledge, taste, and vigilance, to ascertain their merit, and attempt their purchase. Try, now you are at Amsterdam, to see that very fine collection, of which I have heard so much, in which there are heads and hands, by Raphael, for the Transfiguration.* It is the first in Holland, as Mr. Josi informed me. If you see them, tell me the exact number of the R's and M's. In prints I confess to less knowledge and zeal, but I enter heartily into their feelings who have both, and therefore am sincerely interested in your being now successful. I presume it is chiefly for Cambridge. What will you sell the Potiphar's Wife for, unaccompanied by the other picture? Suppose you were to make up your mind to this, Lord D. likes the other best. There is good chance of your selling the Potiphar's Wife to the M., and it would set the example of purchase from you—a thing at the moment (and looking to Ancona queen) to be much desired.

"Both a friendly motive and a national feeling will impel you to endeavour to add to that fine collection of drawings, which I owe to your judgment and vigilant attentions, and I need not therefore press it on your thoughts during your present stay."

* Alluding to the collection of Mr. Golls de Falkenstein, the Banker to the Court.

"Russell Square, Dec. 17th 1822.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your receipt of this letter tells you, that I believe you now to be at Rome. I thank you for that which you wrote to me from Paris; but although I have made inquiries about the two bottles of oil, which you had the kind attention to procure for me, they have not yet been received here or at your brother's,—still my thanks for your not forgetting me are the same, sincerely yours. I looked at the copy of the Rembrandt that you have purchased,* and can imagine it a very interesting picture, if its execution be fine. Its effects alone have a sentiment of grandeur in them equal and superior to the composition of the human figures in the greater number of good masters. Your brothers gave me no intelligence of the arrival at Calais of the Guercinos. I hope to hear from you of the success of your mission to the continent: it is in the general cause of art, but, as you well know, it is one in which I am personally greatly interested, and I am justified to myself in being so. It is no question with me of ostentation, or the pride of possessing fine relics of the old masters; but it is a part of that enthusiasm for them which has made me reckless of any extent of labour in my profession, and has, without other aid, procured

* The subject was, Christ and the Woman at the well.

to me my present station—the first in my own country, at no unenlightened period. I do not pretend to vie either in the power or means of purchasing, that your greater friend has fortunately secured, or with his claims on your peculiar attention; but thus limited in the extent of acquirement on the present occasion, I have still one or two pretensions to your regard of me, which I know—which I *hope*, will not be forgotten by you. In business transactions you have found, and shall always find, me accurate; and I know you have consideration for the deeper and nicer feelings of an artist, and I may justly add, for his strong if not greater claims on your attention in these matters, than the wishes of other men. Remember, that although beneath some names in the list, (and particularly the two last,) I am still the successor of Sir Peter Lely, the Richardsons, Sir James Thornhill, (the former possessor of my Rubens), Hudson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Benjamin West; that I may fearlessly, therefore, claim the right of indulging and benefiting myself in the same strictly professional pursuit, in which their taste and knowledge led them to engage; and although in the *number* of fine drawings which you are procuring for other friends, I must not pretend to be their rival, either in prudence towards myself or in consideration for you, you will not suffer

the representative of the arts of your country, their President (however few, and few in the smallest sense, the drawings you may spare him) to have less than the first in *quality* of those which you now secure. As an ardent love of art has made me through life neglect all ordinary means of profit and pecuniary advantage, but that which has finally resulted from absolute disdain of labour, and as the enjoyment of a really fine relic of the greatness of past genius, is with me an intense feeling, consequently, when I have rationally calculated upon it, the disappointment of being unexpectedly deprived of it is painful and excessive. You may judge, therefore, of the impression upon me, on seeing that drawing of Raphael, which I so strongly and anxiously pressed you to secure for me from the continent, (from Flanders, I believe,) in the possession of another. I must strongly hope, or rather *entreat*, that if I fail in my own present endeavour, *this mistake may be corrected by you on your return.* My esteem for you, and my respect for your family, created by knowing the harmony in which you live, the unison of your pursuits, and the example it presents of brotherly and parental affection, with the absence of other ambition than the quiet pursuit of tasteful acquisitions on fair commercial principles, have been often expressed by me. Before our closer per-

sonal intercourse commenced, it was not seldom the topic of conversation between your late friend Sir Henry Englefield and me; and since that period, my nearer knowledge of you and your obliging attention to my wishes, have increased the feeling of sincere regard; and give me on this account some title to reciprocity of these sentiments between us: may they permanently exist, and stronger by your present kindness. Some late circumstances of professional advantage have added to my means, and enabled me to procure additions to my collection, though in course inferior to those I received from you. You are now to crown it. Am I asking a too great confidence from you in requesting your present impression of the character of some few—the best of your drawings. Your communications to me shall be sacredly kept and remain solely mine.

"I ask one favour which you won't deny me—it is, that I may view them with you *immediately* on your arrival—that *none* may have preference to me in this, or that if they come before you, the same pleasing privilege may be extended to me.

"I inclose to you a short note to a gentleman, the secretary to Cardinal Gonsalvi, who, if you wish to see any ceremonies during your stay at Rome, I hope may be of gentlemanly

service to you, from his past friendship to me. He did live in the Piazza di Spagna; but he is well known, and particularly to Signior Pietro Cammucini, to whom, should you see him, present my very best regards. I write in the next week to other English friends at Rome. Tell me how my picture of his Majesty appears to be liked. Give my compliments to Mr. Wicar, and my present thanks for his past liberality in showing me his collection and his works. My great and lamented friend, the Marquis Canova, would, I know, have shown you generous courtesy, had the world not lost him—he was the most munificent of beings.—I make you pay largely for this letter, but I must settle that expense with you on your return.

"You will yourself judge best, whether the mention of my name to Mr. W. should be before or after the settlement of your business, that I have the pleasure of correspondence with you, I wish none to be ignorant. The particular subject of this letter, from habitual love of privacy, I may not wish should be so known, although it be wholly blameless—but I leave it to your discretion.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

(Private.) "London, January 27th, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I this morning received the favour of your

letter; and, as you have done to mine, will reply to the subjects of it successively. The bottles of oil are arrived. It appears very fine; but I shall husband it for some works of more than usual delicacy.

"The Rembrandt likewise came, and was in my possession several days.* I agreed to take it at the six hundred pounds; as in your letter to your brother you had given me the refusal of it. It was greatly admired by me: the best parts of it, the woman and the group of apostles, are of his very best time and practice; but on mature consideration, remembering that my principle in collecting pictures limits me to one of the first quality of each master; that I had already one of still greater importance, whilst your smaller picture was certain of selling, and was sincerely, in my own judgment, worth more than the sum I was to pay; that its rarity and novelty in this country were unimpaired, as I had very scrupulously concealed it from all but one very intimate friend, who lives strictly out of town and in a very private circle,—I determined to propose to your brothers to receive the picture back; yet, as it had been a complete bargain between us, I said that although I believed it worth, and would sell for more than even the one thousand pounds at which you had fixed it, I was willing to give

* Vide note, page 281.

them a check for one hundred pounds, to account for any possible risk attending my detention of it. Your brothers very handsomely declined receiving that sum, and it is now to take its fortune with some other at its larger price; Mr. William Woodburn promising to make me regret my relinquishment of it, when I see the sky toned and harmonized, and the picture in such perfect keeping as his skill and judgment will effect. 'Tis certainly, though small, a most admirable work; and were my spare cash devoted to *drawings*, or to some rarer specimen of Titian, or Coreggio, or fine Raphael, than the gems I have, it would have been impossible for me to have parted with it. I shall still be so far its patron as to give your brothers a French frame, altered and re-gilt for it, if they have not a better, and will accept it from me. The drawing—the *Peste !!!*—I cannot write about it; my pen refuses it, though acknowledging the handsome and obliging terms in which you mention the subject. I have never thought with common Christian charity of Mr. D. since the dreadful moment when I first saw my long dreamt of treasure in his possession. What will be his end I know not; but certainly it will not be a natural death. I never see him, determining that the certain retribution may be the work of other hands, my own being as yet bloodless and pure.

I fear the Grand National Gallery must be seen at present through a very long vista of approach: nothing more is said of it, and nothing was said of it from authority. It was, I believe, of mere newspaper origin. Economy is the order of the day; although his Majesty has given a magnificent donation of the royal library at Buckingham House to the British Museum. That palace will probably be soon the King's residence, and alterations of those rooms be necessary for the purpose. I agree entirely with all you say respecting the importance of the object to the national respectability and greatness; but, the noblest people in our private beneficence, we are the very humblest in public undertakings, and in that manifest patronage and enlarged protection which, in all matters of taste and useful genius, ought to be the boast of enlightened governments.

"I look with impatience for your detailed report of Mons. W.'s fossils.* I am afraid you have already secured my esteem, so that, I cannot offer it in return for kindness; but you have it in your power greatly to add to it with my perpetual regard. Upon this head I will say no more, for your expressions are those of friendship, and on their sincerity I most firmly build.

"Was the large picture at Lucca, the Assumption of the Virgin, very fine? Mr. West used to

* A cant or jocose word with Sir Thomas Lawrence, for the old masters.

speak in raptures of its grandeur—the noble mass of shadow in the wide spread mantle, and the golden sight of morning behind it. There must be good pictures at Perugia. There is a Raphael drawing there; pray look at it for my sake.

"You give me great pleasure by the account of my work, and its reception. I exist more and more in the love of art; and to do something myself worthy of its genuine admirers, is a most serious delight and comfort.

> 'What shall I do to be for ever known,
> 'And make the age to come my own?'

were lines of Cowley that impressed themselves on my memory at an early age, and though the dream is past, from my inadequate claims to realize it, the voice of a stranger or of my countryman in a foreign land sometimes recalls it; for, as some one says, 'the voice of a stranger is the voice of posterity.'

"Adieu, my dear Sir. May you continue to enjoy your health, and return in safety to your family and friends, amongst whom believe me to be always, and,

"Most faithfully yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To Samuel Woodburn, Esq.
"Poste Restarte, Rome."

" March 8th, 1823.

" My dear Sir,

" I have just received your favour of the 19th. I cannot be so disingenuous as to separate from the impression of your letters the deep interest of their particular subject; but they are otherwise so pleasing and intelligent, that I shall be very glad to have you for my correspondent on any future tour, when no personal object gives value to them. The arts will always be a principal topic between us, and you write on them with discrimination as well as zeal—that unison which is necessary to satisfy an *artist's* mind.

" Your brothers have, perhaps, informed you that Mr. D. is now the possessor of your Rembrandt, and in it has a little jewel. Notwithstanding my prudential reasoning on the subject, and the treasure I have of that great master, I should never have parted with the former, but for the claims of Michael Angelo and Raphael. I try to sooth down my resentment to my too formidable opponent, because you seem to wish I should, and because the 'Guelph and Ghibiline fever' has never been very popular with me; but the charity is not without its effort, and his chief safety still lies in his being your 'liberal friend,' the very character that presents

my danger. I thank you, however, seriously and most sincerely, for particularizing those two drawings, the Haman and the Leda, and for the assistance for some Raphaels, the Peste, &c. &c. Are there drawings likewise of a Prophet and a Sybil of as fine a quality? Mine, as you know, is a true artist's enjoyment of this great man's thoughts and labours. It is unmixed with the vanity or ostentation of a mere collecting connoisseur. I do not mean to designate invidiously your friend, whom I know to have real pleasure in them; and what I keep for my own inspection only, or exhibit for *your credit*, shall be fixed by yourself. You know too, by my own work from Milton, that I have just claims, although humbly distant, to kindred feelings and conceptions; and that if, unaided by policy or management, I have risen to my present station, it is because I have given to my own department in art something derived from higher sources. You select the few in number but fine in quality, for the representative of the arts you love in your own country, and who, fortunately for him and to justify your kindness, is now not unknown in Europe. You make him, by it, a constant and faithful friend, whose regard will be unvarying, and whose good faith to you in every pledge will be unanswerингly maintained.

"I am glad you like, with Mr. West, the Frate at Lucca. His enthusiasm about it was great: he spoke of the sublimity of that vast mantle of deep shadow, and the golden light behind it. The fatigue of rapid travelling quite subdued my spirit, or I should have seen it before I went to Rome. Thank you for your attention about the Perugini belonging to Signior Camuccini. I know that he does possess one, and most probably I saw it, but I quite forget its subject. I wrote to him, jokingly, about it, believing that application was hopeless; but still glad enough to have it, had he parted with it. You told me in your letter not to mention your name, as connected with the drawings, and I carefully and scrupulously obeyed you. The drawings for Canova's engravings are, I dare say, very beautiful, and will be much admired. Of the silver dishes or plateaus I can form no opinion, although I have reliance on your judgment. You did quite right in applying to Lord Londonderry, who is one of the kindest men breathing, and my now most *intimate and loved friend.* His letters from Verona, and your own, presented no prospect of your meeting at Rome, or I should have promptly introduced you to him. I say my most intimate friend *now*, for, as you know, Mr. Angerstein is gone. You will be sorry to learn

that I have lost another, Mr. Kemble, who died at Lausanne. He was of a nature as honourable as his genius was elevated and grand. Be sure to write to me instantly of the wonderful Titian at Ancona.

"And now, my dear Sir, relying on my implicit acquiescence in your future decisions respecting them, will you, in full friendly confidence, inform me of the subjects of your principal drawings, as you have of the two you kindly mentioned, and whether in pen or chalk. If you wish it, I pledge myself that the letter shall be instantly destroyed, and my lips closed to every human being. You perceive how entirely I unbosom myself to you, and you can well afford to be as unreserved with me, who know that you have other interests to gratify, and justly, besides mine.

"Your letter has afforded me great satisfaction, in the assurance it gives me of your complete recovery. May I see you in my painting-room, with looks uninjured by Italian climate, and contemplate in them the countenance of a friend who has infinitely obliged me, and made me his faithful servant,

T. L.

"You speak of the prints and drawings in the royal library: these his Majesty retains. The

sum mentioned by your friend, as the value of the library, would have been, indeed, a noble contribution for the National Gallery; but the King could not so well have sold it, to whatever useful object the produce might have been applied. I must in a former letter have informed you how much I like the Guercinos, particularly the Joseph and Potiphar. The artist has fairly turned the tables on poor Joseph, and left him almost without excuse, or exceedingly elevated his virtue. I acknowledge that Rembrandt leaves him a free agent. It was possible, very possible, to have resisted Mrs. Potiphar of the mill,* but not of Cento. Believe me to be again most truly *yours*.

"To Samuel Woodburn, Esq., M. Berthault,
"Rue de Maie, Paris."

"Sept. 8, 1823.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"For the Guercinos that were secured by Mr. T. I have a solicitude; for one or two REMARKABLY FINE I should like to possess; but his drawings are so numerous, and in art he stands so much below the three or four first rates, that they are comparatively of far less value. Still a fine example of either beauty or grandeur, or

* Rembrandt was born in a Mill near Leyden; and Guercino was born at Cento, near Ferrara.

rather one of each, would be desirable to me, as I have one of peculiar character that I think unequalled in infantile simplicity and truth; but the great object you will, I know, keep your mind upon with unceasing vigilance, is M^l. A^o. and R^e. and Parmegiano; and in short, the small circle of the greatest men, "the right hand file." You best know the just security of your influence in absence; but still I should think it dangerous not to wait for the Michael Angelo and the Peste, they are of such importance.

"You do not mention a Michael Angelo in your list of those which you have seen—are there, indeed, none? Your account of the Belle Jardiniere is very interesting:* he was not then at the zenith of his art, but it was a bright pure morn, and I dare say his angelic nature is to be seen in it. The naked figures, I see in my mind, better than Mr. Knight's, which, though clever, are rather insipid. The Study, by the father of Raphael, will be a very interesting addition to the collection. What is the subject of N. Poussin? —You mention, that you have a large drawing of the famous Tintoretto at Venice, but not that it is by him; if the latter, it will indeed be valuable, for the work is a noble one, perhaps his finest. You re-assure me, that you will remember Pesaro; it is an object of great interest

with me, from your discriminating account; and indeed, my perfect reliance on your knowledge and judgment, is a source of as great satisfaction to me, as my confidence in your continued friendship, and that good faith against all temptation, which you have so friendly and incontestably shown. Trust not the Michael Angelo's and Raphael's to any conveyance out of your own sight. Bear with you Cæsar and his fortunes—his genius, rather. Your closing admonition will be strictly obeyed by me: my own love of, may I say, the dignified privacy of life, and hatred of title, which the ill-disposed might convert into ostentation, will secure my rigid adherence to it. Let it be generally but gradually known, that the person nominally at the head of English art, is not unworthy of his predecessors in simplicity of taste, in reverence of departed greatness, and in genuine admiration of the secret labours of those divine men, who, though I am aware they are often brought forward by the prejudiced and ignorant, to bear down existing talent, can never be contemplated by the true, genuine artist, without the sincerest delight and full acknowledgment of the justness of their claims. It shall equally be known when you shall choose, to whose fidelity, friendship, and knowledge, I am indebted for my collection; and as certainly shall

my sentiment for him, and appreciation of the service, be known. I only wish that your correspondent was a more opulent man, and of higher station and influence; but you will find him a just one, and mindful of obligation.

"I forget the mode of execution in which the Peste is drawn that you are now to receive. What size is the Belle Jardiniere? Your brothers, you think, will equally observe the caution you recommend; but the entire, affecting harmony that subsists in your family, if not peculiar, is very striking; the more so, from your variety of pursuits: the object to be obtained by one, seems the interest of all; and his friend is almost equally regarded by them. I thank you for the remembrance of the Graces, and of the pedestal for Mr. A.: a beautiful frame for the former is certainly a matter of anxiety with me. If you chance to meet with one most exquisitely wrought in gold, or even in silver, by Benvenuto Cellini, I will not disdain it. Let me know in your next letter, what the drawings are that you select for Mr. T.'s purchase?—that is, if I do not trouble you too much, which I fear I have already done, in urging you to read my very long letter, which is now concluded.

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

"To Samuel Woodburn, Esq. Hotel de Castile,
"Rue de Richelieu, Paris."

On the 10th of December, 1820, the anniversary of the founding of the Academy, when the officers of the institution are elected for the year, and the prizes distributed, Sir Thomas Lawrence presided for the first time. He was dressed in a full court suit; and wore the rich chain and medal to which I have alluded. His address to the Academy was received with profound attention; and the impression it evidently made on his audience was flattering to his feelings.

There are but three of Sir Thomas Lawrence's lectures that have been printed with his authority, or having the benefit of his corrections of the press. He felt considerable annoyance, at the erroneous representations of his annual addresses, (for they could scarcely be called lectures,) to the Academy; and certainly, some of the misrepresentations were calculated to annoy him. On one of these occasions, he wrote to his niece the following letter:—

"December, 1821.

"My dearest Niece,

"Do not think it coldness in me, that I have not earlier answered your letter; but oppressive business, and those unavoidable engagements attending it—if they leave me one evening to my-

self, leave arrears of the former, or a lassitude that impels me to seek the air, till the hour of night, and then return to writing notes, forgotten appointments, &c. &c.

"Tell your kind friend, Miss Crewe, that Dr. Sleath *was* right; that the account in the paper was no accurate report of my address to the students. He knows that I could not call the simplest moral truth a 'vulgar truth;' though I might characterise it as common or familiar: from this you may guess at the correctness of the remainder. It could not have been taken from notes, but from the memory of some young unpractised reporter, whose misconceptions, however, do not seem to have arisen from any hostile feeling. The address took me up a full half hour in the delivery of it. You may perceive by this, how imperfect, as well as erroneous, such an abstract must naturally be. * * * * * I need not, I think, remind you, that I always consider myself as owing great obligations to the Royal Academy, to its institution, to the liberality and kindness of my brother artists, and generally, to the cause of art, of which, in some measure, I must be a supporter.

* * * * * * * * *

"I have no particular engagement on Thurs-

day; and shall be most happy to receive your kind friends, with yourself. Pray present my best compliments to Lady and the Miss Crewes.

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

That he was not harsh in correcting even the impertinent errors of others, was very often evinced. When Lucien Bonaparte's pictures were offered for sale in Pall Mall, a common friend of Sir Thomas's and of Mr. Robson the artist, requested that they would view the pictures together, and point out such as they would recommend him to purchase. They accordingly went one morning, and found there among other visitors, a Scotch gentleman, who was very loud in his abuse of those portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the property of Mr. Piozzi, which had then been recently submitted to sale.

Sir Thomas heard this evidently with some impatience. At length he went up to him, and in an apparently cool manner, said, "Sir, allow me to tell you, that those pictures which you have abused, no man now alive in Europe can produce—they are excellent. I say this to you in kindness, that you may not again commit yourself in a public room, by such unfounded opinions." And after a pause, he added, "My name is Lawrence." This silenced the gentle-

man, who was not long in making his retreat from the room.

These anecdotes, however, have deferred the mention of what had been a source of happiness to him throughout the year—the success of his productions in the Exhibition of the Academy. The catalogue of 1821, had contained 1165 paintings, of which the eight following were by the President.

69. Portrait of the Marquis of Londonderry. 70. Her Royal Highness the late Princess Charlotte. 106. Portrait of Mrs. H. Baring and Children. 171. Sir Humphrey Davy, President of the Royal Society, &c. 180. The Lady Louisa Lambton. 193. The late B. West, Esq. President of the Royal Academy. 208. Viscountess Pollington and Child. 331. James Palmer, Esq. Treasurer of Christ's Hospital.

In this year had commenced a correspondence with Sir Thomas Lawrence, which renders necessary some sketch of the establishment of the Academy of painting in Ireland.

For many years the artists of Ireland had been incessantly memorializing the government for a charter of incorporation, constituting them an Academy of Painting in Ireland. If the maxim be true,

——— "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

No object could have been more worthy the solicitude of a government; but little attention could be paid to such objects by a system of rule which was sustained by trimming the balance of factions, and preventing outrage, by jobbing with all the upper classes, and coercing the lower.

At length, however, Mr. Charles Grant, the Irish Secretary, paid that attention to the subject which the rectitude of his office rendered imperative upon an enlightened mind. His designs were, for a short time, suspended by a letter addressed to him, declamatory on the oft-refuted absurdity of colleges and academies being an injury to the arts and sciences.

This wild theory of a perverted mind drew forth a reply from a gentleman in Dublin, and it even excited a refutation from the present Sir M. A. Shee.

The controversy happened to be placed in the hands of Sir Thomas Lawrence, just as Mr. Grant had officially submitted to him, as President of the Royal Academy, the general question of the policy of establishing such an institution in Ireland.

Sir Thomas had too sound a judgment to hesitate upon what to recommend, and he applied to Mr. Mulvany, who was then in London, to

supply him with an alphabetical list of Irish artists.

Upon his return to Ireland, Mr. Mulvany lost no time in transmitting the information required, and he received from Sir Thomas Lawrence the following letter upon the subject, which is inserted, chiefly for the latter paragraphs upon the art itself.

"Russell Square, January 11th, 1821.

"DEAR SIR,

"Too long a time has elapsed without my answering your letter, and much longer in my reply to letters, which even you will consider of still higher importance; but you partly know my professional situation, and its consequent engagements and occupation, and will I am sure acquit me of intentional delay towards you, and of disrespectful neglect of the interests and wishes of your friends. My apology to them, and to their distinguished patron, will have been rendered more difficult even than a just and safe opinion on the subject. The latter is still in favour of their views, limited, as perhaps they will be, by possibly a severer judgment than first governed them in fixing the number of members in the society, and guarded by the consideration that this last experiment had better not be made, than

not essentially secured, in its prospect of success, by the soundest prudence and forbearance. If the foundations, though not extended, are firm, all will be safe. I fear that I shall offend a very natural hope and ambition in many gentlemen, whose love of their profession and practice in it, may have given them wishes and expectations, which a necessary caution would disappoint; but my motive can be only that of the sincerest good will to the arts of Ireland, and of general respect towards their professors. My apology and compressed opinion will soon be sent to Mr. Grant—compressed, because discussion is endless upon the general subject of the influence (hostile or favourable) of academies, and because your friends have already the advantage of the enlightened opinions of Mr. Shee, who generally touches the various parts of every subject, however careful of the strongest.

"I thank you for your obliging attention in sending me the list of artists, and now proceed to answer your inquiry respecting the palette. My advice certainly is, that you should not mix up *tints* upon it. Blend them, for your immediate purpose, with the pencil. In my earlier practice, I did the former; but you have the very highest authority for the latter—that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose palette was very simple.

" Remember, on all occasions, the certain obvious truth, that light and colour should go together, shadow and the absence of it. Ninety-nine times out of the hundred, the preponderance of colour on the shadow side of your picture is falsehood and defect; and colour must likewise be placed, not only on the side of the light, but in its general stream and direction. It is no answer that in the next fine picture of an old master you may find an exception to the rule. In *him* believe it false; for in few of the old masters do you find this truth observed, but in the highest of them—in his best works you do. Raphael was not only the phenomenon, but the philosopher of his art, and his judgment was even greater than his genius.

" Adieu, dear Sir. Remember, in palliation of my delay, the number of my engagements. That my life has been both a public and yet an entirely private one—that I have unfortunately no wife, and, inconveniently, no secretary; and that long habits of solitude at home leave me in mature life too much without assistance. For exertions of the zealous artist this is all the better; but not for other businesses, that at last become our duties.

" Your very faithful Servant,

" Thos. Lawrence."

It is evident from this, that Sir Thomas did not blend tints upon his palette with his knife, but produced them as he went on, with his brush. The Hibernian Academy was established chiefly by the influence of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

On the visit of the late King to that country, a large public subscription was collected, to erect some national monument in honour of the event. Mr. Banin wrote a pamphlet, urging that the money should be expended in erecting a building for the newly-established Academy. Sir Thomas Lawrence was requested by the Academy to recommend such an application of the funds, and the following letter is in reference to the subject.

"Russell Square, April 10th, 1822.

"My dear Sir,

"I have to thank you for your letter, and am deeply impressed with the honour that is done me by this confidence of your professional friends. It could never be misplaced, were my ability equal to my sincere wishes and exertion for the attainment of their rational and just views.

"I have just had the pleasure to read the pamphlet, and although my own name is mentioned in too flattering a manner, (which is rather against me as an advocate,) I will endeavour as

early as possible to procure opportunity for attempting the important object of your letter—by personal effort, if it be in my power; but if not, by the best (and probably more effectual) means that next present themselves.

"I could have wished that there had not been so strong and pointed an allusion to the gentleman who has appeared as the principal opponent of the measures recently adopted for the advancement of the arts, because his conduct and opinions must already have been largely canvassed, and such a vindictive notice of them may possibly be unjust to his motives, and is therefore prejudicial to the cause. His talents and professional reputation must have gained him many and powerful friends, and silence would have been at once (as it appears to me) more dignified and wise. I speak, however, as a distant spectator of the contest, and only with an impression of the effect of the pamphlet here.

"The zealous, honourable, and enlightened friend, who from patriotism and that love of art which every professor feels who is so rapidly improving in it, has already been so active in your interests, has, I am sure, equal influence as ability to effect every measure that can be essential to them; but if the station which his liberality, with that of others, has assigned me, may seem

to give to my name and efforts the means of additional security or hope, be assured they shall never be wanting to the furtherance of any measure (a just one it will always be) which you, with your professional friends, may entrust to my exertions.

"I beg you to present to them my respects, and to believe me ever,

"Your very faithful Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The Hibernian Academy now placed at the head of their honorary members the name of Sir Thomas Lawrence; but he long neglected to answer the official communication of the fact, and at length wrote the following apology.

"Russell Square, June 18th, 1826.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"If it has ever happened to you, to defer proceeding on the picture that claims the highest interest, to a moment of the freest leisure, your mind will be nearer to that indulgent mood which may form an excuse of the like nature for that silence, which has so ill repaid the liberality and kindness of my Irish friends. I am not so unworthy of those feelings, as to descend to evasion on the subject of my neglect. I believe

that no letter has miscarried, (unless it may have been one of just reproach,) and I must therefore acknowledge the full extent of my crime, which includes, I fear, official indecorum, as well as seeming indifference to one of the most gratifying honours that I have ever had the good fortune to receive. May it be some excuse for me, that I have believed in a part of my personal character being fully known—viz. that I am incapable of an undue estimate of my private or professional claims to the attention of my brother artists, or of those who honour me by their notice; and that if my gratitude, therefore, for distant kindness be not immediately expressed, they who bestow it must be well assured that it is not the less sincerely felt. Mr. Johnston, and the members of the Royal Hibernian Academy, have conferred the distinction of uniting me to their body, on one who feels the *compliment* as deeply as he values the generosity that prompted it, and who will never cease to be interested for the welfare of their institution, as warmly as though his birth had more immediately attached him to it.

"Let me beg you, my dear Sir, after you accept my apology to yourself, and have done me the kindness to offer my inadequate excuse and explanation to Mr. Johnston, the *noble* President of your society, to make acknowledg-

ments for me to your secretary, whose official letter has remained so blameably unanswered.

"The value of human praise, though, if fairly earned, and sincerely given, is not to be slightly estimated, is, I think, of a less powerful impression with me than the dread of censure, where those, from whom I apprehend it, are objects of my respect. It is no light vexation to me to have shown to my friends, in Ireland, how much I owe to the indulgence of my academical friends at home, who see too frequent proofs of that defective intellect, which can suffer matters of so just importance to be thus long neglected. Our friend, Mr. Shee, with that variety of talent, genius, and attainment, which might reasonably justify partial forgetfulness, would be always one of the first to pay instant attention to such gratifying kindness as Mr. Johnston and your friends have bestowed on me; yet he could as gently remind me of my neglect, as though it were a venial error, and possible to himself. Let me, however, truly acquaint you, that this letter of acknowledgment and regret would have been written by me to-day, had our interview not happened; since I had set apart this morning for this, and for similar duties, though not, indeed, attaching to equal fault.

"Let me now advert to a more pleasant topic,

and inquire of you, if there is any chance of our having the happiness of seeing Mr. Johnston in England, and of the President of the Royal Academy being enabled to offer his best tribute of respect to the Royal Academy of Ireland. It is in the former character only, that I lay claim to the performance of a duty, that would else be so fitly executed by one of your own body—by that gentleman, particularly, who enjoys from it the same distinction with myself. Let me have confident hope of its taking place; and pray give me the earliest information of the President's intended arrival.

"I was delighted to receive your catalogue of the Exhibition. I will not ask you to surpass in your efforts the exertions of our own; but you commence with an alarming superiority in numbers. The works sent to the first Exhibition of the Royal Academy amounted but to one hundred and thirty-six. Those presented by your Academy are, I perceive, four hundred and two. I have little doubt of a few years producing as great an improvement in the quality of your art, as the present year presents over your former efforts in variety and extent. The salutary effects of yearly competition, and its advancing knowledge, are indeed incalculable. Great as our Reynolds, in *every* situation, must have

been, "I am as certain of his rapid improvement, from the contemplation and comparison of his works in public, as I am of that benefit from the same cause, which has lifted me from mediocrity and neglect.

"" I fear I must defer, for a day or two, my official letter, which it is still necessary that your secretary should receive from me; yet I do assure you that I begin to have doubts of that dazzling rule of conduct prescribed by your countryman, Mr. Sheridan, (and which, I believe, he most scrupulously followed,) "never to do to-day, what can be put off till to-morrow." I find I can't afford it—'tis only for that affluence of genius, that is proof even against the lack of gold.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To Thomas J. Mulvany, Esq."

The Mr. Johnston alluded to in this letter, had munificently devoted his private funds to erect the building of the Academy. It would be difficult to determine whether this munificence be more honourable to the individual, than the necessity of it was disgraceful to the government that could thus neglect a great national object, in a country under the process of exhaustion by taxes. Where were the endowed prelates of Ireland, not to foster such a patriotic institution?

As soon as Sir Thomas Lawrence heard of Mr. Johnston's liberality, he sent an offer to paint his whole length, gratis, to be hung up in the council chamber of the Academy.

A few days previous to the death of Mr. Johnston, he had begged Mr. Mulvany to convey to Sir Thomas Lawrence his deep sense of the honour he had intended to do him. The following letter is in reply to one conveying this sentiment.

"Russell Square, March 19th, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have never received intelligence that has more sincerely grieved me, than the news which you now send. You know that I cannot mean that I, who have lived nearly to the common age of man, and have had my share of private sorrow, feel the loss you have announced to me with the same poignancy of grief that the long intimacy of friendship, or still nearer ties, inflict upon us at the moment of separation; but concern more genuine, or deep, for the death of an individual whom I have been taught to regard with every feeling of esteem, respect, and admiration, I certainly have never felt. I need not say how much these sentiments are at once enhanced and embittered, by that

generous remembrance of me in his last moments, which you so feelingly communicate, and which I shall long hold to my heart, as the dearest tribute of a friend.

"I am sure that no testimony of respect and gratitude will be wanting at this afflicting moment. If I were not fettered by engagements of so imperious a nature, as to be in themselves the most serious duties, I should hold this sad event ample cause and justification of my long-hoped-for visit to Ireland; that, with the gentlemen of the Academy, I might have the consolation of joining in the last duties to the memory of our common benefactor, and of testifying that deep impression of the nobleness of his mind, which will now mix itself with every effort of that institution, whose welfare must have had precarious existence, but for the influence of his example. I shall be still more anxious to follow at an humble distance the path in which he has trodden; and if the exertions of my pencil may indeed be considered as a comparative advantage to the annual resources of the Academy, they shall never be wanting, while I live.

"I beg the favour of you to inform me of the earliest and *latest* time of reception of the works intended for the ensuing Exhibition. I know not if it will be in my power to exhibit a whole-

length, but three of other sizes I shall certainly send, of recent execution, and which have never been exhibited.

"I know not what family this estimable man has left; but I leave in the charge of my friend, Mr. Mulvany, the duty of offering my condolence and respect.

"Pray remember me with regard to the gentlemen of the Hibernian Academy; and believe me to remain, with the sincerest thanks,

"Your obliged and faithful Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To Thomas J. Mulvany, Esq., &c. &c.,
Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin."

The following letters prove the sincerity of his professions towards the Society of Ireland.

"Russell Square, April 11th, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I sincerely regret my not having returned an earlier answer to your last letter. My excuse for the delay, and for the haste in which I now write to you, is the exceeding hurry of this period, when we are preparing for our Exhibition.

"The extreme outward size of the half-length I am about to send, is 6 ft. 3½ in. by 5 ft. 4½ in. A kit-cat of the Duchess of Northumberland,

4 ft. 4½ in. by 3 ft. 8½ in.; and I shall probably send a smaller picture of the three-quarter size. I fear a larger work would encumber your rooms, or I would send my historical portrait of Kemble as Cato, which would be 11 ft. by 8 ft.

"The portraits I have named, will be with you by the 18th.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To T. J. Mulvany, Esq., &c. &c.,
Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin."

"Russell Square, April 15, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"It has been a most sincere vexation to me, that I have not yet been enabled to send off the pictures that I mentioned to you, for the R. H. Exhibition. They cannot go till to-morrow, and I then send them possibly with some hazard, from the violence of the wind which is now raging here. This ill-chance, however, I must encounter, and (what reasonably may happen) should my pictures arrive too late for the opening of the Exhibition, you will probably either have the goodness to stow them in some other private room, or return them to me in their present cases.

"An Irish gentleman has been here this morning, of political celebrity, Mr. Lawless, a friend

of the late Mr. Kemble, and I believe of his friend, your present Chief Justice; and he has said so much of the possible popularity of my picture of Mr. Kemble, in the character of Cato, that I determined to send it, in the hope that the interest heretofore felt for the original, and always, as I well know, so generously expressed towards him, may assist the reception of the picture, and thereby add to the annual receipt of the Exhibition.

"Our own Exhibition has so exhausted the general stock of frames, that I am waiting at this time for one or two in which these pictures are to go.

"I am making you pay Heaven knows how much in porterage, and must find some future means of effacing the exaction.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To Thomas J. Mulvany, Esq., &c. &c.,
Royal Hibernian Academy, Dublin."

In the year 1822, Sir Thomas Lawrence sent eight fine paintings to the Exhibition of the Academy. The catalogue contained the number of 1049, and among these were,

35. Portrait of Count Michael Woronzow. 67. Mrs. Littleton. 73. His R. H. the Duke of York. 77. His Majesty, for the Royal Palace, Windsor. 80. The Countess of Blessington.

113. The Duke of Bedford. 134. Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington. 300. Little Red Riding Hood.

Notwithstanding the patronage of the King, it speaks highly for the independent spirit of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that when the Queen died, he ordered the schools and the library of the Royal Academy to be closed, until after her Majesty's remains were removed from Brandenburg House for interment, in her native country. This was at a time when an impression prevailed, and was acted upon, by persons in office and at court, that any sympathy evinced for this unhappy lady was fatal to future patronage or countenance by his Majesty. This trait of an honourable independence may remind the reader of similar feelings expressed, though on different occasions, in his correspondence from Vienna.

In very few of the years of Sir Thomas Lawrence's life, was his epistolary correspondence so small. He seems in this year to have minimized it. Probably the second paragraph of the following letter may afford a solution.

"July 1, 1822.

"My dear Sister,

"I shall most probably have the pleasure to see my nephew when he comes, and shall take

care that the servant shall do as you direct respecting his bed.

"I was never in more urgent occupations than at this moment, when I am completing, with other pictures, a portrait of the King in his private dress—perhaps my most successful resemblance of him, and the most interesting from its being so entirely of a simple domestic character. The near approach of his departure for Scotland makes exertion the more necessary, and I find that youth is capable of more bodily fatigue than advanced manhood, a truth not of exceedingly recent discovery.

"I rejoice exceedingly in Dr. Sleath's success. He deserves it all, as far as I can conjecture of character, and know of his conduct,—he has the same friendliness and manly simplicity that he appeared to have when I first knew him. I am glad to hear that my niece, Ann, returns by Malvern, which may have a favourable influence on her strength; give my love to her when you write. Ask dear Mary how many numbers of the Percy Anecdotes she has, as I have more to send her: perhaps she will inform me by a letter. I will send you a proof, in its frame, of the Princess Charlotte, and you shall return me that which you have.

"I am glad that you are going to see Henry,*

* His third nephew, living at Ellesmere.

for whom I have the sincerest esteem and affection. Heaven has blest him with a fine understanding, and as worthy a nature; and if it continue health to him for active habits, he must be happy.

"Ever most faithfully yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

His friend, Mrs. Ottley, had been sitting to him for her likeness, perhaps nearly fifteen times. In writing the following appointment, he wanted Mr. Ottley's opinion of two coloured drawings, (the board of the Cavallo group alluded to in the following letter, it is scarcely necessary to say refers to the colossal statues at Monte Cavallo.)

"Russell Square, October 9, 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"On second thoughts, Mrs. Ottley shall do me the honour of coming to me on Monday at one o'clock, instead of the proposed appointment, if that time be perfectly convenient to her.

"Behold I send you the boards! and not 'to-morrow,' but to-day!

"I shall suffer nothing to interfere with this engagement for Monday, if it be agreeable to Mrs. Ottley and yourself.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Pray tell me by whom two of these drawings are? The other is an interesting one, however feeble, from its showing the Cavallo group at so early a period in Rome. The large drawing has expressions and characters very Raphaelesque, and you will see has been traced. I am at home all day, should you be inclined to call on another brother or votary of the Vatican and Sestini."

One of the earliest of his letters dated in the ensuing year, makes honourable mention of a gentleman who was well known among persons of taste and worth. It is pleasurable to revive such testimonies to the memory of the good and eminent.

"Russell Square, Feb. 19, 1823.

"My dear Sir,

"I am very sorry to inform you of the death of, may I say, *our* valuable friend, Sir Mark Sykes, who died at Weymouth on the 16th, as I understand, from the additional attack of sudden cold. Your regret has a right to be of a deeper feeling than mine, but it cannot be more sincere. He was a perfect gentleman from the best cause—an innate modesty and worth. The union of these amongst men of large property is seldom met with. It is possible that you may not

have seen the account of his death in the newspapers before this letter arrives, and I therefore give you this private announcement of it. On very many accounts his death will be generally lamented, and it adds to my own concern, that it defeats the pleasing object you had in view, who were so sincerely his admirer and friend.

"I beg my best respects to Mrs. Ottley, and remain,

"My dear Sir,

"Ever most faithfully yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

It would be difficult to treat the subject of the next letter more humorously than Sir Thomas has done. It is an excellent specimen of light familiar correspondence.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You have already staid too long at Boulogne. Mr. Tims, who mounts my drawings, understanding, I suppose, that the master is away, keeps away himself, and the press stands still! that most vexatious of all ills, and of which Mrs. Ottley has so justly and so long complained.

"You had not been gone four-and-twenty hours, before a case presented itself for the

Baillie of his art, that would puzzle all the faculty left behind him.

"A servant maid, from Winchester, brought me—(but first let me observe, that servant maids from Winchester are not usually in communication with me,)—brought me, I say, an old vellum sketch-book, that belonged only to Lionardo da Vinci: his title to it written in choice Italian, on the outside, whilst on the inside of it was written the donation of it by its English possessor, in the hand and spelling of a century ago. There was no trickery in it, no deception; the old vellum leaves were in many places decayed, and the twelve drawings in it were done with the silver point; the last being three skulls, originally by the same hand, but subsequently traced over with a black-lead pencil, strengthening and spoiling them. The young lady who brought them informed me that five guineas had been offered for them in the country: I made a handsome advance of two guineas, and proffered seven, but unsuccessfully, for I was then informed that a lady patroness in the country must be first consulted before they could be sold. I was naturally indignant at being thus deprived of a cheap bargain; but finding that indignation could not recover it, I awaited in sullen resignation the answer from the country:—it came, and was

favourable to my wishes. But, lo! in the interval the book was shown to another artist, and by him sent to Mr. Knight, who offered to pay twenty-four pounds for it! I could not, for shame, bid twenty-five, after my just valuation of seven; and so the vellum sketch-book of Lionardo da Vinci is now, it is most likely, the property of Mr. Knight.—'What could have made you so blind as to part with it?' Nothing, but my doubt of its *being* Leonardo's: that probably it was by some old Florentine artist, who had some power of general imitation, but who, in all the details, gave evident proof of a want of sufficient knowledge. Eyes, nostrils, ears, and even wrinkles, demand *some* drawing, and these were very deficient in this necessary power. Still the certain age of them made it the most venerable imposition I ever saw, *if* imposition it really was, and not some *very* early sketch-book of Leonardo, before he had attained his correct elegance of line and knowledge. There is no doubt, however, of my having lost it, and entirely by the absence of Mr. W. Y. Ottley.

"To the loss of said sketch-book, by the uxorious impatience of said W. J. Ottley, Esq.,—— fifty pounds:—and so ends, till the payment of the said fifty pounds, this puzzling, irritating transaction.

"Let me now inquire, with more serious feeling, after the health of Mrs. Ottley, and of your family. From them you have been a truant long. From her you found it more difficult to part, even in absence. Let me know, by a speedy answer, how you found them: and be sure, in your report, to make the account of your own reception as interesting as that of the friend who had preceded you in the visit. If you are too much occupied with the last finishing of your picture to write to me yourself, interrupt her in her packing up for England, and prevail on her to be your proxy. She has not time to write a short letter, and the longest will content *me*; but no crossing, to jostle me out of reading it—I bar that. All minuteness of family detail, stopping short of that extremity, the rational curiosity of man prepares me to *desire*. When the letter is finished, if any margin be left, you can fill it up with an accurate profile of your eldest daughter. You have a pen, free as Raphael, and more delicate than Battista Franco, and I will not insult the unerring correctness of its line, by comparing it to Vandyke's.

"Although you are now in another country, I must return your pledge, to keep the subject of your collection of drawings *scrupulously secret*, even for two or three months. In addition

to this mark of friendship, think that your vigilance and knowledge are still to work for me, and to be exerted with confidence and courage. My income is not small, and professional employments are still before me, to insure me a certain, *even* continuance of such a portion of it, as to leave me justified in expense for such an object. More pictures I certainly shall *not* buy. More drawings I may; but *only* by the first masters, and of the first quality; and this limits my future acquisitions to *very few*. But come over within the time you fixed—within the ten days, and bring Mrs. Ottley with you for the completion of the portrait. I remain, with my best respects to her,

"My dear Sir,

"Most sincerely yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To W. Y. Ottley, Esq., Chez M. Dufertmanoi,
"Boulogne-sur-Mer."

We wish the subject of the next letter were always treated with equal good sense and good humour. A little less of atrabilious fanaticism upon the topic of innocent Sunday amusements, might prevent the desecration of the sabbath to worse purposes.

"Russell Square, Sunday the 19th, 1823.

"My dear Madam,

"You have friends every where, and some in the society of Dilettanti, who, I know, would think me amply justified in leaving it on Sunday next for your society; but the other members, who would judge only of the omission, and might think me less powerfully tempted, would move for the expulsion of their first officer, who could neglect them on their first day of meeting. From this mean, selfish apprehension, I am base enough to decline your very kind and friendly offer, and agreeable invitation.

"Our feast days at the Dilettanti are on Sundays—crime enough for painters and connoisseurs; but what shall be said to wives of doctors of divinity, who leave homilies and vigils, at the risque of their perishable souls and immortal bodies, to listen to squallinies and wits, love songs, and comic songs, on Sunday evenings!

"The few hairs I have are standing an end! and I am obliged to defer covering them with a wig, lest, in their porcupine mood, they should stifly rebel against it, and the current of air between the contending parties increase my cold! My gallantry, however, will not suffer me to quite desert you in this fallen state; and I shall join you at these midnight orgies on

Sunday next, though I am denied the generous sacrifice to-day.

"I beg my best respects and regards to the Doctor and Mr. Hughes; and remain ever, my constant friends'

"Obliged and faithful servant,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

But notwithstanding his fund of good spirits, and almost perpetual serenity, Sir Thomas would have the exhaustion of his mind, from the excess of toil and recurrence of vexations. On one of such occasions, his gloom produced a temporary waywardness of fancy, which, as it was slight and evanescent, may now be innocently laughed at.

"For many successive evenings, Sir Thomas came to our house in such evident low spirits, that we all feared some painful circumstance had befallen him. At length, he suddenly regained his usual manner, and I then ventured to ask what had so depressed him. He seemed astonished that I had not divined the cause, saying, 'How could you expect a man to be less than miserable, who had Michael Angelo's witch on the wide seas, and did not know for a fortnight what had become of her?'"

In this year, (1823,) he exhibited seven paintngs in the annual exhibition of the Academy. The total number was 1131; among which were marked in the catalogue as Sir Thomas Lawrence's—

7. Portrait of the Earl of Harewood. 28. The Archbishop of York. 84. Lord Francis Conyngham. 89. Portrait of the Countess of Jersey. 124. The Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer. 318. Sir William Knighton. 445. A Young Lady.

In the succeeding year, (1824,) Sir Thomas Lawrence seems to have been more engaged in correspondence, and in social intercourse. His productions in the Academy, however, were remarkable proofs of that anxiety with which he repeatedly expressed himself overcome in his efforts to fulfil his engagements with his sitters. The catalogue of 1824* contained 1037 produc-

* This year closed the long-pending shilly-shally negotiation of the Treasury, respecting the National Gallery. For the following copies of official documents, I am indebted to the politeness of Mr. Spiller, the Librarian of the House of Commons.

Treasury Minute, 23d March, 1824.

The Earl of Liverpool acquaints the Board, that his Majesty's Government, having deemed it to be expedient that an opportunity which presents itself of purchasing the choice collection of pictures belonging to the late Mr. J. J. Angerstein

tions, of which the eight following were from the pencil of this great artist:

38. Portrait of Lord Stowell. 59. H. R. H.

for the use of the public should not be lost, he had entered into a negotiation with the executors and administrators of that gentleman, and had concluded an agreement for the purchase of the whole collection, of which he delivered a catalogue to the Board, for the sum of £57,000.

Lord Liverpool further states to the Board, that he has made an agreement with the executors, and with Mr. John Julius Angerstein, for the occupation of the house in Pall Mall, where the pictures now are, during the remainder of the term for which it is held by Mr. Angerstein, at the rent which he pays for it. His Lordship further states, that he found, after a careful inquiry, that, in order to provide for the security and due conservation of the pictures, and for giving access to the public to view them whilst they remain in their present situation, the following establishment will be necessary:—

A Keeper of the Gallery, at a salary of £200 a year; to have the charge of the Collection, and to attend particularly to the preservation of the pictures; to superintend the arrangements for admission, and to be present occasionally in the Gallery: and Lord Liverpool is of opinion, that the person to be appointed to this office should be competent to value and, if called upon, to negotiate the purchase of pictures that may be added to the Collection.——A respectable person to attend to the two principal rooms during the time of public view, to prevent persons touching or injuring the pictures, may receive two guineas a week.

Thirty-eight Pictures.

The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba.—The Marriage of Rebecca.—Ganymede.—The Rape of the Sabines.—The

the Duchess of Gloucester. 98. The Earl of Clanwilliam. 99. The Children of C. B. Cal-

Archbishop Ambrose, and the Emperor Theodosius.—St. John in the Wilderness.—Susannah and the Elders.—A Bacchanalian Triumph.—Erminia and the Shepherds.—Philip the Fourth and his Queen.—Venus and Adonis.—A Landscape.—Morning.—An Italian Sea-port.—The Raising of Lazarus.—A Concert.—Portrait of Pope Julius the Second.—Christ on the Mount.—Portrait of Gevartius.—The Nativity.—The Woman taken in Adultery.—The Embarkation of St. Ursula.—Abraham and Isaac.—A Land Storm.—Landscape, Cattle and Figures.—Apollo and Silenus.—The Holy Family, and a Landscape.—Rubens' Portrait of Himself.—Studies of Heads.—Studies of Heads.—Six Pictures: Marriage a la Mode.—Portrait of Lord Hethfield.—Village Holliday.—Portrait of a Painter.

National Gallery.

A Statement of the Sum that will be required for the purchase of Pictures for the National Gallery, during the year 1826, for three Pictures.

Bacchus and Ariadne, Titian.—Christ appearing to St. Peter, Annibal Caracci.—A Bacchanalian Scene, Nicholas Poussin. Nine thousand pounds, clear of fees and other deductions.*

Treasury Chambers, 21st March, 1826.

Signed, T. C. HERRIES.

Ordered to be printed by the House of Commons.

No imputation is meant to be cast upon the gentlemen appointed "to have the charge of the Collection," nor upon the respectable person appointed "to prevent persons touching or injuring the pictures;" but it is from other barbarity than that

* These three paintings were purchased of Mr. Hamlet.

mady, Esq. 119. Mrs. Harford. 146. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. 291. Sir William Curtis, Bart. 392. The Children of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

It may be noticed among the very many instances of the friendship and admiration with which Sir Thomas Lawrence inspired those whose acquaintance with him commenced only in the common business of having a likeness taken, that upon a letter to the father of the beautiful children, whose portraits (99) have ever since excited the admiration of the world, the following answer was received.

"Langdon, Plymouth, March 10.

"SIR,

"Your answer to Mr. Harris's note has reached us; and it will give us great pleasure to send to you the correspondence we have had with Sir Thomas Lawrence. Both Mrs. Calmady and I were so much impressed with the

of the vulgar "John Bull picture-touchers, that this Gallery has suffered and is suffering such irreparable injuries. One Claude alone is valued at one thousand pounds less than its price at the time of Mr. Angerstein's death. Better had it been not to have established a National Gallery, if necessary provision were not to be made for the preservation of the paintings. One great picture collector has left his valuable collection to the nation—when the nation has a proper place for their reception,—and when will that be?

great kindness, as well as genius of Sir Thomas, that no part of our intercourse has passed unnoticed; and details, which may appear frivolous to others, (and, I fear, to you,) have been preserved with minute exactness, by Mrs. Calmady —so much so, that we are compelled to trouble you with the whole mass, lest by keeping back a part, the remainder might be unintelligible: and we trust to your indulgence and discrimination, in making what use you may please of these affectionate recollections. Our interest in all that relates to Sir Thomas being so great, we trust you will pardon us, when we request you to take care of all the little collection of papers, which will be sent to you. In a short time, a friend will leave us for town, by whom the parcel will be delivered to you.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir, your obedient, humble Servant,

"CHAS. B. CALMADY."

"T. Campbell, Esq."

The Children of Charles B. Calmady, Esq. This group of two lovely infants has acquired, throughout England and in foreign countries, an admiration so universal, strong, and sustained, that praise can scarcely increase it, nor, perhaps, can it be diminished by any critical acumen.

For this latter reason, a few remarks may be indulged in, without the fear of being mistaken for a disposition to depreciate the claims of this exquisite production. The history of the portraits will exhibit Sir Thomas in a most amiable point of view, whilst it will show the anxious care he took in the work, and the pride and satisfaction he evinced at such eminent success attending his labours.

I may be allowed, however, to premise, speaking in the independence of private judgment, that the painting has been ranked much too high, in comparison with several other portraits of children by Sir Thomas.

The child in profile is too massive, whilst its paleness increases, by contrast, the exuberant redness of the other infant. When time has mellowed the tone of the latter to its proper softness, it will probably have brought the profile to too flat or low a tone. At present, however, the face of the child, presented in full to the spectator, though redolent of beauty and joy, is scarcely delicate enough for the child of a lady. It is rather the beauty and health of the rustic child who has played at the cottage door, or wandered in the sun to the meadows with the village children, gathering butter-cups and daisies.

Mrs. Calmady, herself possessed of taste and great talents in the art, thought otherwise; for she says—"The beautiful difference he has preserved in the two children's colouring is lovely. They have both fair skins, but yet so totally unlike—Laura's glowing and rosy fairness, if one can call it so, and Emmy's entirely different and pearl-like tints, which he has shown in the most wonderful and obvious manner—so completely characterising the two children."

But the whole piece is too painted and fine—all positive and no neutral colours—even the shadows of the neck and arms are of purple, as if reflected from jewelry or painted glass; and might almost be taken by an orientalist as the rainbow tints upon a Peri. The deep, bluish shade in the neck of the youngest child, the red in the right-hand corner, and the purple reflection upon the infant's legs, are all proofs of almost a meretricious taste. It is singular that the French, who are accused of being gaudy, in publishing prints of this celebrated painting, made the children much more delicate.*

But great are the beauties of this piece. The sensibility in the face of the child in profile is

* These blue, or amethyst spots, were often reflections of shade from his metal palette, which, however, even with this explanation, can scarcely be approved of.

touching, and the cherub joy of the rosy infant, with its little fat hand held up in the ecstacy of sport, whilst its leg presses on the other's lap in the carelessness of infancy, are points of nature beautifully simple. The foreshortening of the child's leg, in its infantile fulness of healthy fat, and the pulpy softness of the little hand in the air, are points which can escape no person of taste or feeling.

A little family memoir of this painting, drawn up by the accomplished mother of the two children, is curious and interesting, and its length alone prevents its being inserted in these volumes. It is full of maternal *naïveté*, and excellent feeling.

Mr. Lewis, the engraver, had often suggested to Mrs. Calmady, that her two children, Emily and Laura, would make excellent subjects for a painting; and he assured her that if Sir Thomas were but to see the children, he would be glad to paint them on any terms. But delicacy and independence of spirit made the question of terms one of great difficulty with the parents, and it neutralised their strong desires to possess a portrait of their children, ere their loveliness as babies should fleet into beauty of a more advanced childhood.

In July 1823, Sir Thomas saw the children.

The terms, upon his card, on his mantle-piece, descended from six hundred guineas to one hundred and fifty, which was the price of the smallest head size. Having two in one frame, increased the price by two-thirds, and thus the regular charge for the portraits would have been two hundred and fifty guineas.

Sir Thomas, captivated by the loveliness of the children, and sympathizing with the feelings of the mother, asked only two hundred guineas. —"I suppose," says Mrs. Calmady, "I must still have looked despairingly, for he immediately added, without my saying a word, 'Well, we must say one hundred and fifty pounds, for merely the two little heads in a circle, and some sky—and finish it at once.'"

Sir Thomas commenced his task the next morning at half-past nine; and never did artist proceed with more increasing zeal and pleasure.

Upon the mother's expressing her delight at the chalk drawing, as soon as the two heads were sketched in, he replied, "that he would devote that day to doing a little more to it, and would beg her acceptance of it, as he would begin another."

The public, in one sense, must be glad at this liberality; for a more free, masterly, and exquisitely beautiful sketch was scarcely ever made.

It may be doubted, however, whether, upon the whole, this circumstance is to be rejoiced in, for the sketch gave promise of even a more beautiful piece than that which he afterwards completed. Both of the faces were full, and that of the child now in profile was even more beautiful than the side face; and both were rich and lovely, and more soft and delicate in the sketch than in the finished picture.

During the progress of the painting, Sir Thomas continually kept saying, that "it would be the best piece of the kind he had ever painted;" and not only would he detain the children many hours, with their father or mother, keeping them in good humour by reading stories to them, or otherwise amusing them, but on several occasions he detained them to dinner, that he might get another sitting that day. Mrs. Calmady on one occasion, on her return to his house, after driving home for an hour to attend to her infant, found Sir Thomas, with the child on his knee, feeding it with mashed potatoes and mutton chops, whilst he was coaxing and caressing the other, who was fed by the servant. As frequently as he kept the children for the day, he would always feed them himself, and play with them with the simplicity of genuine fondness and delight; and when food and sport had recruited them, they

were again placed in the chair, and the business of the portrait proceeded.

At one sitting, he was interrupted by the arrival of a packet from the King of Denmark, which he opened and read to Mr. and Mrs. Calmady. It contained his election, in French, to the rank of Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Denmark, and the King's letter was signed, "votre affectioné, Christian Frederick." Reading the flattering compliments paid to him by the King, Sir Thomas smiled and said, "The fact is, they have heard I am painting this picture."

The children caught his amiable humour, and played with him as with *la bonne nourice;* and at one long sitting, the little cherub, with her fat rosy cheeks, relieved her own *ennui*, and supplied him with a fund of laughter, by her nursery tales of "Dame Wiggins," and "Field Mice, and Raspberry Cream."

Sir Joshua's delight at the gambols of children was equally in accordance with his amiable manners and kind heart; and to this we owe his exquisite paintings of infants and children, some of which may survive his best historical or fancy pictures."

At one sitting, after Sir Thomas Lawrence

had had the shoe of little Emily Calmady often taken off, and had attempted to catch her playful attitudes and expressions, he could not help exclaiming, "How disheartening it is, when we have nature before us, to see how far—with our best efforts and all our study—how very far short we fall of her!"

Though the world at this time was illiberal in its censures, respecting his delay in finishing his subjects, his exertions were unremitting; nor would the earnest solicitations of applicants permit him to decline their commissions. On Mrs. Calmady asking his servant if his master intended to accept the Marquis of Hertford's invitation to hear Rossini, who had just arrived in this country, he answered "no; that he seldom went out of an evening now, comparatively speaking. Once he used to go to three or four parties of an evening, but now he generally stays in his study the whole evening, writing or drawing."

On another occasion, a lady of discernment observed, after meeting him in company, "I thought I never saw any body look so pale, to be in health—yet so very handsome. When we could catch him without the animation that lights him when speaking, he looks like a marble statue, with the lips and eyes only tinted. I cannot

think but that he applies much too closely for his health, and indeed that he cannot be quite well, whatever he may say. His gaze made me melancholy when sitting opposite to him in the evening: to my idea, there never was so much sweetness, and benignity, and gentleness expressed in any countenance, where also so much genius, and brilliant animation, and such forcible and searching inquiry, are depicted."

Having once fed the children with their dinner, as they sat on his knees, he drew to the table to take his luncheon; but when he rose, to his surprise he found the child had got hold of his palette and paints, and with her hands had daubed her face in a ludicrous manner. When Mrs. Calmady entered the room, she was surprised, until she knew the cause, to find Sir Thomas and his servant busily employed, not in painting, but in washing the child.

But waving these little anecdotes, which, however, introduce the reader familiarly to the man, when the painting was finished Sir Thomas declared, "This is my best picture. I have no hesitation in saying so—my best picture of the kind, quite—one of the few I should wish hereafter to be known by." He afterwards addressed the following letter to Mrs. Calmady.

The picture had been sent to Windsor, and

the King was very desirous of possessing it.* The engraving of it had a very large sale; and so much did that of the chalk-drawing please

* "*Russell Square, October 25th,* 1824.

"My dear Madam,

"I have great pleasure in acquainting you of the safe arrival of the picture, and still greater in thanking you for it. When it arrived I was at the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, from whence I am but just returned; and having gone there on Tuesday last, I was doubting whether I should not trust to your goodness to send me the picture, that I might offer it to the inspection of his Majesty, who had heard of it from the Duchess of Gloucester; but on reflection, I thought it so unreasonable to take it one moment sooner than Captain Calmady and yourself were inclined to send it, that I abandoned the intention, trusting to some future moment for what I will not consider an *entirely* selfish gratification, since no small part of the pleasure of showing it to my royal patron, would be its faithfulness of resemblance to the children of my friends—if indeed I may venture to claim them as such, on so short an acquaintance.

"You are quite right about the initials. I believe five pictures would include all on which I have written them.

"You pay too flattering attention to my talent in copying those early examples of its defect. I used to wish to see the productions of my youth and childhood; but the few that I have recovered have so disappointed me, that I feel no longer curiosity or interest about them. I feel both, however, in the copies made or making from them; and now you shall pardon me for inquiring after the drawing of a certain room,* with all

* An allusion to a perspective view of Sir Thomas's room, by Mrs. Calmady.

Sir Thomas, that he insisted upon the engraver, Mr. Lewis, taking eighty instead of sixty guineas for his production.

It had been observed "that Sir Thomas Lawrence lost very large sums of money, by trying to bring young engravers into notice, and to get them employed. About the period of the engraving of these two children, there was a young engraver to whom Sir Thomas gave a drawing to execute. When he brought his work back, Sir Thomas asked him, how much

its lumber and tasteless furniture, of which I once heard. Is it still in existence? Did it *ever* exist?

"You give me hope of Mr. Calmady's coming to town about Christmas. My painting-room can no longer have the same temptations for you that it had, but your visit to it will then be the kinder, and I must place before you the best recent efforts of my pencil, that the courtesy of my friends may not be *wholly* thrown away.

"Rest assured, dear Madam, that my acceptance of Mr. Calmady's invitation is but deferred. Although the present year is too far advanced to permit my presenting myself at Woodcote, I shall be but too happy to wait on you in the next.

"Pray give my best compliments to Mr. Calmady when you write to him, and present me respectfully to you sister; believing me to remain, with high esteem,

"My dear Madam,

"Your exceedingly obliged and faithful Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Mrs. Calmady, Woodcote, near Alresford, Hants.

he was indebted to him for it, and paying the demand, he observed, "It is of no use to me." The poor engraver, from Sir Thomas speaking "in so kind a manner," had no idea that he alluded to the worthless plate, but thought he referred to the money; and he observed, that it was very odd, though it was very polite, in Sir Thomas saying when he paid him the money, "that it was of no use to him."

I may mention here, that a person employed by Sir Thomas many months in mounting drawings for him, at last forged his name upon his bankers', Messrs. Coutts, for two hundred pounds, and the day after, his wife sent to Sir Thomas a pressing letter for nineteen pounds due to her husband, and which he forthwith paid. No inducement, however, could make him proceed against the man. He preferred paying the money, and all he observed upon the occasion was, "I never would hang a man for two hundred pounds;" and "at times I thought I had observed a bad expression of countenance upon him."

This anecdote illustrates something of more consequence to society than the equanimity and mercy of Sir Thomas Lawrence—the encouragement held out to the crime of forgery and to crimes in general, by the sanguinary character of

the law—a law in this instance so pertinaciously adhered to by the executive government, till forced to abandon it by the opposition in the legislature.

In quitting the subject of this celebrated painting, it must be observed, that it was exhibited at the French Academy, and excited even a stronger admiration than in England; but in all the French engravings from it, the complexions of the two faces were assimilated, the tone of one being reduced and the other raised. It is singular, that before the French had seen the original, in their coloured plates, taken from our lithographs, they had given to each child the right coloured hair. The French lithographs were very widely circulated throughout the provincial towns, and were to be seen in the farm-houses. It is not very flattering to the English, to reflect upon the superior class of works of art circulated amongst the lower orders on the continent, compared to what is palatable to our lower classes, especially in the country.

The royal game of goose no longer adorns the walls of our cottages; nor are the green and yellow parrots, and the black shapeless parsons with chalk faces seen on the mantel-pieces of the poor; and Death and the Fair Lady are banished, at least as far as Botany Bay—but except the beautiful cheap images of the itinerant

Italians substituted for the parrots and the parsons, what indications have we, among the poor, of any appreciation of aught that is not sensual or adapted to relieve the hard necessities of life? The common pictures of the French are poetical and refined, and the old high-coloured abominations, once classical and still exhibited in St. Paul's Churchyard, could not be tolerated amongst them.

In the cottages of the French are seen, ornamenting the walls, military diagrams or lithographs, which display a moral and intellectual direction to the impulses of the people. Perhaps the equal distribution of property will account for this.

At the commencement of this year, he had the misfortune, to lose, by death, one of his most estimable friends, Miss Lee, the coadjutor of her sister in the production of the Canterbury Tales.

The letter of Sir Thomas Lawrence to her sister, upon the occasion, is replete with good sense and good feeling.

"Buckingham House, April 1, 1824.

"My dear ————

"I write of necessity in a hurry, and not from

my own house, but from the Queen's Palace, where at this moment I am occupied with completing a portrait of the Duchess of Gloucester, for the Exhibition; a picture, that, with others, must go in on the fifth or sixth of this month, so true it is, that the business of life goes on when those whom we have most respected in it no longer form a portion of its rational affection and just pride. You have characterized most beautifully your sister's genius and nature, and that happy usefulness of wisdom—perhaps the most enviable gift, except the youthfulness of her heart, that heaven had sent her. I now ask from you a great favour, and what I shall esteem a particular kindness and regard: I ask a ring, and more than that, a small lock of hair from an aged person, that I shall value more than the brightest from the most beautiful. If I could detect in myself, for an instant, the smallest insincerity in the feeling that prompts this request, I should have sufficient pride to be ashamed of making it; but in long absence and long silence, my thoughts have never swerved or changed in their respect and affection for your sister, and I therefore can appeal to her at this moment, in whatever blessed state she is, conscious or unconcious of the thoughts of the less happy beings she has

left, for this trifle (if it is in your power) being due to my unswerving truth. Pray, therefore, let me have it.

"I was informed that the paragraph was in all the principal papers.* It was in my own—in the Morning Post, and the Sun; and I saw it in another. The gentlemen to whose agency I entrusted this would accept of nothing for it, assuring me of that general respect which I found was paid to her dear memory. As to adding to that simple account, I had no power to do it, if at any other time I had had the ability to do it. Yet I made the effort, but only to destroy it at its commencement. I shall look for the New Monthly on my return to Russell Square, to-day. Accept my sincerest thanks for your letter, and the assurance of that lasting esteem, which is so deservedly your claim from all, as it is from your obliged friend,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To Miss Harriett Lee,
"St. Vincent's Parade, Hot Wells, Bristol."

But Sir Thomas Lawrence's pencil generally, and in this instance above all others, elicited the

* This alludes to the honourable mention which was made of this distinguished lady in the periodical publications.

finest specimens of engraving that ever did honour to English talent. The painting of the children was engraved in line by Mr. Doo, and the sketch was exquisitely given by Mr. Lewis, in the perfection of the power, delicacy, and truth of his numerous engravings of the beautiful plain and tinted drawings of Lawrence—works in which, from his infancy, this great painter had excelled all living or modern artists.

No man could be more friendly, liberal, and generous to his engravers than Sir Thomas Lawrence.

He evinced these feelings to his favourite lithographist Mr. Lane, upon the death of whose child he was full of sympathy, and condoled with the parent with great feeling, using, however, only the usual arguments of the escape from all the ills of life by an early death—arguments, perhaps, not very consonant to omnipotent benevolence.

Sir Thomas, though imbued with a rational piety, was *parcus deorum cultor et infrequens.* He probably remembered Sir Joshua's oft-repeated observation, that the man who made Sunday an idle day, would never make a great painter. Mr. Lane found him one Sunday morning touching a proof of one of his engravings. 'After a

few observations upon not being at church, Lawrence begged him to alter, on the stone, the touches he had just added to the proof. Mr. Lane excused himself by observing, that he had pledged himself to his dying father never to work on a Sunday. Sir Thomas smiled at this righteousness over much, the zeal without knowledge, but he respected the sacred character of the promise to a dying parent, and he concluded the interview with feeling and delicacy.

When Sir Thomas first sent for Mr. Lewis, he politely said, "You are, I believe, the artist that engraved Michael Angelo's last judgment, for Mr. Ottley, and you are able to do any thing for me. I am extremely anxious to have a portrait of a friend Sir Charles Stewart, (Lord Londonderry) engraved." Mr. Lewis replied that he had never engraved a portrait, and was diffident of his powers on such a finished drawing. Lawrence, immediately shaking him by the hand, rejoined, "I am most happy to confide it to you;" and he insisted upon its performance.

When the engraving of the Calmady sketch was brought to him, he exclaimed that it was the most beautiful he had ever seen, and asked Mr. Lewis whether he would dispose of the plate to him. A

sum was named, and Lawrence immediately paid twenty guineas more than was asked. Mr. Lewis observed to him, that the world thought he flattered in his likenesses. "I have never pleased myself as to nature, but only as to likeness," said Lawrence; "there, you see, (pointing to the Calmady sketch) what a falling off we make from nature."

When the same engraver brought him a proof of Harlow's best work, (his portrait of Northcote,) Lawrence resolved to retouch it; observing, "It never shall be said, that the finest work, from so great a man, went into the world without such assistance as I can give. Harlow had faults; but we must not remember the faults of one who so greatly improved himself in his art." This alone removes the aspersion of Lawrence's jealousy of Harlow, and of his resentment at his unjustifiable conduct.

Lawrence was above all vanity or selfishness: for he used to say to Mr. Lewis, "You must not any longer engrave from my drawings;*

* The tinted drawings of Lawrence are calculated to give the finest feelings to the imagination. In the correctness of drawing he was unrivalled; and he gave to these works a fancy, a poetry, and a taste beyond conception. He seemed to unbend, and give way to his humour, without the awe of the public, which sometimes restrained or modified his dispo-

you must engrave the drawings of Michael Angelo, Raphaele, and of Claude and Rembrandt, at the Museum. The Museum intends to appoint you engraver, and I long to possess your copies of the Claudes." But Sir Thomas forgot that our

sition in his oil paintings. Many of these exquisite pencilings have been made public by Mr. Lewis's plates; and almost all the best of them were selected by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for this gentleman's engraving; and he superintended the process, touching and re-touching the proofs with a sort of affectionate anxiety for that branch of art, which in boyhood had raised him to fame, and in which he delighted throughout his life. Many of the finest of these engravings have been kept strictly private; but a work is about to be published, which will contain facsimiles of some of the best of these beautiful emanations of the mind and heart of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Among these are extraordinary portraits of his father and mother, and of several beautiful children of his sister's, as well as a likeness of himself, hitherto unknown. There are also portraits of many beautiful women and public characters.

Among the specimens will be portraits of—the Lady Georgiana Ellis; Mrs. Newdegate; the Marquess of Londonderry: Masters Arbuthnot; Prince Leopold; Mr. Sotheby; Mrs. Fitzgerald; Princess Esterhazy; Miss Adams; Misses Calmady; Countess Worrinzow; Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; Lady Georgiana Gordon; Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire; Mrs. Fairlie; Miss Ann Bloxam; Miss Susan Bloxam; Marquess of Douglass and sister; Dr. Wollaston; Cardinal Gonsalvi; young Malton; his present Majesty, &c. Several of these are already known—others have as yet been private.

government bestows no patronage upon the arts.*

Sir Thomas was careful not to hurry his engravers. It has been imagined that all posthumous engravings would evince the want of the careful and repeated touches which he gave to every plate during his life; but the engravings of the drawings (life size) of Mrs. Fairlie, and of his present Majesty, evince no such deficiency—the latter has given great satisfaction to the King and Queen, and to their family. It is a most extraordinary specimen of identity of likeness, seen through a favourable medium—Lawrence's peculiar and enviable faculty.†

The following letter is a specimen of Lawrence's most familiar style of correspondence, and it evinces a thorough kindness of heart towards artists, free from the petulance and morbid feelings of this most jealous profession.

* The votes to the British Museum were about this time very much reduced in amount, the revenue being distressed by the expenses of the Sovereign.

† The plates of Lady Georgiana Ellis, (daughter of the Earl of Carlisle,) and of young Malton, were engraved since the death of Lawrence. When he was shown his fine drawing of this boy, he was much affected, and observed, "How very little I have improved since that."

" Russell Square, March 6th, 1827.

" DEAR SIR,

" I am deeply concerned at the information you give me of the indisposition of Mrs. Calmady, and the anxiety and distress of Mr. Calmady. I have written to him this evening. I meant to have called to-day, but was prevented by unavoidable business.

" I thank you much for the print you sent me from Mr. Newton's small picture. It is an admirable imitation of his original and tasteful manner.

" I am glad to receive my copy of your publication of the river Exe. You have succeeded in it very happily; preserving the spirit and fidelity of sketches evidently from nature, and of scenery, too beautiful to have passed unobserved by any. The *selection* of each view is, however, obviously the choice of an experienced artist, who sees, in the simplest combinations, matter for the finest skill. Surely some of these would paint well. You have recently so greatly improved in that difficult part of your art, that you have no excuse, even in those popular efforts of the graver and etching needle, for long relaxation from it.

" Let me see an impression from the plate of the lamented Duchess of Devonshire as soon as

you are sufficiently satisfied with it, or are prepared for the fastidious eye, and minute criticism, of the original artist.

" Believe me to remain,

" Dear Sir,

" Your obliged and faithful servant,

" THOMAS LAWRENCE.

" To F. C. Lewis, Esq , Sen., Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place."

CHAPTER V.

Recovery of a Michael Angelo.—Sir Joshua's mistake.—Notions of an accurate Copy.—Reviving a Raphael.—Kindness to Nephews.—The Exhibition of 1825.—Portrait of Master Lambton.—Criticisms.—Private Correspondence.—A public Dinner at Bristol.—Address to the Academy.—Newspaper criticism.—Lectures at the Academy.—Opinions upon the great Masters.—Observations upon Sir Thomas's Lectures of 1821, 1825, and 1826.—Death of Fuseli and of Flaxman.—Private Correspondence upon Works of Art in Paris.—Raphael's Drawings in the Louvre.—A Letter from Sir George Beaumont.—A list of Presents from foreign Princes.

About the year 1810, Mr. Ottley had accidentally picked up an old drawing that had belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had written under it the name of Donatello, in indication of his attributing it to the pencil of that artist. The science of antiquities has been justly termed the science of conjectures. If a knowledge of paintings could be called a science, it might appropriate to itself the cognomina of the vague and conjectural. The differences of opinion upon the originality of paintings are almost infi-

nite; and each scrutinizer, in a short period, differs from himself as much as he ever differed from others. Mr. Ottley, however, an undisputed judge, of the finest discrimination, was intimately acquainted with the style and works of Michael Angelo, the god of Sir Joshua's idolatry; and he wrote under the drawing in pencil, "*a presso* Michael Angelo." Being at Paris in 1820, Mr. Ottley by chance saw in a shop the original drawing, and immediately became its purchaser. The subject was an old Sorceress or Prophetess; one of the finest of Michael Angelo's productions. On his return to England, Mr. Ottley presented it to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who wrote to him the following note, upon the spur of the moment of its arrival:

"Russell Square, Wednesday Morning.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The Beauty is arrived. The copy is tolerably accurate; but it is just in what it differs that the superior grandeur of the original consists.

"Do come and dine with me to-day at five. I know that you will forgive my going to a prior engagement at half-past nine in the evening.

"Believe me ever,

"Most truly yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Donatello died in 1366, about one hundred and forty years before Michael Angelo was born. The mistake was curious in such a man as Sir Joshua: but Lawrence's letter conveys an odd idea of "a tolerably accurate" copy: *i. e.* a copy of a grand master, that differs only in the points of grandeur.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, on another occasion, was availing himself of Mr. Ottley's skill, in attempting to revive the metallic white in a painting of Raphael's.

"TO W. Y. OTTLEY, ESQ.

"Sunday Morning.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"This is a beautiful morning for reviving the lights on Raphael.

"I am entirely alone, and we could be working side by side, for I am obliged to draw.

"We are not the less devout, because adoring the Divinity in the faculties of Raphaele, or with a grateful spirit exercising our own.

"Ever, my dear Sir,

"Yours,

T. L.

In the following letter is an allusion to a celebrated hound of Sir Walter Scott's, which Sir

Thomas Lawrence intended to have introduced into one of his portraits.

"Russell Square, Nov. 7th, 1824.

"My dear Madam,

"I take the liberty to send to Dr. Hughes the accompanying opinions and tribute of an artist.

"I would very gladly make fit apology for my presumption in doing so; but I can find it only in the long constancy of your kindness, and in the respectful mention made in these pages, of names that I know are dear to you—Sir Joshua and Mr. Kemble, Mr. West and Mrs. Siddons.

"Have you had more letters from Sir Walter? How sincerely sorry I am to learn that his favourite hound is dead. A selfish regret has great part in this feeling, for the fine animal was to have been my subject.

"May your happiness in the talent and genius of your son, be long secured by his health. This I know to be the most insinuating prayer that I can offer for you at this moment, when all possible conciliation is so necessary to me.

"With best remembrance to the Doctor, I beg you to believe me,

"My dear Madam,

"Your most faithful servant,

"Thomas Lawrence."

At the conclusion of the year Sir Thomas heard of the safe arrival of his nephews, Andrew and J. Bloxam, at Madeira. These young gentlemen had sailed on board the Blonde, frigate, commanded by Lord Byron, on a voyage to the South Seas, with a view of collecting an Herbarium in the islands of the Pacific, and pursuing their botanical researches. On his return, Mr. Andrew published an interesting account of his voyage.

Sir Thomas, with his usual kindness and liberality, had attended to the equipment of the enthusiasts in the pursuit of knowledge; and having accompanied them to Portsmouth, to witness the departure of the ship on her long voyage, he wrote the following letter to his sister, the day after her sons had sailed from Portsmouth.

" September 30th, 1824.

" My dear Ann,

" I have only time to tell you that your sons sailed at seven o'clock yesterday morning, and both in perfect health; Andrew appearing quite recovered from his cold. I saw them on board on the afternoon of Tuesday, with the Sandwich party. On Monday I had the pleasure of dining with them, in company with Lord Byron, at my friend Sir G. Martin's, who you know has now

the command at Portsmouth, and who was kindly active in pressing for the proper assistance to Andrew, in his new object of pursuit, the weights and measures, &c. These were furnished him from the dockyard, on Tuesday night.

"Andrew will have informed you that I went down on Saturday, and I returned by the same conveyance yesterday."

"Many thanks to you for the prints by Mortimer. I knew them well, and shall return them to you, because they are good furniture prints, though not, in my mind, of high value as works of genius. Still they are cheap, and having Mortimer's signature to them, have additional interest.

"Adieu, and believe me ever,

"Your affectionate brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Sir Thomas communicated to his sister her sons' arrival at Madeira, in the following letter.

"November 25th, 1824.

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"I have the pleasure to send you these satisfactory tidings of my nephews' safe arrival at

Madeira; for you will perceive, by a pencil mark on my envelope, that they had reached it.

"Of their stormy passage, its losses and privations, we must not think, since the result has such comfort in it, and since they were suffered equally by all.

"Receive my sincerest thanks for your letters, and kind thoughts of me in the present you sent; but I shall now interdict you from sending more, because they tempt me to eat them, and the smallest taste of them so immediately disagrees with me, that I have for years given up eating them; and I think none of my few intimate friends like them, though these, I know, are so entirely to be liked.

"Believe me ever,

"Your affectionate Brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

However popular was the genius of our great artist at this period, the next year brought to him an accession of fame, surpassing the precedent of any former year. The Exhibition of the Royal Academy, at Somerset House, for 1825, contained one thousand and seventy-two works of art, among which were eight splendid specimens from the pencil of the President. These were—28. Portrait of Mrs. Peel. 57. Her Royal

Highness the Princess Sophia. 71. The Duke of Wellington. 83. Portrait of the Right Honourable George Canning. 118. The Lord Chancellor. 140. John Wilson Croker, Esq. 288. The son of J. G. Lambton, Esq. 399. Lord Bexley.

The Hon. Charles William Lambton.—This is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful paintings of a child ever produced by art; and, in my opinion, decidedly the best portraiture of childhood by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is not the representation of coarse or common, though it is of simple nature, pure, artless, and unsophisticated. It is a child of aristocracy; but its degree is exhibited more by beauty and mild intelligence, than by any modishness, or by any contrivances of adjuncts or circumstances; for he is seated carelessly on a rock, without any of the emblems used by painters to express rank or wealth.

The painting is smooth and delicate, though of strong touches and decided outline. There is something very pretty and natural in the manner in which the right hand rests upon the rock, and in the position of the legs and rucking up of the trowsers; whilst the whole body is expressive of the repose in unison with the serene,

placid, and amiable contemplation portrayed in the beautiful countenance. The features are delicate, and remarkably fine, without being effeminate; and the large, full black eyes, are painted most exquisitely. The hands are free from Sir Thomas's darkness of shadows. Perhaps, the drawing-room, dressy look of the legs, might have been avoided, by giving a child of this age socks, and letting the leg be seen in the carelessness of his posture.

The fault of this picture is its colouring, which is good in itself, but not adapted to the sentiment of the painting.

Sir Thomas, like other great painters, has often shown a singular indecision in the choice of his colours; almost as if he had been without the delicate and nice discrimination, which at other times distinguished him. Hence he frequently changed his mind; and after asking for the opinions of very incompetent persons, would adopt those that by no means improved upon his own. He had originally clothed this boy in a yellow dress; but it was objected to him, that that colour produced an unpleasant monotony with the browns of the gravel and rocks forming the back ground. But was yellow itself a good colour for the sentiment of the picture? and if it were, why could not the back ground have been

altered? At present it is feeble, and wanting shadow and distinctness, and conveying little idea of a good selection from nature. The glossy blue handkerchief with yellow spots, is a great blemish; and the moonlight is not well managed. Might not this back-ground have been relieved by lichens, and stunted mountain herbage, and sere red foliage—or would not a deep grove, with the luxuriance of forest trees, have been better adapted to the purposes or sentiment of the painting? But if the dress were to be changed from its original yellow, was red the only alternative? It appears to make too sudden and strong a contrast, for a painting of a nature precluding a violent transition of tints; and of all colours, the garish, flashy red, is the least suited to express repose, solemnity, and the hallowed serenity of contemplation. But it were to consider too curiously, to consider after this fashion; and the painting is one of exquisite beauty. It may be termed an ethical picture, for the sight of it calms the mind, and soothes the disposition to all that is soft and good.

This young gentleman was the eldest son of Lord Durham, by his second wife, Louisa Elizabeth, the daughter of the second (present) Earl Grey; and was born in January, 1818. He was seven years of age when this portrait was taken.

It is but just to add, that the public opinion was represented in the following critique on this painting, which appeared in a periodical work at the time:

"This is one of the most exquisite representations of interesting childhood that we have ever beheld. The simple action and sweet expression of infantile nature which we see in this portrait, were never excelled by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his happiest moments. The boy is seated amid some rocky scenery, enjoying, apparently, a waking dream of childhood, and, for the moment, unconscious of external objects. His attitude is simple and natural—just as a child might throw himself down on a green bank, after being fatigued with sport, when the flow of his animal spirits subsides, without being exhausted. His dress being of crimson velvet, is of course, very rich; yet it never attracts the attention for an instant from that soft look of innocence, and those engaging eyes, which reflect the loveliest light of a pure and happy mind. It is, indeed, one of those works that make the painter be forgotten in the reality of the creation which he has produced. It speaks directly to the feelings, in the very voice of nature; and at once fascinates the heart. The colouring is warm

and chaste; the execution marked with equal feeling and accuracy."

The following is an interesting family letter. Well may the author say, "I have never painted better." The nervous anxiety that Sir Thomas Lawrence always felt when he had to appear in public assemblies as an official functionary, is incidentally alluded to in all the letters he wrote to his family about the periods of the several occasions. Such an anxiety is the nature of the febrile temperament of genius, and indicates the unconscious power of high performance, rather than any source of deficiency. Persons of less exalted notions of what is great, or with less discrimination of what is delicate and refined, have less anxiety upon such occasions. I have heard a person remark, that when the diploma of Doctor of Civil Laws was conferred upon Sir Thomas Lawrence, Dr. Southey, and others, by the University of Oxford, in their theatre, immediately the gentlemen newly elected, rose to acknowledge the honour, the fine person and grace of Sir Thomas's obeisance and manners, absorbed the attention of the audience, and the applause was reiterated.

May 12th, 1825.

"MY DEAREST ANN,

"Let me first congratulate you on the miraculous escape of dear Lucy from this fearful danger. Her presence of mind and courage demand all praise, and more kisses than you can give her for me. 'Tis a great happiness to be possessed of such qualities; and I think women have often the former in quite as eminent a degree as men. Patience, fortitude, we know they possess in superior power. I know that I could not have *looked* at it another second.

"I once foolishly went to see Madame Sacqui on her first coming to England, go up from the stage to the upper gallery; and saw her once over the orchestra and no farther: yet, I like to see women on horseback, on steeds which it is obvious they can manage; and if Lucy particularly wishes it, I will paint a whole length of her for the next Exhibition '*on the horse as afterwards runn'd away with her!*' Of course, I have executed your commission. The letter is gone by the Blossom. The Pylades, it appears, is destined for the east, and not the *west* side of America.

"I regret that I have not retained a catalogue; and to-day, you must go without it. You will be glad to know, that I have never

painted better, and that I got through my *nervous* day of the dinner with credit to myself, and therefore without shaming the Academy.

"I have never been more fagged, and never was in more danger, from very lassitude and weariness, of failing in my task. I shall rejoice to see my nephew John, whose verses* I liked almost as much as I do their author.

"Give me again cheering news of your health, and believe me ever

"Your attached brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

At public dinners, Lawrence was generally taciturn, and retired within himself. Ceremony seemed to overwhelm him. His speeches were short, appropriate, and well delivered.

In transmitting to his sister a letter he had received from her son, he accompanied it by a slight note, indicative of his uniform and unvarying kindness of disposition, and of the industry with which he applied to his profession.

* This composition gained the Trustees' prize at Rugby School in April 1826; and in the July following, the trustees presented him with an exhibition £60 per annum for seven years. He is now an under graduate, and Bible Clerk, at Wor. Coll. Oxford.

Let this latter allusion refer to the unworthy reflections that have been made upon his long delay in finishing portraits, a delay which has been attributed to every cause but that of truth.

"June 16, 1825.

"My dearest Sister,

"I send you comfort and happiness, in intelligence of your sons; and that unalloyed by illness. We both expected to have heard more from Andrew, but possibly we shall soon have a long letter from him. Let me hear from you, and that your strength increases, and that you determine to go to the seaside,—the best, and surest restorative.

"I am compelled to write this in haste, having been employed from early morning to this last half-hour of the post.

"Ever your affectionate Brother,

"Thomas Lawrence."

Among his family letters, I find the next to be to his sister, Mrs. Bloxam, at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight.

"July, 1825.

"'The sun's perpendicular height illumined the depths of the sea,
And the fishes beginning to sweat; cried, 'Hang it, how hot we shall be!'"

"This *was* their ejaculation, and now I suppose you find their prediction verified, by the shoals of them that come floating lifeless on the strand! Yet this is the moment, of all others, that makes me long to *be* a fish, or some amphibious animal, that might have its choice of another element, the moment the one he pants in becomes too hot to hold him. Jean can hardly support himself; the maids, I SUPPOSE, are alive; William looks with a face of despair when a message is proposed to him; and Holman is fast dissolving another Ladona! We have never, I think, known such intensity of heat as these last two or three days have inflicted on us, and I write this short line to learn, my dear Anne, how you all have borne it. I cannot conceive a hotter place than Portsmouth; but Ryde, I think, must be comparatively cool, from its aspect, or am I here forgetful. Thinking of you, and that it would be pleasant for you to be moving about while remaining there, I went the other evening to the Horse Bazaar to see if there

were some small horse, and low riding car, that might suit you; but going along I could see none that I liked, and made therefore an unsatisfactory visit. Pray, therefore, do not stint yourself, but hire some little thing, for which I shall be gladly answerable, for this exact purpose, which I know would be healthful as well as amusing to you. Though a little disappointing as to his own pursuits, dear Andrew's letter must have been gratifying to you, since it speaks of his continued health, and of all being well. My own journey is a little postponed from unavoidable business—business from his Majesty as well as my own. This weather too, if so excessive here, must be doubly so at Paris, where both heat and cold are more intense.

"Let me have the happiness of a line from you, and continue to believe me

"Your affectionate Brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

It might not be just to repeat the stigma and reproaches cast upon the fair town of Bristol by Savage and others, and it is reasonable to suppose that she is no longer so absorbed in the love of lucre, as to be indifferent to the fame that her sons may acquire in arts or arms. Bristol, albeit its anti-reform spirit, must have

partaken of some of the improved spirit of the age. Certain, however, is it, that Sir Thomas Lawrence had received the highest homage to his genius from his sovereign, and from foreign monarchs, and the highest honours from seven foreign cities, ere the city of his nativity thought of noticing him, otherwise than by a bacchanalian toast at a dinner-table.

On the 21st of March, 1825, the Bristol Institution had its annual dinner; Mr. Hassel, the Mayor, presiding. The citizens duly drank the health of their own magistrates and worthy selves, then of a neighbouring borough trafficker, a Duke influential in the *freedom* of elections in Bristol and the county, and at last they jumbled in one toast, "Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Bayly, *and other native artists of Bristol.*" Shade of Chatterton, what a birth-place was thine! The toast might resuscitate Savage with a fit of splenetic laughter.

However, a Mr. Harford eulogized Lawrence, assuring the company that he had been duly asked to dinner, but that he could not come, though he had sent his native city a present of a copy of his printed academical discourse (for 1823). The report proceeds to state, that Mr. H. here read some passages from Sir Thomas Lawrence's letter, very complimentary to the Bristol Insti-

'tution, and expressive of the warmest wishes for its successful progress. Mr. H. also read a further passage, referring to Sir Thomas's title in the Legion of Honour recently conferred upon him by the King of France, and then proceeded thus:—"Gratifying as the passages which I have just read will, I am confident, prove to the feelings of every gentleman present, some disappointment may possibly be felt that nothing is said relative to the promise which I had the honour of conveying to this society on the part of Sir Thomas Lawrence, of his painting, in conformity to their request, his own portrait to decorate the walls of the Institution. Gentlemen, I am quite sure Sir Thomas is anxious to redeem his pledge. I even believe the portrait is, at this moment, in progress; and he allows me, on the present occasion, to assure you, that he is too much flattered by the nature and object of your request, for it to be possible that he should lose sight of it. The tribute of admiration which we unite in paying to the genius of Sir Thomas Lawrence, is no more than the expression of a sentiment which not only pervades England, but which prevails also throughout all Europe. I can, from my own knowledge, assert that the most distinguished artists of Rome, when he visited that city, vied with the Papal government

in heaping upon him marks of public consideration—indeed, the honours conferred upon him were of a nature to recall to memory those days when Charles the Fifth disdained not to pick up for Titian the pencil which he had dropped, and Lionardo da Vinci was admitted to terms of friendship and intimacy with Francis the First. It is the distinguishing felicity of Lawrence, that some of the finest productions of his powerful pencil will go down to posterity, as historical records of that glorious epoch in our history, which beheld the principal crowned heads of Europe, and the most illustrious heroes and statesmen of modern times, assembled in the capital of this country, at the very moment after that great confederacy, of which England was the life and soul, had humbled in the dust the pride of Napoleon, and broken the iron fetters of French despotism. The good taste and patriotic feeling of his present Majesty then suggested, as it is well known, the scheme of procuring from the pencil of Lawrence the portraits of the most distinguished of his illustrious visitors; so that posterity, while surveying upon the walls of our royal palace the portraits of Blucher and of Platoff, will connect the era of Lawrence with the visit of those heroes to London after the capture of Paris, and by the same happy coincidence, his name will

be indelibly associated with the many splendid portraits which he has painted of our own great Wellington; of which, it may be truly said, that the painter is worthy of the hero, and the hero of the painter. The honour recently conferred upon Sir Thomas Lawrence, by the Court of France, and to which his letter allúdes, is doubly remarkable, from the fact, that the French nation, through its prevalent vanity, has hitherto been extremely backward to do justice to the merits of the English school of painting. Sir, the whole nation is interested in the public honours which other nations pay to her own illustrious sons. The lustre which genius sheds upon the country in which it first saw the light, is, in a certain sense, reflected upon all its inhabitants; but the majority of the gentlemen who compose this meeting, may justly, in the present instance, appropriate to themselves a more than common share of this honour; because to them belongs the distinction of regarding Sir Thomas Lawrence in the character which he himself claims in the letter which I have just read—I mean that of our *townsman*. If, however, this city may justly feel proud of him, as one of its brightest ornaments, sure I am that he, on his part, would feel proud of his native city, could he be present this day, and witness this assem-

blage of men of wealth, and honour, and learning, and science—men of various and often conflicting parties, forgetting, for the moment, every difference of opinion, rising into a higher sphere of light, and science, and philosophy, uniting their efforts to promote the diffusion of knowledge; and offering, with one accord, to superior genius and talent, that homage which, in all ages and in all civilized countries, has been its appropriate and merited reward. Sir, though I have now endeavoured to discharge the object for which I rose to address this meeting, I would venture, were I sure that it would not regard me as trespassing too much on its indulgence, to offer one or two remarks not unconnected with my previous observations, and which will serve to introduce a toast which I have been requested to propose. It is sometimes asked, what is the use of the fine arts? And what is the origin of those high honours, which, in all ages of the world, have been paid to them?"

The orator then proceeded to explain to the good citizens that the arts were really *useful*, after which, they all drank the health of "Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Bayly, *and the other native artists of Bristol.*"

In 1829, however, the city honoured Sir Thomas Lawrence, by bestowing upon him the char-

ter of their freedom—not in a gold, or oaken box, which usually encloses the precious gift, to fighting commoners or electioneering lords, but the freedom was given on a piece of parchment, in a blue morocco case. It is dated the 11th of March, 1829.

This year (1825,) was distinguished in the life of our artist, by his delivering an address to the students of the Royal Academy, which was afterwards printed and circulated.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, as I have before observed, had often felt excessively annoyed at the very inaccurate and often vulgar reports of his addresses to the Academy, which appeared in some of the periodical publications. Allusions to these inaccuracies, and to his feelings respecting them, have often occurred in his familiar and private correspondence with his family and friends, and instances of which I have already quoted. Lectures upon art must necessarily be foreign to the subjects upon which the reporters of newspapers are accustomed to exercise either their manual adroitness or mental ingenuity. The machinery of newspapers for criticising works of art is really extraordinary. Raw lads from Ireland, or the English counties, who never beheld a painting, except the sign-board of some whiskey-shop or ale-house, and who are studying

for the bar, with the double occupation of reporting for the London press, are sent to exhibitions of paintings or performances of music, to "give an account of them;" or, in other words, to write critiques. Hence it is, that each class of artists has such a sovereign contempt for the newspaper criticisms upon works in his branch of his profession. Several papers, however, are conducted by persons eminently qualified to feel the beauties and estimate the merits of works of art, and others by men of sufficient prudence to select, for the task of criticising, persons competent to the duty.

In the year 1824, the following notices had been taken by a journal, of the annual address of Sir Thomas Lawrence to the Academy.

"On December 10, 1824, the annual election of officers for the ensuing year took place at the Royal Academy, and the distribution of prizes. Sir Thomas then addressed the students, in a speech replete with feeling and eloquence. He said, 'So highly did the council and general meeting esteem their various specimens, and so generally equal did many of them appear, that it was strongly advocated by many of the members, that a much greater number of medals should be distributed; but by referring to the

laws, which had the sign Manual of his Majesty, they found they could not depart this year from the usual course of giving only *one* in *each* department.'

"He spoke with particular commendation of the Painting School and Life Academy; but reserved for the students of the Antique, the highest encomiums of himself and the council. Of Mr. Fuseli (who was then ill) he said, 'he was a master from whom the most distinguished artists in Europe would be proud to receive instruction.'

"It is impossible, from mere recollection, to describe with sufficient justice the elegance of the language of the accomplished President; or to represent the spirit and feeling with which it was delivered, accompanied by that gracefulness of manner which always distinguishes him—he is in every respect worthy of the elevated station to which he is elected!"—*Copied from the Sun Paper, Dec.* 11, 1824.

A cotemporary journal, in giving a report of this address, had made the President express his dissatisfaction at the want of improvement in the studies of the antique.

It is no longer an easy task for the President of the Academy to address the students at the

annual meeting of the 10th December, except he confine himself merely to the efforts made to obtain the medals and rewards. In the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the address was comparitively a performance of great facility. The ground was then untrodden. The history, literature, and philosophy of the art, had been but little studied in this country, and was very imperfectly understood. Even the science of painting, in precept, and the rules of mechanical application to the canvass, were almost unstudied and unknown, except by a few individuals whose tact and shrewdness had in part supplied the want of a professional education.

Sir Joshua, therefore, when he so laudably resolved to give stability to the art, and dignity to its professors, by voluntarily taking upon himself the office of a lecturer, had a rich and boundless field unreaped by others, and in which he could gather an inestimable harvest, honourably to himself, and to the infinite advantage of his country.

The track, however, which he pursued with such vigorous scrutiny, has since been retraced by others, whilst every path verging from it has been explored with such acuteness and industry, that to attempt the discovery of what is new, or to improve what has been so re-

peatedly imparted by others, would be almost hopeless. To Sir Joshua's lectures have succeeded those of Barry, Opie, Fuseli, and West; and it would be difficult to name a succession of men whose different stamps of genius and characters of intellect, were more singularly calculated to view their subjects through curious and diversified media. The elegant, refined, and minute treatment of his art, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the more vigorous and comprehensive views of Barry, the shrewd sagacity and unsophisticated feeling of Opie, and the strong sense, the learning and faculty of generalization possessed by Fuseli, have exhausted the sources of novelty, and little remains for a President or a Professor addressing the Academy, but candid and acute notices of cotemporary efforts of artists or students.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, moreover, presided over the Academy at a period when the professor's chair was filled by Fuseli, for whose talents and industry as a lecturer he had the highest respect.

But it may be justly observed, that if these circumstances rendered it superérogatory for Sir Thomas Lawrence to address the Academy annually, in didactic studies upon art, his profession had a right to expect from him a series of

strictures upon the works of the great masters, after he had returned from visiting all the splendid collections of them upon the Continent. In these just and rational expectations, they were lamentably disappointed. Much has art, in its present state and future progress, much has taste and refined feeling, suffered by the omission. A mind and temperament like those of Sir Thomas Lawrence, afforded a very peculiar and excellent medium to reflect the great and glorious object he had been beholding.

In 1814 and 1815, he had been to Paris, and ere the gallery of the Louvre was dissipated, he beheld with ecstacy the *opima spolia* of modern Europe. Of his sensations and opinions nothing is to be learnt, but casually in his private correspondence.

In his letters, his opinions and sentiments are poured forth warmly and spontaneously as they arose; and it would have been curious had he modified them or arranged them by reflection, into a systematic course of didactic lectures. His opinions, in his private correspondence, appear in the course of the present biography.

In 1815, whilst at Paris, he had written to his coadjutor in his Atelier.

"His Excellency Lord Stewart's, Rue de Frejus,
Paris, Sept. 25.

"DEAR SIR,

"Let me beg of you, as immediately as possible, to complete, exactly according to its present plan, the picture of Lord and Lady Lyndsay. I left it in my painting-room.

"The gallery is broken up*—the most magnificent assemblage of the efforts of human genius that was ever beheld. A day later would have lost me the sight of some of its finest works. Believe, if you have reliance on my opinion, that the Transfiguration is the first; the Peter Martyr, by Titian, the second; the St. Jerome by Domenichino, the third; the Marriage of St. Catharine, by Coreggio, the fourth; the fifth and sixth, the Entombment of Christ, and Christ crowned with thorns, by Titian; and then Rubens with all his splendour comes in *en masse*. I hope you keep your health well. I fear a letter from you will not reach me in time for my departure, or rather for my stay.

"Believe me to be, dear Sir,

"Most truly yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

* The French Generals of the Napoleon school seem to have always kept in mind one passage in Livy;—"*Ea rite opima spolia quæ dux duci detraxit.*"

In 1820 he had returned from his visit to some of the great towns of the Netherlands, and from the capitals of France, Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Milan; but the *foci* of glories in which he had basked, produced but a few scintillations, where they were most expected to illuminate.

In a letter before quoted, he expresses to his sister, his feelings upon the inaccurate report of his lecture of 1821, in the newspapers. This lecture referred to, contained all the observations upon the galleries he had visited that he ever conveyed to the public.*

* In 1823, at the annual distribution of the prizes, Sir Thomas made an address to the Academy, with which his auditors were so decidely pleased, that their requests that it should be printed were too emphatic and earnest to be resisted. The author's habitual diffidence would otherwise have suppressed this effort of his talents.

This address, with respect to the writer, exhibits his usual liberality of feeling, his enlarged views and his excellence of heart. There are one or two of the points he contends for, that might, however, be disputed. It would not be difficult, in one case, to quote his premise against his own conclusion. He says that, "except in less brilliant periods, when decision may err between equality of talent, the voice of a professor is usually just."

This is applied to historical painting, and yet, during the career of him whom he praises, a nonentity of talent, in that branch of art, constituted a distressing equality; and nevertheless he claims for the profession an infallibility of judgment.

In 1825 he returned to England, from his royal mission to Paris, and the first lecture he delivered upon his return, was (as already stated,) the only one he ever voluntarily had printed.

But in his lecture, or rather address, delivered

Proceeding upon this subject of Mr. West, he allows that he was sustained by "the beneficent patronage of his late Majesty," and that his picture "was preserved with gracious attention in the palace of Buckingham House."

A great and civilizing art, like that of painting, is not a spurious and diseased production to be *sustained* by the *attention* or *beneficence* of a king. The sunshine of royal attention, where there is a public, if not "with merit needless," is "without it vain;" and when Sir Thomas Lawrence says that "the exhibition of the accumulated labours of this venerable and great artist" is "totally neglected and deserted—the spacious rooms in which they are arranged, as destitute of spectators as the vacant walls of some assembly," he ought not to rest upon the infallibility of the profession, nor of the royal patronage, but pay some deference to the judgment and sound sense of the English public.

In fact, Mr. West administered too much to the cant of the day: a cant, certain to go out, as education was diffused. And drawing subjects always from the same source, he acquired a habit of treating them monotonously, until they became perfectly devoid of expression, or of any source of interest, save what they could derive from superstition and the beneficent attentions of majesty.

In other points, this lecture is well deserving of attention. It is inserted in the Appendix.

to the pupils of the Academy on the 10th of December, 1821, he had said:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"I congratulate you upon the decided improvement of one of the schools of art—the Life Academy, and the general alacrity displayed in all. The spirit of emulation, so useful in all professions, is most particularly essential to the perfection of our art. I caution you, gentlemen, against too great a reliance upon that genius with which nature has gifted you. It is by perseverance, and not by natural talent alone, that you will be able to surmount the difficulties of art; those difficulties that enhance and give superiority to our profession over all others. While I congratulate you, that the Life Academy has, this year, retrieved its character, I cannot omit still to enforce the necessity of a constant attention to correctness and purity of drawing; and this too in the most minute and, apparently, insignificant parts, as well as in the general contour of the whole. The works of antiquity should never be absent from your memories. Let no one depend upon the correctness of his eye for fidelity of representation, without having first formed his idea of beauty from these; for a knowledge of beauty is essential to that of truth."

May it not be here observed, that as the works of art are addressed, in this respect, solely to the eye, if they are correct to the vision, any hyper-correctness, by a theory of vision, is superfluous, if not dangerous. A knowledge, or an idea of beauty, according to the ancients, is rather useful in correcting the organ of vision, than in framing the object to be looked at.

But Sir Thomas proceeds:—"The gentlemen who are candidates in historical painting, I would advise, when *inventing* their compositions, not to be led away by an attention only to a play of line, and an harmonious adjustment of parts; but to let truth, nature, and simplicity be their guides."

It may be observed, that no word ever articulated by human mouth, has been used with such a variety and confusion of ideas, as the word "truth." Except in mathematical abstractions, truth is merely what may, at the time and place, preponderate in the perpetual and rapid fluctuations of opinions. It would be difficult to attach any idea to the word, as it is here used by Sir Thomas; except by truth, simplicity, and nature, he means, that the object to be represented should not be complex, and that the representation should convey to the senses, as nearly as possible, the same sensation as the prototype.

Sir Thomas proceeds :—" It is well known that the happiness of life is often lost by inattention to known and *vulgar truths;* and in the same manner are the beauties of art missed, by overlooking those simple and affecting incidents which nature presents to us every day. When inventing, gentlemen, I would advise you not to follow this or that great master ; but to consider your subject as it would have taken place in reality, rendering every thing subordinate to expression ; for it is by expression alone we can touch the heart. He who would make us feel, must feel himself, says a high authority ; and the experience of every day justifies the truth of the assertion. I would recommend to you to make it your constant pursuit, every day and hour of your lives, to concentrate your thoughts towards that point ; for whatever tends to fix and concentrate our thoughts, elevates us as thinking beings. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphaele, Dominichino, and Rembrandt, are the four greatest masters of expression and form. From two sketches of these, (in existence,) it is evident that they made expression the primary and constant object of their studies.

" The first design of Leonardo, in all his works, (excepting those upon fortification and mathematics,) are all highly finished drawings of

expressions. For the characters and expressions in his large picture of the Last Supper, he appears all his life-time to have been searching through nature. Raphaele seems to have formed in his mind the whole of his intended work, before putting a line upon paper; and all was regulated by expression. Dominichino thought no line worthy of the painter that the mind did not draw before the hand. The portfolio of Rembrandt is like the page of Shakespeare; every drawing is itself a drama; the passions speak for themselves. Composition, colour, arrangement of light and shade, all are lost in the power of expression. It is this, and this alone, that entitles our works to situations in the galleries of monarchs, and by the sides of the great efforts of genius of different ages."

Sir Thomas Lawrence then proceeded to point out the course which he considered the most proper for the students to pursue, to attain the grand objects of art. Some, he said, as accorded with their various tastes, should endeavour to catch the action or energy of the living model before them; others to imitate the traits of individual character: some again to embody the vigour of manhood; others to trace the more delicate forms of female loveliness: some to give the softness, the richness, the nature, and substance of flesh; others to catch those splendid gleams of light from nature,

which always surprise and please. The advantages which the Academy afforded in the painting school, should likewise be an additional spur to the advancement of the student; for, not to mention the importance of the study of such examples of the great masters, in regard to the choice and the treatment of the subject, the very presence of them should be an excitement to emulation, if the student considered that he sat side by side, and studied, as it were, in company with those celebrated painters.

It was with sincere pleasure that the President noticed the continued and decided improvement of the students of the antique; their sense of his Majesty's regard for the Royal Academy, in presenting them with so splendid a collection of antique models, (many of them cast under the inspection of the greatest sculptor that ages have produced,) and their veneration for those memorials of the taste of the best age of Greece, which was fully proved by the zeal and attention which their drawings displayed. He recommended to them, strenuously to endeavour at a progressive improvement, and to remember the uncertain tenure by which all excellence was held. He trusted that the time would come when, having accomplished the noblest ends of art, and their works being submitted to the inspection of men,

the most enlightened in understanding, the most refined in taste, and profound in learning, in all Europe, it might with pride be acknowledged, that the basis of so magnificent a fabric was laid under the auspices of Mr. Fuseli.

The President concluded by expressing his earnest wishes for their prosperity and happiness.

Though Sir Thomas Lawrence did not acknowledge the accuracy of this report of his lecture, he left no correction of it, or means of correcting it. It is therefore necessary to make use of this copy, not imputing to him many of the errors it contains. It sufficiently resembles, with respect to precepts, what had been said before, in lectures, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

I now come to his lecture, delivered on the 10th of December, 1825, and which was printed under his correction.

The second paragraph conveys an amiable feeling, delicately, and in a manner calculated to obtain its object of soothing the mortification of the unsuccessful competitors.

"Some difference of opinion may have existed on the present occasion. The result, however, sufficiently proves, that the Academy are pleased with your exertions. In framing the laws which refer to those exertions, the council and members of the Royal Academy

employed the most serious consideration, and maturely weighed every probable circumstance to which they can apply. It might reasonably be expected, that the known printed regulations of a public body would be scrupulously obeyed by those who are to benefit by their operation, and the most injurious consequences would ensue, if they could be infringed with impunity. As this, however, cannot be permitted, the penalty of the fault, or the mistake, must fall on the individual. The regret, indeed, may be deeply felt by the Academy; since few things can be more painful to it, than to see a work of genius deprived of its reward, and the Institution itself, of the just credit which it might otherwise have gained from it."

It is impossible to read this last passage, without the mind being made painfully to recur to what had befallen the speaker, in his first boyish effort to obtain the distinction of a medal from a public body. At the age of thirteen, his copy of the Transfiguration had failed in obtaining the principal medal of the Society of Arts, solely on account of its being sent in after a prescribed period.

In the following passage, Sir Thomas, with a diffidence and a sensitive humility which he could never conquer, greatly under-rates his own

talents. Few will agree with him in his estimate of his own abilities, and all must regret if it were the source of checking his exertions. His explanation, in other respects, has been already anticipated by me. He says—

" The superior importance attached to the delivery of the gold medals, which secure to the students who receive them the advantages of foreign study, determined the council of the Royal Academy to give more of ceremony to it, than belongs to the distribution of its prizes on other occasions. In conformity with this usage, my predecessors in the chair have occasionally given monitory addresses, or finished discourses, on the higher principles of art, and the works of the finest masters. A custom which produced the greatest benefit to the arts that they have received in modern times, cannot be too justly commended, or carefully followed; yet still the performance of this voluntary task must be governed by the feelings and ability of the individual. A true knowledge of his limited talent may lead him to fear attempting it, and chance may deprive him of the power. In this predicament I unfortunately stand at the present moment. An absence on the Continent, protracted beyond my expectation, and from which I returned but yesterday, has been so much occupied by my

professional labours and engagements resulting from them, as to have filled the period which I intended to devote to the arrangement of such impressions or opinions, as I might have considered worthy of your attention. I think it fair, however, to mention one circumstance, not perhaps generally known, which may a little extenuate the omission."

This "one circumstance," upon which this chapter has already expatiated, Sir Thomas proceeds to describe as follows.

"Sir Joshua Reynolds, with the usual propriety of his fine judgment, justifies himself for undertaking an office, not specified in the laws of the Academy, by many considerations which fully authorize it; but veils the real circumstance by which it was occasioned. At the commencement of the Institution, the principles of taste were less generally diffused, and that nobler theory unknown which he so essentially contributed to form. This partial ignorance had its effect on the instruction of that period; and a professorship, not then graced by the ability of a Barry, an Opie, and a Fuseli, was felt to be inadequately filled for the great purposes of the Institution. As the most substantial good often results from temporary ill, we owe to that unfavourable circumstance attending the struggling

efforts of an infant society, one of the purest and most permanent triumphs of this country.

"But, gentlemen, I need not point out to you the obvious difference between the situation, as well as powers, of that illustrious man, and of the individual who now addresses you. You now, not only enjoy the benefit of Sir Joshua's enlightened taste, but of the practical knowledge of Mr. West, and of the genius of the great man whom we have lately lost! You will soon participate in the information and judgment of his intelligent successor."*

The loss here alluded to, was that of Mr. Fuseli; between whom and Sir Thomas Lawrence there had always existed a reciprocity of regard, although in habits, and talents, no men could be more dissimilar. Mr. Fuseli was austere, harsh, violent, and eccentric, with a mind of great force, inured to recluse studies. It is unnecessary to explain how completely Sir Thomas Lawrence was the reverse of these. Sir Thomas, however, saw the innate worth of his friend, and always did justice to his genius; and the relief from sufferings, or the happiness in the intermissions of pain, which Mr. Fuseli felt on his deathbed, from his friend's solicitude and attentions, reflects honour upon both. The retrospect must

* Mr. Thomas Phillips.

afford satisfaction to their mutual friends, and to those who derive consolation from contemplating the brightest portions of our nature.

When Sir Thomas Lawrence was soothing the death-bed of his friend, he was in the vigour of health, and power of intellect—in the command of affluence, esteemed, admired, beloved by all, and the undisputed victor, possessed of the goal which could alone reward his highest aspirations of ambition! The feeble and dying Fuseli gazed on him as the concentration of human happiness, the possessor of every source of enjoyment—with the long and better part of his career to run in the glad tide of glory! Such was the vision of the dying man. In how short a time were their conditions identical—the prey of reptiles, obscene and vile!

Pursuing, however, the subject of the lectures —In that delivered on 11th December, 1826, the address upon delivering the medals to the successful candidates, is remarkably replete with good feeling and sound sense.

It is unnecessary to notice the passages relating to the paintings which obtained the medals; but it is pleasurable to refer to the kindness of feeling, joined to the proper sense of rectitude, which dictated such passages as the following:—

"Gentlemen—if the distribution of prizes of

the Royal Academy affected only the interests and feelings of the candidates, it would still be formed with the most guarded care; for it being the duty of the general assembly to distinguish superior merit, it is obviously their policy to implant in the minds of the students that reliance on the justice of the Academy, which may leave them unchecked in their competition, by the slightest fear of prejudice or neglect.

"But a further duty is imposed upon the council and members of this Academy. The chief purpose of its institution is the *advancement* of the arts; and the progress of the schools being essential to this object, it becomes necessary, not only to be just in the immediate decision, but to see what relation the works now presented bear to those of a former year—how far they have improved upon, or kept pace with them—or to what cause, whether to carelessness or erroneous modes of study, their failure may be assigned.

"If any doubt, gentlemen, of your success has existed in the present instance, that doubt must appear to have been unimportant, since all the prizes are awarded.

"But while a result so gratifying seems to render your longer attendance unnnecessary, you must permit me to offer a few considerations

to your attention, which I have reason to believe are sanctioned by the opinions of my academical friends, and which the duties assigned to me authorize me to suggest.

"They relate, in the first place, to the drawings from the life."

Having got through his technical observations upon the paintings, he says—

"The merit of the pictures has been generally acknowledged by the council and the assembly; and the gentleman who has failed, has shown sufficient power, to justify our hopes from his talent, in a future year.

"We are sorry that only one specimen from the life, has been presented to us in sculpture. Still the premium has been given for it; from a mixed motive—that of marking our approbation of the successful parts of the model, and of showing to the students, that the Academy take no advantage of any temporary want of combined effort, to withhold its rewards.

"In voting the premium for the best architectural drawing of a known building, a prevailing sentiment in its favour has arisen from the completeness of its study, and the neat accuracy of its various measurements and details. It is this attention to the whole of your allotted task—this absence of all narrow reservation of that

labour, which cold minds are too often contented to limit to what they imagine is a sufficient end— it is this generous impulse to do the *utmost* that is expected from you—that, in its enlarged principle, will fit you for communion with the eminent and good, and give you kindred right to lament at their extinction."

From this point, Sir Thomas is again led to pay a tribute to the memory of Fuseli;* after which, he descants upon Flaxman with amiable feelings of attachment, and with a nice discrimination of art.

It becomes almost a duty, as it is a pleasure, to extract these passages from the lecture, particularly as the subject of them was of such deep interest to Sir Thomas, that when it was renewed in the New Monthly Magazine of January 1830, in the extreme of illness, he could not refrain from having the article read to him, nor had the perusal ceased many minutes ere he breathed his last. Sir Thomas thus addresses the students:—

"Mr. Flaxman's genius, in the strictest sense of the word, was original and inventive. His purity of taste led him, in early life, to the study of the noblest relics of antiquity; and a mind, though not then of *classical education*, of classic

* Mr. Fuseli died on the 16th April, 1825. Æt. 84.

basis, urged him to the perusal of the best translations of the Greek philosophers and poets; till it became deeply imbued with those simple and grand sentiments, which distinguish the productions of that favoured people. When engaged in these mingling studies, the patronage of a lady of high rank,* whose taste will now be remembered with her known goodness, gave birth to that series of compositions from Homer and the Greek tragedians, which continues to be the admiration of Europe. These, perhaps, from their accuracy in costume, and even from the felicitous union between their characters and subjects, to minds unaccustomed to prompt discrimination, may have conveyed the idea of too close an imitation of Grecian art. Undoubtedly, the *elements* of his style were founded on it; but only on its noblest principles: on its deeper intellectual power, and not on the mere surface of its skill. He was more the sculptor of sentiment, than of form; and, while the philosopher, the statesman, and the hero, were treated by him with appropriate dignity, not even in Raphael have the gentler feelings and sorrows of human nature, been traced with more touching pathos, than in the various designs and models of this estimable man. The rest of Europe know only

* The late Dowager Countess Spencer.

the productions of his genius, when it bent to the grandeur of the antique; but these, which form its highest efforts, had their origin in nature only; and in the sensibility and virtues of his mind. Like the greatest of modern painters, he delighted to trace from the actions of familiar life, the lines of sentiment and passion; and from the populous haunts and momentary peacefulness of poverty and want, to form his inimitable groups of childhood, and maternal tenderness, with those nobler compositions from holy writ,—as beneficent in their motive, as they were novel in design,—which open new sources of invention from its simplest texts, and inculcate the duties of our faith.

"In piety, the minds of Michael Angelo and Flaxman were congenial. I dare not assert their equality in art—the group of "Michael and the fallen Angel," is a near approach to the greatness of the former; and, sanctified as his memory is by time and glory, it gained no trivial homage in the admiration of the English scupltor; whose "SHIELD OF ACHILLES,"—that divine work! unequalled in its combination of beauty, variety, and grandeur,—*his* genius could not have surpassed.

"But I trespass too long on the various business of this evening. To be wholly silent, on

an event so afflicting to us all, was quite impossible.*

"I know the great and comprehensive talents that are round me; I know the strength remaining to the Academy: but with long experience of the candour that accompanies it, I feel that I may safely appeal to this assembly, for their acknowledgment with mine, that the loss of Mr. Flaxman is not merely a loss of power, but a loss of dignity to the Institution—deep and irreparable loss to art—to his country—and to Europe!—not to posterity—to whom his works, as they are to us, will be inestimable treasures; but who, knowing how short and limited the span that Providence has assigned to the efforts of the longest life, and the finest intellect; and learning that his genius, though its career was peaceful, had inadequate reward,—will feel it to be their happier destiny, to *admire*, and not to *mourn* him—to be thankful that he had *existed*, and, not like us, to be depressed that he is gone—to revere and follow him as their master, and not, as is our misfortune, to lament him as their friend!

"He died in his own small circle of affection;

* Mr. Flaxman died on 7th December, 1826, aged seventy-two; and on the 15th, Sir Thomas Lawrence attended his funeral, to the churchyard of St. Giles's in the Fields.

—enduring pain—but full of meekness, gratitude, and faith! recalling to the mind, in the pious confidence of his death, past characters of goodness; with the well-remembered homage of the friend—

> "And ne'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd,
> A *purer* spirit, or more *welcome* shade."

Thus concludes this lecture, admirable of its class, and more useful as an example of the integrity and unaffected kindness with which an institution should be directed, than if it had contained a volume of didactic wisdom: the former of the two is the most rare.

It has been observed, that "as this address was extemporary, and was suggested to his mind amidst the hurry of thought, and in the rapid succession of extraneous affairs, it may be taken as an invaluable mirror of his mind and heart."

The lecture was well received, and it terminated his labours for this eventful year of his life.

It was in the year 1825 that he made his last journey to France. Writing to his nephew, he says, "The round of my life has nothing that presents novelty, except that the new honour I have received from France (the Legion of Honour) may be considered a distinction out of

the general train of circumstances that have but too much favoured me. I am painting again pictures of the Duke of Wellington and of His Majesty; and have but this moment written to his sister, the Princess Sophia, whom the King has commanded me to paint for him."

Whilst at Paris, Sir Thomas visited Dr. Antommarchi, to inspect the cast he had taken of the Emperor Napoleon's head and face after his death. Sir Thomas examined it with great interest, and expatiated upon it for more than an hour. He expressed his admiration of the perfect beauty of outline, and regularity of features; and pronounced that no portrait of him had equalled this model. In no instance has any cast, statue, or portrait of the Emperor Napoleon represented him with a ruffled brow, or with lines indicative of disturbed passions.

In the course of this year, his correspondence with Mr. Woodburn, upon works of art, was frequent and interesting.

"Russell Square, April 15, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I shall be glad to have a letter from you, to tell me what are your purchases of drawings at Mr. Girodet's sale, and what besides the Coreggio, the Andrea del Sarto and the Rubens, are the

finest pictures in le Periere. In drawings I still ask for the preference—in pictures I do not expect it, nor can I afford to buy them, unless you meet with another Raphael, a case which would justify exertion. While you remain at Paris, can you not procure me, through Mr. Denon's liberality, whatever prints he may have had engraved from his collection of drawings? Look again over the King's drawings, and mark down the finest that are genuine, if your engagements afford you the time.

"I am immediately sending a portrait of his Majesty for our Embassy at Paris, and perhaps I may again write to ask the favour of you to consider it an Ostade, and give it one coat of varnish for me: at any rate I will ask you IMMEDIATELY to procure some of the best mastic varnish, with some of the very purest drying oil, a very small portion of which, mixed thoroughly with the mastic, will preserve it from chilling. Will you likewise procure a large flat varnishing brush? Should I have occasion to write to you respecting it, you will thus be prepared to oblige me by this little service. You need not, (unless there be a mistake in the description of the work,) inquire about the small Borghese Raphael, which I think you called the Charity. I will get you the sight of it in England. I hear

from Mr. Ford, great news of Mr. Wellesley's success in Italy: he is ardent, and, like yourself, a good pioneer, though I will not allow him yet, to possess your knowledge and judgment. Let me recommend to you each night, punctually to put down every thing of interesting occurrence in art. We trust to memory, whose boasted service soon yields to the humble journal.

"Believe me to be, my dear Sir,

"most truly yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"P. S. Be very careful to examine the whole of the picture with your finger, to ascertain if it is thoroughly dry, before the surface of it is touched with sponge or feather-brush. Pray leave a card with your direction on it, and the addition of 'From Sir Thomas Lawrence.'

"To Samuel Woodburn, Esq."

"Russell Square, August 16, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You will not think it an unkindness in me, that, having declined to take three small packages for near friends, I class yours with them, and make it bend to the same rule. I have just written to have my packages travel untouched, and I have inserted in my petition, that

I take only my own single wardrobe, and my necessary professional materials. The cause or object of my journey is a peculiar one, and every thing in my progress demands guarded delicacy, since *I cannot know* that my baggage will not be opened.

"You know that it gives me pain not to accommodate you in this trifling matter.

"I remain, my dear Sir,

"most truly yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Hotel de Paris, Rue de Rivoli,
Sept. 7, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I write to you a short letter, rather than defer writing to a future day. What with the arrangements for the object of my mission, its real business, and the claims on my time, which some friends at home and at Paris present, the days have been so fully occupied, that I could not well write sooner, particularly as I had not seen one or two things on which you wished for my opinion. I had some difficulty in finding out the Bronze Statue; but I have now seen it, and Sir Charles Long has promised to go with me. It would, however, be weakness and insincerity, to conceal that I doubt if the British Museum would purchase

it. I think you perfectly justified in your admiration of the trunk (torso), which is undoubtedly in a very fine style of art, and exceedingly like the Apollo: the thighs, though perhaps not less fine from being too thin, are not obviously a departure from that style, but the lower parts of the leg and foot are defective in form and character, yet partly, I believe from injury. The hand is not so good, and the head is decidedly of a very inferior character, and, unfortunately, it does seem to be of the original work. Had the Torso only remained, although from that circumstance, the price of buying and selling would have been lessened, its disposal in England, I think, would have been certain. There will be sharp eyes on all that is now bought for the National Gallery, or the Museum, and a very obvious defect, though mixed with great beauty, has less chance of purchase than for other collections, or in other periods. Certainly I have seen nothing for sale, (and I have seen several collections) so respectable in art as your Albano. I do not place M. Soult's Murillos amongst the former number, of which I will write to you in another letter. I to-day saw a very good picture indeed; were it in a pure state, in the Murillo that you mentioned to me, and which I would certainly now prefer to some that are called Murillo's in that

collection. I shall be too late for the delivery of this letter.

" Remember me to your family, and believe me to be, with true esteem,

" My dear Sir,

" Your most faithful servant,

" THOMAS LAWRENCE.

" To Samuel Woodburn, Esq. St. Martin's Lane."

" Hotel de Londres, Place Vendôme,
October 6, 1825.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" Our letters have crossed on the road. You will have received one from me immediately after your own had been sent off. You have not informed me how your *Albano* is liked by your friends who have seen it since my departure; but had any thing transpired respecting it, you would probably have informed me. A Raphael was this morning brought me which the National Gallery might have had for nine thousand pounds, but I rather think they will not possess it. Very near me, there is a *really* good collection—I mean in this Place Vendôme, belonging to Count Portales. I must have mentioned it in my former letter—but he is a rich man and parts with none. The circumstance of business that you mention must, I believe, stand

over till the week after my return, which will be at the end of the present month, or the first week certainly of the next. Time runs very rapidly on these occasions. I had not imagined that it came so soon. My stay is rather longer than I meant when I set out, but it is from unavoidable causes.

"I hardly know whether to wish you now here or not. Were the mornings and evenings mine, nothing would be pleasanter, and I think it would be hard if we did not gain something of the great masters by our search; but my life is like my London life—the morning occupied with professional labours and sittings from my illustrious subjects, and the evenings spent in writing, or in unavoidable returns to attentions that must be acknowledged. It is any thing but a Paris life, for I never dine at a café, and, for amusement go only to an opera. However the time is not likely to arrive when the sight of my Raphael and Michael Angelo's friend, the friend of Vicar, will not give me pleasure. I would certainly set apart one morning for Denon—that is, provided he would come back to Paris. He has one sweet drawing, of the subject of which, though differently treated, I have one.

"It was past six o'clock when I returned to-

day to Paris, and I shall be too late if I write another moment.

"Ever, my dear Sir, most faithfully yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"To Samuel Woodburn, Esq."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have but just time to acknowledge your very interesting, though short letter. I take the chance of directing my answer to it to Paris.* Your Russian competitor would probably have suffered the drawings to remain in the hands of their late possessor, but the moment it is known that a new party is the owner of them, a new interest is excited, and that situation is envied which a just spirit should have obtained. You did promise to give me details; let me then receive this proof of your confidence, and write to me the subjects of the very principal drawings of the two men, which, be assured, none shall again hear from me, but with your future consent. You deserve all success for the spirit and enterprise you have shown, and the skilful management of, I dare say, a most difficult transaction. You will have learnt that your friend

* This letter was written in answer to one sent to Sir Thomas Lawrence from Rome, informing him of Mr. Woodburn's having purchased the celebrated collection of drawings of Monsieur Vicar.

Mr. D. has the admirable Rembrandt. I have seen the Guercinos, and like them exceedingly, that most particularly, the Joseph and Wife of Potiphar—the composition is so good, the character so pleasing, as well as the expression, that they fully answer your report of them.

"Excuse your paying the postage for this short letter. I shall want another colour commission executed for me if you stay in Paris; but we must not expect, and hardly hope for this.

"Believe me to be, my dear Sir,
"ever most faithfully yours,
"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To Samuel Woodburn, Esq. M. Berthault's.

"Hotel de Londres, Place Vendôme, Sept. 1.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"My daily occupation, to which I go at an early, and return from it at a late hour, with unavoidable engagements of business in the evening, or necessary attentions to persons who bestow them on me, have left me little power of writing to my friends in England, and you have therefore no reason to complain. But I know that already you have formed excuses for me, and made it less necessary for me to repeat them.

"You wished to know my opinion of the pic-

tures of Marshal Soult—the Murillos: certainly they did not exceed my expectation, which yet was much behind the great reputation they have acquired. This tempered opinion of what I *was* to see, arose from my general estimate of Murillo's powers, or of his productions as works of high art. His pleasing tones, the general harmony of his pictures, and his good knowledge of chiaroscuro, make him naturally a very popular painter; and it is difficult to make people believe that what is very pleasing to them, may not be very fine. One of these pictures is certainly of his very best time—I should say two—the Pool of Bethesda, and the St. Peter in Prison—the latter is prevented from being one of his best WORKS, only by the character of the angel, which has nothing divine, or of tolerable woman-beauty in it. The Pool of Bethesda, the Good Shepherd (of Sir S. Clarke,) the St. Francis (of Lord Ashburnham,) with perhaps another St. Francis in Soult's collection, are the best pictures by him that I have seen. There is a fine Titian in Soult's collection—the Devil presenting the loaf to our Saviour.

"The sums asked—sums that possibly have been offered—I think too great; but this latter opinion, from my situation as one of the guardians of the national collection, is rather for your pri-

vate ear, (as a friend,) than to be generally given. But I have given it where it is proper that I should. You perhaps, by this time, have known, from conversation with him, that I took Sir Charles Long to see the bronze, with which he was quite as much pleased and surprised as I was. The parts not agreeing with its general excellence, he likewise discovered to be not in unison with it; but the general character—the grace of the action, and beauty of the trunk—he felt (it was evident) with genuine admiration. I have often mentioned the work, but not sent persons to see it; believing that your opinion of the knowledge or view of it being confined to few is a necessary prudence in the consideration of its pecuniary value. It is probable that offers have been made for it here; for the ingenious sculptor who is joint proprietor of it with you, called on me to know your address, and your determination as to the price to be affixed to it. Most infallible judge! (W. Y. Ottley alone excepted) of the drawings by old masters—you are wrong in your judgment or doubts of one.

"The Attila, in the Louvre collection, is a true Raphael, and a very fine one, beautifully studied, and drawn with the purest taste. The Michael Angelo's hand is not by him, but by an imitator of his pen, and not of his forms. The

Christ on the Steps, (Marc Antonio's print,) I doubt, from the character and expression not being Raphael's, and yet they are not slighted, but varied and made out.

"I have met with one genuine Raphael, which, probably, your search had discovered; but you had not bought it, from circumstances not then permitting its sale. Of Denon's drawings, I saw a few; but the owner is now absent, and does not return till after my departure, which will take place at the end of this month.

"I have been successful in my labours; and, by attention to regimen, I retain my health, which, during a nervous task, is something. Remember me, my dear Sir, to your brothers and family, (giving my particular respects to your mother,) and believe me,

"Always most sincerely yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To Samuel Woodburn, Esq.
St. Martin's Lane, London."

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I receive your interesting letter, written, I perceive, before your knowledge of the sad event under which you have, long ere this, been suffering. In the prosperity, the integrity, and affection of his Sons, your Father died happier than is

the lot of many parents; and in your share of the comfort and peace of his declining life, you must now seek for permanent consolation. I have had a very obliging and gratifying letter from your elder brother, which tells me that your mother and sisters are as well as can be hoped, under such painful circumstances.

"I thank you for your details on art. The account of the two pictures, by Titian and Raphael, interested me much. The composition of the Loretto I forget; but your report makes me long again to visit the Continent, which yet (at present at least) is a vain feeling. I well remember SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO's letter, respecting the reception of his pictures, which at Rome I much wished to secure, together with two, if not three, studies by Michael Angelo, for the group of the Lazarus, in that fine picture. I was so instrumental in urging Mr. Angerstein to buy it, that of course I had the DEEPEST INTEREST in looking at those sketches, which so confirmed my conviction of that figure being entirely his. The Haman and the Leda I long to see. Mr. D. will be delighted to possess the studies for his own Marcello Venusti, which so exceedingly add to the value of that beautiful work. The Slaughter of the Innocents!!! which you think inestimable, and which,

doubtless, *Sir Peter Lely*, *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, and *Mr. West*, would have been equally gratified to possess: what, in your friendship, do you say to that?

"The little entombment I now well remember, at Camucini's. 'Tis beautiful, but I always thought the composition a little too symmetrical, and therefore artificial.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

(Private.)

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your letter gave me mixed pleasure and regret. I am sincerely sorry for the death of M. Denon; he is a great loss to the arts, and I promised myself much pleasure from an intercourse with him in my next visit to Paris. Mr. Ford tells me he had six Raphaels, two of them very fine. He says his nephew had no love for art, and would readily have parted with drawings, separate from the rest, in his uncle's life-time, could he have been permitted to do so: he thinks an effort from you might be successful. It is most probable that he had some Michael Angelos. I know your zeal and activity.

"I am glad you did yourself credit by your bidding—glad that at such a price you did not buy the Correggio. It is out of all just proportion. It approaches the tulip fever in Holland;

and this is a fair opinion from me, who have no want of admiration for that gem, nor love of money to check me in its purchase. I think, had I had Mr. Peel's fortune, I would not have bought it at such a price. Is the Rubens to return to England?

"With respect to the drawing of Michael Angelo, from Bossi; I was in correspondence with Count Cicagnaro, respecting Canova's monument: and it was in interchange of letters on this subject that, learning from you the drawing was his, I mentioned to him my wish to possess it. Be assured of this, that I did not take advantage of your information respecting the little Raphael, to write about it, and procure its passage to this country, for that I should not have done without consulting you. I was *written to* respecting a small collection, and my answer was yours on a similar occasion, 'Let me see a part of it in this country, for without this I can say nothing.' You would have wished for the Raphael, I believe, for me. It is at present mine; but if you want it for a patron whom you esteem, or believe that you could sell it with considerable profit; it shall be yours on the terms on which I have it: only you shall determine on this, and give me your answer by return of post. Yet, as I write this, more that you should be thoroughly

convinced of all friendly regards towards you, (which I trust is not necessary,) than from indifference to the possession, let the matter rest as it is till we meet. The pictures of this small collection are, I believe, few, but the best are here; and I say this to save you expense, fatigue, and time. There is another little Raphael of an earlier time; the dead Christ, supported by John, the Madonna, Mary Magdalene, &c. *It was in the Orleans*—very pure, but, as I say, of the earlier time.

"This letter is for you only, and the subjects in it.

"We have opened, at the Royal Academy, the finest exhibition that we have had since the days of Sir Joshua, beyond all doubt; and it has its full impression on the public.

"I am sorry to tell you that the day has passed without my seeing or writing to your brother Allan; but I will to-night. In some haste,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"Write to me freely your sentiments respecting the two Raphaels here, and describe the drawings at Giredot's and the Lenordo's.

"To Samuel Woodburn, Esq. Hotel d' Italie,
à Paris."

I will here insert Sir Thomas's list of Raphael's and of some other drawings in the Louvre.

"THE DRAWINGS BY RAPHAEL, IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION AT THE LOUVRE.

"No. 1. Two of the Apostles bending forward; studies for the Transfiguration, (the large draped figure in red and the St. John): they are naked figures, and evidently from the model, in red chalk.

"2. Virgin and child; a faint pen and wash. An early drawing, of which I have a copy.

"3. The Marriage of Alexander and Roxana. A good drawing; but the characters not being like Raphael's, (yet accurately rendered,) I cannot think it by his hand. In drawings where Raphael seems to have attended only to the composition, the characters of the heads are sometimes *uniformly slighted;* but wherever the features are (in the artist's phrase) "made out," unless the expression and peculiar character of Raphael are seen in them, the greatest doubt must be entertained of their being genuine.

"4. Design for the Attila. Mr. S. Woodburn thought this drawing might be by Battista Franco; but it is not. It is one of the very finest of Raphael's, and most beautifully studied. It has suffered a little, but not from reparation. The peculiar style of putting in the white, by

small lines, uncrossed by others, confirms me in the originality of mine, which, appearing peculiar in this circumstance, wanted the authority of a similar example, which this drawing presents. The compositions are very different: mine appears to be the first conception of the incident, and is the most simple and natural. Attila appears checked only by the appearance of the Pope, and seems commanding his army to keep back: the action which conveys this being represented by his Generals. The Louvre drawing is more like the picture, and, though far superior in finish and detail, is more artificial.

"5. A true but only tolerable drawing. A Female Portrait, in pen, with the hands crossed.

"6. Psyche giving the Vase to Venus. A fine drawing, in red chalk, evidently from the living models.

"7. Madonna stooping to take up the Saviour. Design for the French Holy Family. A beautiful drawing in red chalk: the child the slightest outline.

"8. A simple figure of an Apostle or Philosopher. Very good: copied by Lady de Roos.

"9. Paul preaching at Athens. Pen and wash, heightened with white. Admirable! and probably the drawing for Marc Antonio's print.

"10. Christ's charge to Peter. Very fine, and

executed in the same manner. It is almost too like the Carton; yet here and there a countenance and character different.

"One drawing, here considered genuine, is open to the same objection that applies to the Alexander and Roxana. The characters, though plainly rendered, are not those of Raphael. It is the Christ sitting on the steps, receiving the Madonna. Engraved by Marc Antonio. I do not consider it of the hand of Raphael.

"Of Michael Angelo there is but one drawing; a head, in red chalk and pen.—A grotesque character, but finely wrought.

"The celebrated large hand, in pen and ink, is certainly not by him; but probably by Passerotti.

"The drawings of Titian are often of grand composition,—chiefly landscape. There is, however, a sameness in his pen, (like that of a lower artist, Snyders,) which, by its monotonous effect, deprives them of charm. It appears a singular defect in so fine a colourist; may it not arise from his powerful conception of tone and colour, which disdained any attempt to render them by imperfect effort, contenting himself with outlines of composition?

This year Sir Thomas received the following letter from Sir George Beaumont.

"Cole Orton Hall, March 13, 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR THOMAS,

"A thousand thanks for your elegant address (to the Academy). I can feel for the delicacy of your situation, and I think you have executed your task with an impartiality, tact, and taste, peculiar to yourself. Your remembrance of our old and respectable friend, Benjamin West, gave me unqualified pleasure. I am sure he richly deserves all you have said. There is one circumstance in his progress which has always struck me with wonder, namely, the rapid advance he made in art under such disadvantages. The greatest artists of all were brought up, as it were, in hot-beds, and had every advantage which example, precept, and patronage could afford them, and every object held forth which could gratify their feelings, and stimulate their ambition.* But West was not only deprived of these advantages, but had every impediment which the religious opinions of his family, and those who surrounded him, could contrive to throw in his way; yet,

* This opinion is scarcely borne out by facts: the exceptions to the case are at least numerous.

with the preparations he made in America, he went to Italy, and in, I believe, three years or little more, made himself such a master of the principles of composition, and, I may add, colouring and drawing, that immediately on his arrival in England he produced that chaste and elegant picture which is in my possession—Pylades and Orestes. I think such an exertion, under such circumstances, is unparalleled in the history of the art. When we, moreover, consider the determined perseverance he showed to persist in the high walk which he had at first chosen, though there was not a grain of taste for it in the country at that time, it does him the highest honour; and I am ashamed of the recent, ungrateful neglect of my countrymen. It surprised and mortified me. But I look back with gratitude and reverence to the patronage of George the Third, without which it would have been impossible for him to have proceeded. I hope what you have said will put an end to this strange and unexpected neglect. It is fair to compare him with his contemporaries; but I perfectly agree with you, that nothing in that line has been produced equal to his best works, since the days of the Caraccis, especially in composition and arrangement. His knowledge of all the principles of his art was profound, and his diligence invincible. I have always felt, with self-complacency,

that in our conversations on art, I have found my sentiments coincide with yours, and your flattering avowal of this I must take care does not make me vain.

" I have been led so far by this subject, I have not room to thank you, as I ought, for what you say of our great and good Sir Joshua. Your observations upon the portrait of Mrs. Siddons are more grateful to me than I can express, and do you the highest honour in every way.

" I fear I shall tire you, yet I must add a few words, in the way of apology, for the manner in which your Address was applied for. I really thought it was published, and my intention was to request Mr. Arnold to purchase it for me: it never occurred to me that it would be necessary to trouble you. I will confess, however, it gives me more pleasure as it is, because it enables me to place it with the autograph, by the side of those which I have received in days of yore from my dear and honoured friend, Sir Joshua. I am sorry they are not of the same size. You should print them in quarto. As I hope ere long to thank you in person, I will only add Lady Beaumont's best regards to my own, and that I am

" Truly yours,

" GEORGE BEAUMONT."

At this period he had received every honorary and friendly present from foreign princes, and the following is an accurate list of them furnished by his sister.

" By the King of France (Charles the Tenth) in the autumn of 1825, he was presented with the Legion of Honour, (the medal or jewel of which is in my son John's possession,) a magnificent French clock, nearly two feet high, two superb green and gold China jars, and a magnificent dessert set of China, (left to the Royal Academy). —By the Emperor of Russia, a superb diamond ring of great value.—By the King of Prussia, a ring with his Majesty's initials F. R. in diamonds in the centre upon purple enamel, and an outside rim of valuable diamonds.—He likewise received presents—from the foreign Ministers assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle, where he painted all of them—from the Archduchess Charles and Princess Metternich at Vienna—from the Pope, the Colosseum in Mosaic, with his Holiness's arms over the centre of the frame, and a ring—from the Cardinal Gonsalvi, besides other most valuable presents, a gold watch, chain, and seals of intalios, and a gem of the Holy Family, lapis lasuli, and many beautiful bonbonniere—boxes of valuable stones set in gold, gold snuff boxes, &c.

and a fine gold snuff box, by Lord Whitworth, many years before.—From the Dauphin, in 1825, a breakfast set of china in a green leather and gold bordered box, containing a tea-board, with the court of Louis the Fourteenth painted on it, the border burnished gold, &c. &c. By Canova at Rome, some magnificent casts, valuable engravings, &c. &c. Indeed it would be impossible for any one to enumerate the value and multiplicity of his presents while on his mission to different courts abroad, and in the year 1825 at the court of France."

CHAPTER VI.

The Exhibition of 1826.—Beautiful Portrait of Mrs. Hope.—Correspondence with his native city.—Professional anecdotes.—Harlow and John Kemble.—Sir Joshua Reynold's confidence in Mr. Lawrence.—An aspiring Painter.—The best Portrait ever painted.—Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.—Face Painters and House Painters.—A real Raphael.—The Artists' Benevolent Fund.—Gratitude of the Institution towards Sir Thomas Lawrence.—A public Dinner, and a memorable Speech.—The Artists' Benevolent Institution.—A case of casuistry.—Paintings in Ireland.

In the year 1826, Sir Thomas confined himself so much to his professional labours in his Attelier, that his correspondence by letter was little, and his social intercourse with his friends was scarcely more frequent.

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year contained 1105 works, and of these, Sir Thomas Lawrence supplied his usual number of eight. These were

65. Portrait of Lady Wallscourt. 75. Lord Robert Manners. 91. The Marchioness of Lans-

down. 101. The Right Hon. Robert Peel. 109. The Right Hon. George Canning. 158. The Hon. Mrs. Hope. 307. The Viscountess Melville. 396. A Child.

The Hon. Mrs. Hope.—This was a truly splendid portrait in the richest style of *bijoutrie.* Sir Thomas's judgment is evinced by choosing a picturesque costume and national character to which the lady's face was adapted, and the colouring, with every little adjunct, conspires to produce a unity of expression. Mrs. Hope's features and complexion were of the Grecian cast, prominent and aquiline, though delicate, with a fine oval contour, and a quick, animated, intellectual look, heightened by a clear dark complexion. Sir Thomas has represented her as an oriental Fatima, in a turban splendidly embroidered with gold, and a gown of a rich glowing red, ornamented gorgeously with jewels. The hands are small and delicate, and free from that dark colour with which this painter so often tinged his hands. The arm in shadow is rather large, and perhaps the hip may be said to have the same fault. At the date of this work, time has brought the whole colour of this beautiful picture to an excellent tone; it is glowing, rich, and gorgeous, without being meretricious, or in the least overpainted. By giving the name of

an individual to a painting, it is taken from the highest branch of art and considered only as a portrait; but call not such a painting as this a portrait, and it may be enjoyed as the emanation of a rich and fertile fancy—a picture of great art, and in the school of imagination.

The Institution of Bristol, in 1825, had drunk the health of Sir Thomas, and had talked of honouring their city with his portrait. In 1829, the city conferred upon him its freedom; but in this year Sir Thomas wrote the following letter.

"Russell Square, April 23, 1826.

"SIR,

"I beg the favour of you to convey to the gentlemen of the committee forming the arrangements for the present Exhibition at Bristol, my sincere thanks for the great honour they have done me, in mentioning my name in the prefatory page of their catalogue in so generous and flattering a manner. To be thus distinguished by persons of high estimation in my native city, is one of the most pleasing rewards that my professional exertions could have gained. I beg them to be assured that it will always be my pride to retain their favourable opinion, and to show my respectful sense of that liberality in my townsmen, which on more occasions than one

has been so freely extended to me. I ought to apologise to you for a former silence. I must ask for peculiar indulgence from you on account of my numerous engagements, and, I fear, a repugnance to writing, which, as you have yourself experienced from me, even gratitude and respect can with difficulty subdue. I have the honour to be, &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To D. W. Acraman, Esq. &c. &c."

Mr. G. Morant, on the 22nd of December 1829, only sixteen days before Sir Thomas expired, wrote to Mr. Acraman a letter, of which the following is an extract.

"I must now acquaint you, my dear Sir, that I have seen Sir Thomas Lawrence. All I can learn from him is, that he is very anxious to present his portrait to your respectable city, and feels honoured and flattered by the kind expression in his favour, but he pleads as an excuse for the non-fulfilment of his promise, and the gratification it would afford him—a want of time to complete the painting. When I look around his apartments, and see the immense number of pictures in an unfinished state, it appears to me that his life must be extended beyond the period

allotted to mortals in general, if the whole are accomplished."

At present it is only necessary to say, that the portrait in question was never finished, and it was exhibited in its unfinished state in the collection of his works, in the British Institution, in 1830.

The doctor, the lawyer, and the popish priest at confessions, are witnesses of strange characters, and acquainted with the singularities of life in all their varieties; nor is the portrait-painter less likely to be privy to the follies and eccentricities of his fellow-creatures. Sir Thomas Lawrence, like other great artists in his branch of the profession, was often subject to the meanness, and exposed to the absurdities, of his "sitters." No man, however, could bear with the weakness and infirmities of others, with more evenness of temper—no man could feel more gently towards error, or enjoy laughable singularities with a mirth more free from spleen or pride.

The late Mr. Hayes, the surgeon, of Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, used to tell a singular anecdote of an occurrence in Sir Thomas Lawrence's attelier, when he resided in Old Bond Street.

It appears that Mr. Hayes, ere the age at

which the heyday of the blood is tame, was not quite temptation proof against strong excitements to wrath.

It happened that Sir Thomas, then Mr. Lawrence, had painted the portrait of a Mr. Sheepshanks, a friend of Mr. Hayes, whose appearance, however, was less singular than his name. Mr. Lawrence told Mr. Hayes of his progress in his friend's portrait; and when it was finished, Mr. Hayes, who thought it an excellent likeness, one day escorted, to the artist's room, a friend from the town where Mr. S. resided, and who was acquainted with him. The gentleman thus to be introduced to the arts, was one of the last specimens of a race now happily extinct in this country. He was a fine representative of the 'squirarchy, the country gentleman of "the good old times"—a perfect Tony-Lumpkin, rich, and master over all things in his neighbourhood, except himself.

Mr. Hayes, introducing this rural magistrate among the numerous portraits, watched his rubicund visage in expectation of his wonder and anhelation at being surrounded by works of art, and he anticipated the climax of joy when his eye should be caught, in a rude frenzy rolling, by the likeness of his country friend and neighbour, Mr. Sheepshanks.

The 'squire, however, gaped and gazed, without the slightest appearance of any emotion whatever; and at last, as if tired, and wishing to depart, he begged that the portrait of his friend might be shown to him at once.

"Zounds!" cried the astonished and irritated surgeon, "that is it, which you have been looking at this five minutes!"

"That he! hang me if it is a bit like un—no more like un, than it's like our parson."

In vain did the doctor try to persuade the country gentleman, to whom he was showing the *lions* of London, that it was an admirable painting and a correct likeness—his friend as sturdily maintained that he "was not to be done arter that fashion—that the portrait wasn't a bit like un, and he wouldn't give a guinea for a score of such pictures."

Coarseness and stupidity on one side, begot anger on the other; but the rustic gentleman repaid every term of irritation with an immense interest; and

> "So high at last the contest rose,
> From words, they next proceed to blows,
> When luckily came by a third."

This third was the astonished Mr. Lawrence, who had been below, and knew nothing of the

dispute; but hearing a scuffle in his painting-room, he ran up stairs, and, to his surprise, saw the two infuriated combatants, and the portrait, the innocent cause of the battle, knocked off the easel upon the floor.

Having parted "the friends," in terror lest, like the bull in the china shop, they might destroy all things around them, he next learnt their source of quarrel. He bore the explanation with great equanimity, and reconciled the parties; nor would he suffer them to leave his roof, till they "shook hands, embraced," and probably "hated each other most cordially ever after."

Sir Thomas once mentioned to a sitter, that Sir Joshua Reynolds had told him, that on the 28th of July, 1761, he was employed by the city of London in repairing the paintings of Guildhall, previous to the fête of the coronation of George III., and that his bill had amounted to only thirty-eight pounds.

Recently the Guildhall of London has possessed no ornament by paintings, and those of the council-chamber are of a date subsequent to the time here alluded to. The smallness of the charge may be accounted for by the small number of the paintings. It was in 1761, that Sir Joshua moved to his large house in Leicester Square from Newport Street, after which it is

scarcely probable that he would have accepted such an employment.

Sir Thomas, in his early career, was often the reverse of pleased at the indiscriminate compliments poured upon him so lavishly by the periodical press.* He appeared better satisfied with a compliment paid him by Mr. Woodfall, in his Diary of the 21st of May, 1791: "The chaste and sober colouring of Mr. Lawrence's pictures, compared with the garish, flaunting glow of some of those seen with them, reminds us of the difference, always felt, though seldom understood, between such authors as enchant by thought, and those who try to amuse merely by the style."

Sir Thomas used to mention his pupil Mr. Harlow's distress, when painting his superb scene from Henry the Eighth, at the impossibility of getting John Kemble to sit for his likeness. The painting proceeded, and the actor refused his presence. At last Sir Thomas advised his pupil to go to the front row of the pit of the theatre, four or five times, and sketch the actor's countenance, and from which he might be able to make out a likeness, and introduce it into the painting. The expedient was adopted, and not

* It was generally supposed that the majority of these paragraphs and verses proceeded from the artist's father.

only an inimitable likeness was the result, but the clever artist caught the fine expression of the face, at the point of the cardinal's surprise, and anger, and self-possession, at the boldness of the queen. Had Mr. Kemble set for the painting, his face would have been in repose, or at best, but in a forced imitation of the remarkable expression excited in it by playing the character with the appropriate circumstances around him.

Sir Thomas was often importuned by a pretty, but vain lady, to know if he were, or when he would be, disengaged, in order that he might take her portrait. On coming to an explanation, he found that the lady had only meant to bestow upon him the opportunity of immortalizing himself, by painting a subject more beautiful than she thought he could otherwise obtain. Of course the easel was to be occupied gratis.

Directly he knew the view which the lady took of the transaction, he did not ungallantly mortify her vanity, or depreciate the value of her beneficent patronage, but he got out of the dilemma by complimenting one, and acknowledging the other, qualifying both with a—"but, madam, it is some years since I have painted for fame!"

I believe it was to the late Mr. West, that Sir Thomas once, in the course of conversation, ob-

served, "The only portrait I ever sat for, was for the character of a soldier in Trumbell's painting of the Siege of Gibraltar."

A person once went to him with an original portrait by Sir Joshua, of that original lady, Mrs. Piozzi, and which Sir Thomas readily purchased. The bargain concluded, the vendor said, "Sir Thomas, I have something in my pocket that will surprise you—it is a portrait of yourself." Sir Thomas indeed seemed surprised, and begged to see it, when the person took from his pocket the frontispiece of the Percy Anecdotes. He burst out a laughing, and saying it was something like, got rid of the colloquist.

It was once the lot of Sir Thomas to converse with a thorough wronghead, who maintained that "Mr. Lawrence the painter had been a regular pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds." At last, rather irritated, he replied, "Sir, I am the identical Mr. Lawrence you allude to, and the only instruction I ever received from Sir Joshua was a kind offer to correct my drawings, if I brought them to him." The man, however, was convinced against his will, and the subject was allowed to drop.

That Sir Joshua was disposed to confidence in Lawrence, even at his early age, may be inferred from many papers. I find a note dated

May 9, 1791 :—" Sir Joshua Reynolds presents his compliments to Mr. Lawrence, and would be much obliged to him, if he could find time to call in Leicester Fields any hour this morning, as he wishes to speak to him on particular business."

In reference to this note, it must be remembered that at its date Sir Joshua was sixty-eight years of age, and so oppressed with cares, that in a few months he resigned the presidency. Lawrence was only twenty-two years of age, and had then been but about four years in London,

" A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

Under such discrepancies of age, of station, and celebrity, the familiarity and confidence of Sir Joshua redounds more to the honour of Lawrence, than many circumstances of apparently greater consequence.

However amoene and kind, Sir Thomas was occasionally annoyed by presumptuous ignorance, and, on one occasion, he took rather a cruel or rough mode of performing what, in substance, was a real benefit to the individual—to check his seeking a livelihood in a profession for which he had no capacity.

It was in the year 1815, just after he had re-

ceived the honour of knighthood, that a young man, without any introduction or previous application by letter, called upon him, and intruding himself into his room, said, with an air of confidence and vanity, that nothing could well depress or mortify, told Sir Thomas that he had brought his first production to show him, and to ask his opinion of it. Sir Thomas took the painting handed to him, and seeing at a glance that it was fatally destitute of merit, he said, "And pray, Sir, how many of these may you have produced?"—"Exactly two, Sir."—"Then you have, in my opinion, painted exactly two too many;"—saying which, he wished the astonished aspirant a good morning, and rang the bell for the servant.

Sir Thomas's opinions were of a permanent nature. A gentleman, very many years ago, took the opportunity of asking him, which was decidedly, in his opinion, the best portrait his great predecessor, Sir Joshua, had ever painted. Sir Thomas without hesitation replied, "The portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse—that is the finest portrait ever painted under the canopy of heaven"—"No, Sir," replied the querist; "I think Sir Joshua's portrait of the Marchioness of Tavistock, at Woburn Abbey, the very best."—"Undoubtedly," answered Lawrence with mild-

ness, "that is a very fine portrait, but I should give the palm decidedly to that which I have mentioned—I was so struck with the beauty of the colouring, and the extraordinary state of its preservation, that I was nearly two hours fixed before it by admiration."

Many years after, in his address to the Academy, (in 1823,) he said, "Sufficient proof of the sincerity of his admiration (Sir Joshua's) of Michael Angelo, had previously existed in the actions of some of his finest groups having been taken from him; but we want no other evidence of its truth than his picture of Mrs. Siddons, a work of the highest epic character, and indisputably the finest female portrait in the world."

Sir Thomas, be it observed, either in awe of comparison, or in his reverence for Mrs. Siddons, never painted her either in allegory or in any theatrical character.

It is doubtful whether the mistake was real, or whether it was a hoax played to try the patience of Lawrence; but one day a person called upon him, to give him *orders* about painting his house—Lawrence, by no means petulant, or offended, replied with a smile, that he was not a painter of houses, but *only* a painter of faces. "Well," rejoined the man, "if you are too proud to do the job, I'll find plenty of others

that will be glad of it;"—saying which he abruptly left the room, Sir Thomas seeming to enjoy the scene.

On one occasion, a person had a drawing which he conceived to be a "*real* Raphael, and worth a hundred guineas, at least." He accordingly took it to a celebrated dealer for his valuation or purchase, but it was rejected with a contemptuous "pshaw!" The possessor, however, was by no means disposed to be diffident of his own judgment; on the contrary, he was confirmed in his opinion, for he attributed the dealer's conduct to a sinister scheme of "doing him out of the jewel." He resolved, he said, "to go to the fountain-head at once," and he accordingly took it to Sir Thomas Lawrence for his fiat. Sir Thomas, however, was engaged and difficult of access, and after repeated calls, the gentleman at last sealed up the precious object and left it at Sir Thomas's house, with a note explanatory of his wishes.

The next day he came for an answer, full of confidence; and so impatient was he, that he untied the wrappers in the hall, when what was his astonishment and grief to behold, that the only answer was Sir Thomas's endorsement of the drawing in these words:—"I will be upon

my solemn oath, that Raphael never saw this drawing."

But reverting to more important topics than mere anecdotes, Sir Thomas Lawrence, at this period, felt a justifiable satisfaction upon a retrospect of his liberal conduct and zealous friendship towards the fund for the relief of distressed artists. The members of that society had for years testified their grateful sense of his conduct.

In 1824, the Society had unanimously voted to him their thanks for his numerous donations, and for the sacrifices of time and interest in the service of the Institution.

This society received a charter of incorporation in 1827; and when in 1829 it included in its body of directors the names of Sir John Swinburne, Lord Farnborough, Mr. R. Peel, and other distinguished persons, it passed a unanimous vote of "*most grateful thanks*," for "his (Sir Thomas's) generous attachment" and "invaluable services," and for his "numerous liberal donations."*

* One of the last public speeches of Sir Thomas, was that delivered at the anniversary dinner of this Institution, in 1829. He was received with great applause. Alluding, with modesty and diffidence, to the honours of his profession bestowed upon him, he said, that he might justly triumph in the moment in which

Sir Thomas found it not enough to pour the fulness of benevolence upon the artists' fund, for at this period he was applied to with a persevering assiduity, in behalf of a species of rival society—the Artists' Benevolent Institution.

they had been received by him, for they were conferred at a period when the advancement of the arts had been so positive and generally acknowledged, as to defy all contradiction, and when the talents and genius of the ablest artists had been more than usually exerted, and as eminently successful. To have been admitted as their rival, to have been considered by them as their competitor, would at all times have been the ultimate object of his ambition—to be still, by their generous confidence, placed at their head, was, however, he confessed, a sort of fearful prosperity; and which ought to be considered by him rather as a warning than a triumph.

He was now advanced in life, and the period of decay must naturally be approaching. Should the time arrive when the comparative talents he now possessed declined, or, not declining, be unequal to cope with the happier exertions of those around him—he believed, if he at all knew his own nature, that no weakness of self-love would prevent his cheerfully retiring into that privacy, which would then be an act of justice, and, he felt, even a comfort as well as a duty.

Such was the tenor of that short part of this able speech which related to himself. Alas! he was never doomed to that retirement—that lulling of aged cares, he here alluded to; ere the rank, the title, the talents, and the benevolence that then hailed his speech, again met in that hall—the beloved object of their admiration had sunk, at a tangent, an awful transition from the glow of animation to lifelessness.

His principle, with respect to the societies, was that which ought to govern all men in public situations—the greatest good to the greatest numbers.

In inserting the following letter, it is scarcely necessary to protest against its *reasoning* upon churches—a subject very much above all reasoning.

For a *protestant* to contemplate the "death blow" of papistry, as a protestant, and to administer to its vigour, in the way of trade, as an artist, is at best a compromise in the finest style of the Jesuits.*

* "34, *Gerard Street, January* 5, 1330.

"DEAR SIR,

"A letter which I have this day received from Mr. Cuming, the President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, contains a suggestion so valuable, as regards the progress of historical painting in this country, that I shall make no apology for inclosing it to you.

"'Ireland,' he observes, 'is a Catholic country: their places of worship are improving, and in many instances rebuilding, which will, *ere long*, produce a demand for the historical painter. But these things† must be seen, to excite a demand. The attention of the Catholic clergy would be called to them, and so a market produced for the historical painter.'

"Instead, therefore, of forcing genius up hill, out of breath, in this country, it may be probably worth while to look

† The letter is printed *verbatim et literatim.*

towards Ireland, where, from the new impetus given to their religion, the arts are more likely to be in demand, and where (speaking as a Protestant, convinced that a *death-blow*, ultimately, has been inflicted on their religion, by what is called *emancipation*) they will stand in need of every aid from the arts, to prop it up, as was the case at the Reformation. Should you therefore feel disposed to recommend this object to the attention of historical painters, it would not fail to promote the interests of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and render its exhibitions more attractive. The Catholics of Ireland were formerly poor—they are now wealthy, and possess a large proportion of the landed property.

"Mr. Cuming alludes to another subject. Being exceedingly gratified and instructed by your excellent address to the Royal Academy, on the occasion of delivering the medals, I sent him a report of that part which related to the progress of taste generally throughout the country, and more particularly the eulogium you passed on the liberal conduct of the late Mr. Johnston, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy. I regretted that, as in all probability no reporters were present, this most admirable address might be lost to the world. I am happy, therefore, that what related to Ireland has reached that country, and I think you will be gratified to know the manner in which it has been received.

"Lest you should begin the work of Dr. Memes under an erroneous impression, I have referred to it, and am happy to find I was not mistaken, in *differing in opinion* from Mr. Phillips, and that he has not written in disparagement of Michael Angelo's art. In chap. xii. you will find that, on the contrary, he exalts him to the third heaven as a painter, and admits of no competitor; at the same time he extols Raphael also to the skies, but marks the distinction of their genius, their style, and their object.

"In regard to the sculpture of Michael Angelo, in chap. viii.,

he compares him with the antique, and I cannot but think that he himself would subscribe to most part of what Memes has said. He does not, in chap. xi., compare him with the antique painters, having no means of doing so. But on the great question of the state of painting among the ancients, he does not, as I observed, give any opinion. He merely states briefly what is known, and expresses much doubt whether painting had attained the same rank as sculpture, from the much greater demand for the latter.

"On the whole, Memes seems to be an able critic, notwithstanding some errors in his very metaphysical Introduction, and a great heresy he has fallen into with respect to the importance, and still more as to the difficulty of expressing, (he ought rather to say of avoiding,) details, as if he considered that the less comprehended the greater; or as if a spectator—say even himself—could resist the tendency of detail to divert him from the argument or subject of a picture. Neither does he seem to be aware of the deplorable and *incurable* malady—at least *I* find it so—which prevails among artists, and among mankind generally, to trifle with minutiæ, and neglect essentials—a disease from which the English school alone has been delivered, and for which deliverance he censures them and Sir J. Reynolds.

"I shall feel anxious to obtain your opinion of this work, on some future occasion; and in the mean time,

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir, &c. &c.

"A. ROBERTSON.

"P. S. You have no doubt received a communication this day from the Directors, through Mr. Phillips. The books will be required next Monday, after which they may not be wanted for six months.

"May I trouble you to inclose Mr. Cuming's letter to me by post?

"*To Sir Thomas Lawrence, P. R. A.*"

CHAPTER VII.

The Exhibition of 1827.—Unrivalled Excellence of Sir Thomas.—Portraits of Miss Croker,—of the Chamberlain of London, and of the Countess of Normanton.—Family Anxieties.—Sir Walter Scott and his Portrait.—Portrait of Miss Capel.—Private Correspondence.—Solicitude for Mr. Canning.—A Defence against a Charge of Negligence.—A visit to Doncaster.—The Turf.—Its Splendour and fatal Consequences.—Scriptural Subjects.—Mr. West.—Guido.——Etty's Holofernes.—The Terrible, the Horrible, and the Disgusting —Salvata's Death of Regulus.—Don Miguel at Princess Lieven's.—Sir Thomas Lawrence's Analysis of his Face.—The Exhibition of 1828.—Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst.—Correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence with Mr. Peel.—The Friendship of these two eminent Men.—Pecuniary Affairs.—Mr. Peel's Purchase of two Vandykes.—Portraits of Mr. Canning and Dr. Southey.—Private Parties.—Engravings.—Portrait of Prince George of Cumberland.—Portrait of Miss Macdonald.—Portrait of Mrs. Peel and Miss Peel.

THE Exhibition at the Royal Academy, for 1827, was strong in numbers and in merit. Sir Thomas exhibited eight of the finest specimens of his genius. The subjects were remarkably calculated to elicit the strongest display of his

powers; and it is important to observe, that never did artist more anxiously strive to sustain his high reputation, in the absence of all competition, for the stimulus of rivalry had ceased with the death of Hoppner and Owen; he stood alone on the arena. Sir Joshua's laurels had several times been nearly purloined by men totally destitute of talent, whilst several painters of real genius competed with him even in his own branch of art; and he had the wholesome incitement of public fastidiousness and of close rivalry, in every respect, to invigorate his exertions. The general state of art during the career of Sir Thomas Lawrence was infinitely superior to what it had been in that of his great predecessor; the national taste was more refined, and its judgment formed upon sounder principles. The public approbation was not to be obtained upon easy terms, and of this Sir Thomas Lawrence felt a deep conviction; for in his correspondence with his private friends during this year, he very often directly and incidentally expresses his sensitiveness to the fact, and urges it as a stimulus to his overcoming his constitutional inertness in the pursuit of his one sole and cherished object—fame. To a mind so friendly, and a disposition so gentle and amiable, an immediate competition with any individuals would have had less force; and it may be doubted

whether his sensitive nature, in the latter period of his life, could have borne even the triumph of honourable success over any particular rival. The general state of art, the refinement of the public mind, and an abstract love of fame, were certainly incitements much more pure and more congenial to his nature.

The works exhibited by him in the Academy this year, were marked in the catalogue,—

No. 26. Portrait of Miss Croker. 75. The Countess of Normanton. 117. The Earl of Liverpool. 134. Mrs. Peel. 146. Sir Walter Scott. 122. Lord Francis Levison Gower. 314. John Nash, Esq. 422. Richard Clarke, Esq.

For female loveliness and for the rank and celebrity of the parties, the list is splendid.

The portrait of Miss Croker must ever be admired as a beautiful picture of a lovely object. Youth, beauty, and intellectual vivacity seem to live upon the canvas, in their freshness of gaiety and fashion, and of joyous health, and all ideas of art and of the painting are absorbed in the charmed fancy of the prototype. From this extreme of maiden loveliness, the mind must travel to a portraiture of serene and cheerful old age. The portrait of Richard Clarke, the Chamberlain of London, is one of the finest representations of extreme old age, without its infirmi-

ties or senility. This excellent likeness of a very old man, is now hung in the Council Chamber of the City of London, in juxta-position to a portrait of a Mr. Pindar, by Mr. Opie, and it would be impossible to afford a more decided specimen of different styles than they exhibit.

The Countess Normanton.—This is a fine full-length portrait of the Countess, in an attitude rather *empressé*, reminding the spectator of Mrs. Siddons when she threw into her person the expression of dignity and firm resolves. This effect is increased by the curvature of the arm and its tension of muscles, and the brown gown and whole colouring is sober and severe. The large full eyes are finely painted. When Sir Thomas Lawrence did not paint from a subject too immediately under a high, strong light, or, by throwing his light too high, produce a very deep and dark shade from the eye-brows, he painted his eyes with great care and consummate skill. Fuseli used to qualify any depreciation of his merits, by a but or an if—"but by C—t he paints eyes better than Titian!" Sir Thomas Lawrence's pupil, Harlow, had caught this excellence of him, and his eyes of John Kemble, in the historical painting from the scene in Henry VIII., are a fine specimen of his power.

Sir Thomas Lawrence had to exert himself upon these most luxuriant productions of his genius, amidst much perplexity of affairs, and many distractions of family anxieties. His beloved sister's state of ill-health occasioned him incessant alarm and deeply-felt sorrow; and his attentions to her were unremitting. Every means of gratifying her, and of contributing to her amusement and cheerfulness, were anxiously sought by him.

* * * * * * *

"A thousand thanks for your dear letter, though it tells me of still too much bustle and activity. Prudence in this case is but another word for affection, and we shall know how much you love us by your passive obedience to our wishes, and those of your medical advisers.

"I am toiling with distracted attention between sitters and the Exhibition—our works must go in on the 10th.

"I will not expect another letter from you for a long week, or till you are at Andrew's. But no—your strength will not permit you to go there so soon, and I must wish again to hear from your own self. Believe me, &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Notwithstanding the hurry he here complains of, he paid his sister a hasty visit at Rugby; and his short letter to her upon his return, is expressive of the amiable and endearing feelings between them.

* * * * * * *

"I have just seen Sir Henry Halford, who appears sincerely rejoiced at the account I have given him, though I have been careful not to be too sanguine. He recommends the same course to be adhered to, and is much gratified that the essential part of it had been previously adopted by Messrs. Bucknells, to whom he begs his compliments.

"Every thing depends on my loved sister keeping her mind quiet, and suspending that activity of spirit for others, which (unconsciously to herself) would make it otherwise. She has no right to think, speak, or move, except to read the idlest novel. I have no news to tell you—Lord Liverpool has been so much better as to utter a few words, call for Shakspeare, and try to select the passage he had been reading before he was taken ill,—but no consciousness of the inconvenience arising from his present state, no word or allusion to his friends, or the government.—Oh that I may hear of your still increasing recovery!

the greatest happiness that can now happen to your affectionate brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The little incidental parentheses which occur so frequently in all his letters, are the best and most internal evidences of the heart and tone of disposition.

The artist felt his pride excited, in painting the portrait of Sir Walter Scott, and he had been annoyed at reports of Sir Walter's having fallen off in his personal appearance. The pencil and the subject were reciprocally calculated to transmit each other to posterity. However, at length, Sir Walter appeared once more *in propriâ personâ*, and the reader would not be disposed to excuse the omission of the following letter that Sir Thomas wrote upon the spur of the occasion, to a friend whose intellect and life inspired an interest in persons of genius.

"Russell Square, Thursday Evening.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I shall wait on you with the greatest pleasure. Sir Walter comes over to refute all the past reports about his looks, increased age, &c. I had the happiness of breakfasting with him this morning at Mr. Rogers', and all the alteration I see is, in his complexion being fresher, his eye

brighter, his face smoother, and his hair less grey than it was; for it is now, I acknowledge, of silvery whiteness.

"Pray let me ask if, in the wide range of your acquaintance, you know a gentleman of the name of Gataker? I have somewhere a picture of his father, which I want, when it is cleaned, to send him; but I know not his direction. That you may the more readily know him, I beg to inform you, that his mother was my mother's first cousin, and (what will at once bring him to your recollection) that she was born in Worcestershire. Now you have it! but so have not I his direction: which is a thing you will therefore send me, or give to me on Monday.

"How rejoiced, how relieved, how glad at heart I was, to find our dear friend so exactly the being I had left her, with some slight defect in hearing excepted; and that not more than becomes a Welsh gentlewoman. This obliquity of vision, that finds resemblance between Mr. Wilkes and Miss Hayman, will, I know, be duly reprobated by you. Let me seriously thank you for this gratifying invitation, and for the continuance of a friendship, which, let me assure you, is justly appreciated by,

"My dear Madam, &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

At this period he was painting several other portraits, upon one of which he felt more than ordinary interest.

It was the portrait of Miss Capel, the daughter of a gentleman known to the public for his laudable humanity, and spirit in resisting a series of abominable oppressions practised upon the poor and industrious fishermen of Queenborough, in order to force them to prostitute their political rights and moral integrity, to the purpose of making the town "a treasury," or what is the same, "an ordnance borough."

In the following letter upon the subject of the portrait, the allusion to Mr. Canning shows that Sir Thomas, in addition to the sympathies of friendship, participated in the unanimous feelings of affliction of the public, at the danger of a statesman, who had given an earnest of his intentions to rescue the country from the mean and narrow policy and arbitrary principles which had disgraced her in the page of history, and had degraded our common nature by making Europe succomb to a few hereditary despots.

"Russell Square, August 7, 1827.

"DEAR MADAM,

"I sincerely regret that in the variety of my engagements, and the pressing urgency of many,

I have unintentionally omitted to take further sittings from Miss Capel; but unless her continued absence from town prevent my having the honour of seeing her, I know not why my pledge to you may not be redeemed.

"If Mr. and Mrs. Capel should be in town during the whole, or the early part of October, the picture can, and shall, be finished in November, unless *illness* render me unable to effect it, and of that I have at present no cause for apprehension.

"Your gratifying report of Miss Hayman has been confirmed to me by a letter, which I yesterday received from her.

"Her spirits must have been affected by the strange conduct of Mrs. Hayman; but her mind and heart are still those of youth, and equally resist disquietude and time.

"I beg to tell you that there are no hopes of Mr. Canning's life. The bulletin was, "We lament to state, that, although with intervals of sleep, Mr. Canning still continues in great danger." The only difference between this and a former bulletin, is the word "great" substituted for "imminent." It has some slight shade of distinction, though possibly unintended. I will not seal my letter till the post goes out, that I may send you the latest information.

"Two physicians, (Sir M. Tierney and Dr.

Vance,) have recently said, that Mr. Canning's constitution is a strong one. If another day pass without rapid diminution of strength, (as there seems no *organic* disease,) there may yet be hope.

"I beg my respects to Dr. Hughes, and to your friends, and remain, &c. &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"5 o'Clock.

"The bulletin of this morning was still unfavourable, but I have just heard that some better symptom to-day has excited a faint hope.—Probably, but the last efforts of the taper."

But with all his admiration of the portrait of Miss Capel, it still hung in the attelier unfinished —and provokingly so, as what was done, gave promise of its being one of his best works. With the exception of a portrait of Mrs. Seymour Bathurst, this of Miss Capel was the last he was to have immediately finished.

As late as November 1829, about six weeks before his death, he wrote the following letter on the subject:

"Russell Square, Nov. 29th, 1829.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I have written to Miss Capel, to appoint

this final sitting from her. I am glad you like the picture, and that the Doctor approves of it.

"I am not conscious of (I *will* not say of any intentional, but) known slight in any picture that I have painted for the last twenty years; indeed, I know not *any* period when *that* was possible to me; but most certainly, I never omitted to devote my best exertions when employed on characters of either worth or genius.

"In the present instance, I had a very amiable subject, I believe an accomplished one; and, I was likewise stimulated by esteem and respect for two of my warmest friends. My servant could tell you with what fastidious care I have finished my pleasant task.

"I had a short but delightful letter the other morning from Miss Hayman.—As youthful and constant in that fine nature, as she remains clear in intellect,—what a privation to us is the distance at which she lives! We will have an admirable invalid carriage that I know of, and sending down three men in masks, whip her into it, before she can say Jack—much less Robinson! and set her down at a beautiful lodging in Southampton Row; for I acknowledge, that unless she shares my own, I have no bed to offer her in this warehouse, where all "the buried Montagues and Capulets lie packed." You perceive

the confusion of this metaphor between fact, trade, and death; but one must talk the language of the hour, in which I am quite sure you are as flippant as myself.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"Mrs. Hughes."

Every private hour, and every professional production, testify to what he here asserts, respecting his conscientious devotion of his talents to those that engaged them.

His professional exertions now rendered some relaxation absolutely necessary. An excursion to his family, without the toils of ceremony and etiquette, or the (under such circumstances) serious occupation of festivities and company, was proposed to him by his sister, who was staying at Aberystwith.

He wrote the following reply to her invitation:

"Sept. 14, 1827.

"MY DEAREST ANN,

"I am sincerely grateful for the receipt of such happy news from you; and think myself deeply indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Meredith for that kind and affectionate thought, that suggested this pleasant and salutary tour.

"You give a delightful description of your situation, and it tempts me not to babble, with Falstaff, of green fields, but of blue waves, and the pure ether that a loved sister is now inhaling. But, alas! I cannot come to you, though I believe I shall be absent a few days, to see my constant and zealous friend Lord Londonderry,* to whom I have appeared too cold, in declining his repeated yearly invitations. On the 29th, he is to have the Duke of Wellington with him; and as he has always appeared to study whatever could be gratifying to my self-love, as well as what could be useful to my interests, he is now particularly pressing to see me, when he is himself to enjoy the distinction of this great man's visit.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

It may be doubted whether, in any respect, and especially in respect to health, the freshening sea-breeze, the mountain air, the solitary ramble amidst the loveliness of rural nature, or the social contemplation of her grander features, in

* The reader cannot but feel surprise at the total omission from these volumes of Sir Thomas's correspondence with Lord Londonderry. The author exonerates himself from any blame upon the subject: his Lordship was duly applied to for Sir Thomas's letters.

company with his sister, were well exchanged for the luxurious festivities and splendid society at the mansion of his noble host.

" Doncaster, Sept. 18, 1827.

" My dear Sir,

" Possibly you may have learned my absence, ere this reaches you. An invitation of each year for some years past, from my constant friend Lord Londonderry, was so strongly urged before he left town, and since by letter, coupled with the temptation to meet the Duke of Wellington, (with which his Grace was acquainted,) that I could not decline it, without the charge of ungrateful indifference to one of the most zealous friends that ever man had. With Lord L— I lived at Paris, in the year 1815—with him, for my five months' stay at Vienna. For him I painted my first portrait of the King—for him my first of the Duke of Wellington. It was part of this invitation that I should meet Lord and Lady Londonderry here, and I am now with them.

" I wish you likewise were here: I long to know more of the profound science here studied, and have no one fraught with the pure love of instruction near me. They are all too much interested in the subject, to think of teaching it.

" I do not stay here the whole of the week,

but leave it on Friday morning for Winyard, near Stockton-on-Tees, Lord Londonderry's place;* to which, if either you or dear Mrs. Ottley have time, you may direct a letter, provided it be written before the 22nd.

"'Tis a scene of splendid gaiety round me. The equipages of Lord Fitzwilliam and the Duke of Devonshire give it an almost picturesque air; the former, with four gentlemen in uniform following his carriage, and with twelve outriders; the latter with the same cortége, excepting the four gentlemen. We had a splendid ball last night with all the old families of the counties present.

"I would rather write to you on affairs of art, or politics—an Englishman's rightful theme; but you must take that of the passing hour, as I at Doncaster must do as the people of Doncaster do.

"Give my respects and regard to Mrs. Ottley and all your family; and believe me, with constant esteem and attachment, &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

His joke, in this letter, about "the profound

* Sir Thomas always confounds the two *places*, i. e. seats of Lord Londonderry, in the County of Durham. Winyard House is near Durham, and it is Seaham Hall that is proximate to Stockton-upon-Tees.

science" of horse-racing, is an illustration of his supposed gaming propensities. The following letter contains a sad comment upon the science. It appears that, prior to this visit, Sir Thomas had witnessed but three scenes of horse-racing—an abstinence from even the temptations of Ascot and Epsom, which few residents of London, with his means and appliances, can boast of.

"Lord Londonderry's, Doncaster, Sept. 19th, 1827.

"My dear Madam,

"Your letter has this moment reached me; but great as the happiness is with which I receive it, that feeling is mixed with most sincere regret, at, I fear, my not being able to assist you in your generous purpose—at least at this moment.

"Before I left town, Mr. Lloyd, a most respectable old gentleman, a wine merchant, but a known connoisseur to us artists, and a collector of the finest prints of the old masters, whom I have long known, principally through his intimacy with my friend, Mr. Ottley, applied to me, to my astonishment, for my interest for his brother—of whose existence I had not known, but who, from this account, was without the means of a decent livelihood. I immediately acquainted him with the steps proper to be taken, and certainly did all that I thought I could, to

forward his application for poor William Verney's place.

" I should tell you, that Mr. Lloyd, from, I fear, his attachment to the arts, and some untoward commercial circumstances, had himself failed, and has but lately, at the advanced age of seventy, recommenced business. This, my dear Mrs. Boucherette, must be my excuse to you for not immediately and gladly obeying your wishes in exerting myself to the utmost for this unfortunate, but deserving person.

" I do, however, feel myself perfectly justified in recommending your immediate application to Mr. Angerstein, to address Mr. Seguier on the subject, who is the keeper of the gallery, and who, I believe, will have the appointment, or successful recommendation, to these inferior stations, and who, I think, might be glad to oblige Mr. Angerstein.

" Though hesitating to make two personal applications for two parties, I cannot make comparison in my wishes, which must (and ought to) gratefully be for yours.

" You will be surprised at the date of my letter. I am sure it demands explanation. Lord Londonderry, as Lord Stewart, I knew above twenty years ago; and from that time to the present hour, he has been my constant and

zealous friend. With him, in the year 1815, I lived at Paris—with him, for five months, at Vienna. Through him, very principally, that mission (if not originating with him) was conducted, which led to all subsequent distinctions in my profession. For him I painted my first portrait of his Majesty—for him my first of the Duke of Wellington. For some five years past he has each year invited me to see him at Winyard, and I have been compelled to decline each invitation; but it has this year been so kindly, strongly urged, coupled with the desire that I should meet the Duke of Wellington, (who knows of my invitation,) and it has likewise been so seconded by the pain of fearing that I might seem to treat it with ungrateful indifference, when political circumstances have separated him from the government, and the private regard of his Majesty;—all this, I say, has made it impossible for me to decline the pleasure of joining him; and I have therefore, by agreement, met him, with Lady L., at this place, where, for two days more, I am engaged in all the dissipation and important (to many fatally deep) interests of these races, which I see for the first time, and for the fourth in my life of any race. The scene has to me all the novelty that youth could have given it, and almost all the pleasure, in the race

itself; whilst the company is only all London, with the slight addition of all Yorkshire and Derbyshire added to it. I was at Almack's the night before last, and dined at Devonshire House yesterday. But you have been lady steward or lady patroness of Lincolnshire, and know what it all is. Lord Fitzwilliam's set-out beats even the Duke's, who is steward. The former, with six horses, four gentlemen following the carriage, and twelve outriders; and Lord Milton's the same—the Duke with twelve outriders. Immense sums were yesterday lost by Lord B——d, by Lord M——n, and his brother, (absolute ruin!) and many others to large amount.

"How I rejoice to hear of the continued health of all my loved friends, so deeply (and oh, how justly!) valued by me! If you have leisure to give me one line of forgiveness for not instantly acting for you, direct to me—'The Marquess of Londonderry's, Winyard, near Stocton-on-Tees, Durham.'

"Dear Mrs. Lock's (portrait) will be my greatest beauty, and best picture, of my next exhibition. Ever with best respects and regards to all,

"My dear Madam, &c.

"LAWRENCE."

Leaving the race-course, and the pranks which nature plays with poor humanity, more delightful will be the return to that peaceful and lovely art, which "*emollit mores nec sinit esse feros;*"—and—

> "Which out of all the lovely things we see,
> Extracts sensations beautiful and new."

This divine alchemy—this sun of life, which brightens nature, and makes all things the source of refined pleasures and amiable virtues, was the blessed attribute of this excellent man, beyond any person living.

In a letter now before me, Sir Thomas is made to express his chagrin at the Christ Rejected of Mr. West being bought in at three thousand guineas, and to pronounce Mr. West the best of painters since the Carraccis—a period of no small length, and not very barren of genius in art. Mr. West seldom attempted to paint subjects common to universal sympathies; and this, probably, was one cause why so little of nature and passion was expressed in his figures and countenances.

He painted to enforce a creed, or illustrate a theory; but the scriptural pieces of the great masters are pure emanations of nature, and could be equally beautiful with any other names than those attached to them.

An infant Saviour, or St. John, by Murillo, with any other name, would be equally admired as a soft and exquisitely beautiful child, breathing from the canvas; and the inspiration of the St. John, by Raphael, might be termed the poetic enthusiasm of a youthful Pindar or Tyrtæus, without diminishing its beauty. Those paintings cannot be of any high order of merit, that derive their admiration from predilections for the subjects.

I have already spoke of Mr. West's avoiding those subjects which present the appalling sights of human crime or sufferings, sometimes associated with filthy or abominable circumstances, unredeemed by the magnanimous, or by any admixture of the great or good.

Guido painted the subject of Judith and Holofernes, the daughter of Herodias with the Baptist's head, with very little expression; and a justly-admired artist of the present day, Mr. Etty, a pupil of Sir Thomas's, has exhibited a great historical picture of Judith and Holofernes, in which he has avoided the difficulty of expression, by making a principal figure turn his back to the spectator. The story of Herodias must be read, as a link in an important chain; but the actual sight of a human head in a dish is filthy and disgusting. The history of Holofernes must

be presented to "the mind's eye;" but to present to actual vision the dripping of human gore from a lacerated neck, and the putting of the head "in a bag of meat," combines a filthy association and a sight so horrible, that it is astonishing that the subject can be tolerated. Artists, and all men, cannot too often reflect upon the line,—

"Homo sum, et humani a me nil alienum puto."

Let art avail itself of the terrible and the beautiful; but the age is too humane to be pleased by the horrible.

A love of art may engender cruelty, instead of softening the heart to the tenderest sympathies. Salvata Rosa's Death of Regulus impresses the mind with gloom and solemn awe; but immediately the name of the subject is mentioned, no beauty of the painting can overcome the abhorrence and disgust at the idea of inclosing a man in a barrel stuck round with nails. The illustrations of this principle might be infinite, from both the old and new masters. It is not too much to say, that by the injudicious selection of such subjects, from sacred and profane history, painting had, for many ages, almost neutralized its powers of civilizing mankind.

The year 1828 may be made to commence with a curious letter Sir Thomas wrote to his

sister respecting Don Miguel. This verbal portrait of the weak and cruel tyrant must show with what consummate hypocrisy he could disguise the expression of his countenance from the most scrutinizing and practised eye in reading the mind's construction in the face.

"January 19th, 1828.

"My dearest Ann,—

* * * * * * *

"I went to Princess Lieven's to see Don Miguel, to whom, at his desire, I was introduced. He told me he had heard much of me at Vienna—was very courteous and pleasing. He has gained on the good opinions of all by his quiet, modest manner—his attention to every thing presented to his notice, and his avowed love of English society. I received a letter the next morning from a fair sitter of mine, telling me that he kept them up, teaching them German dances, till six in the morning. His features have symmetry, delicacy, and character. His eyes bear a larger proportion to the rest of the countenance, than is seen in our English faces: his nose is handsome, and mouth small and pleasing. When not speaking, he has a quiet gravity of expression, but then it lights up with an unaffected smile, and with a manner gracious

without the alloy of condescension. He is about Andrew's size, or an inch taller, but stouter, without the least tendency to the corpulent. So with this true portrait of Don Miguel, dearest Ann, I take my leave."

The Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year almost reached its maximum of paintings, the number amounting to 1214. Of these, eight of extreme beauty were from the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Their stations in the catalogue were,

66. Portrait of Lady Lyndhurst. 77. The daughter of the Right Hon. William Peel. 114. The Countess Gower and her daughter. 140. The Marchioness of Londonderry, and her son Lord Seaham. 158. Earl Grey. 263. Sir Astley Cooper. 341. Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis, and her son. 463. The Earl of Eldon.

The prominent features and beauty of Lady Lyndhurst, with her fashionable air and stylish carriage of her person, as well as her name, attracted every eye towards her portrait. Scarcely any man has acquired more esteem, attachment, and admiration, than Lord Lyndhurst, in the several stages of his profession, and classes of society through which he has moved. He had, moreover, been recently raised to the peerage, by a set of political changes

that the country rejoiced in. The moral sense of the people was outraged at the vile chicanery of the law courts, whilst the common intellect of all men was justly incensed at the pertinacious adherence of his predecessor to the old abuses, and his Lordship was hailed as a regenerator, and the confidence of the country was reposed in him. It is a singular instance of the change of fortune, that in the street (George Street, Hanover Square) in which resides the Lord Chancellor of England, about fifty years ago resided his father in the profession of a painter. Lady Lyndhurst was the daughter of Charles Brunsdell, Esq., and was first married to Colonel Thomas, of the First Foot Guards, who lost his life at Waterloo.

At the period of painting the second portrait in the list, Sir Thomas was on familiar terms of friendship with Mr. Peel, and a frequent intercourse and interchange of civilities took place between them.

The preceding year had witnessed the exhibition of one of the most superb and classic paintings that the art itself had ever produced—the portrait of Mrs. (now Lady) Peel; and the likeness of her daughter, in the exhibition of this year, excited forcibly the recollection of the previous work. Where the beauty, and elegance, and

grace of a subject warmed the chastened fancy of the painter, it was always discernible upon the canvas; but where to beauty was added the expression of intellect and moral excellence in their feminine purity and gentleness, the mind of the artist was elevated to its exalted powers, and the canvas glowed beneath his inspired genius. The truth of this was never so forcibly exemplified as in this fine portrait of Lady Peel.

The painting was a kit-cat, and it is obvious that Sir Thomas designed it as a companion to the celebrated Chapeau de Paille of Rubens.

The elegance of action and of expression which Sir Thomas could give to his female portraits, was peculiar to himself; and he exhibited its power, in its full plenitude, in this celebrated work.*

* Sir Thomas received from Mr. (Sir Robert) Peel more commissions than from any person whatever, his late Majesty excepted: they were most liberally remunerated. The principal portraits he painted for this gentleman were of the Earl of Aberdeen and Mr. Huskisson; whole-lengths of the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Liverpool, and Mr. Canning; Bishops—half-lengths of Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, and Dr. Southey; a portrait of the late Sir Robert Peel, and portraits of the present baronet, two portraits of his lady, and one of their daughter. These form by far the most costly, valuable, and excellent collection of the portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Sir Robert Peel is likewise the possessor of Lawrence's portrait of John Kemble in the character of Rolla.

A contemporary critic made some judicious observations upon this beautiful painting of Mrs. Peel.

"We conceive this to be among the loveliest, and, if so, the highest achievements of modern art; and perhaps the term 'modern' may be received as any thing but an invidious distinction in this particular instance: for we doubt if the old masters themselves have furnished us with more fascinating transcripts of female beauty, than have fallen from the pencils of Reynolds, Lawrence, &c. We mean, of course, in the way of portraits; for in the ideal we have not approached them. The male portraits of Titian, and some of his followers of the Venetian and Roman schools, and also those of Rembrandt and Rubens, possess a vigour, a vitality, and an individuality, which have never since been approached. But their female portraits are much less distinguished from those of our own day, and of that which preceded it; not, however, by a deficiency of skill on the part of the old masters in this department, but by an access of it in their modern rivals: for we will not call Reynolds or Lawrence *imitators* of any school whatever. This portrait of Mrs. Peel is touching in a high degree, but by the pure force of its truth, simplicity, and nature. And in the accessories which contribute to convert the whole into a

picture, there are parts which give us a high notion of the painter's feeling for the *poetry* that is essentially connected with a subject like this. We allude, in particular, to the mode in which the outward dress—consisting of a cloak of white fur—is made to assimilate, and, as it were, blend with, and form a part of the clouds that float above and about this beautiful lady. This is unquestionably the best portrait in the present Exhibition; and we are half disposed to add, that it is also the best picture, which would be still higher praise."

Of the portrait of this child of Mr. Peel, exhibited in 1828, another critic, writing of Sir Thomas Lawrence, justly observed, "his portrait of the infant daughter of Mr. Peel almost rivals his justly famous picture of Lord Durham's child."*

The following correspondence illustrates the professional exertions of Sir Thomas for this eminent statesman, as well as the friendly intercourse that subsisted between them.

As early as 1825 I find the following letter, addressed from Sir Thomas to his friend and patron.

(Private.) "Russell Square, May 20th, 1825.

"My dear Sir,

"I will not say that I do not hesitate to ask

you for a too early payment of the remaining part of the price of the Duke of Wellington's picture; for with many, on whom I have prior claims, I naturally do; but I will frankly own that there are none to whom I can address myself with more safety and less vexation.

"I shall probably be absent from England when you receive the picture from the exhibition; and this is one of the causes that demand an early preparation from me in pecuniary matters. I need not say that I do not quit England for slight occasions, or, that I have sought it. His Majesty has honoured me with a royal professional mission to Paris.

"You will forgive my writing 'private' on this note.

"Let me hope that you continue to have good news from Brighton.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Your most faithful servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The following letter has allusion to two admirable Vandykes afterwards exhibited to the public.

"Russell Square, May 29th, 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I most sincerely regret that an engagement

for the 29th prevents my acceptance of your invitation. I fear a disappointment awaits you in Sir Walter's absence: Mr. Moore told me today that he goes back to Scotland on Monday next. I have seen the Vandykes—very interesting portraits, and in each *identity* itself; of his earliest time in execution, but still of great truth and force. They are entirely free from the ravages of repair, and their present husky appearance will yield to new lining, and their being varnished.

"Believe me to remain,
"With constant and the highest respect,
"Mr. Secretary Peel's
"Most faithfully devoted servant,
"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Mr. Peel was at this time desirous of possessing himself of the portrait of Dr. Southey, and the two following letters passed from Sir Thomas Lawrence to him upon the subject.

"Russell Square, June 2nd, 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I shall have the greatest pleasure in obeying your wish. The subject you propose for my pencil is a very distinguished man, and therefore with just claims to the destination of the work.

But will you, by a card, send to me his residence? for, at present, I am ignorant of it.

"I shall, some evening about half-past ten, make inquiry at your door, if you and Mrs. Peel happen to be alone. But, no—the House of Commons is against it.

"I am aware how much and oppressively you must be occupied, and feel how great the sacrifice (with such enjoyments as nature, art, and fortune place before you) that the duties of public stations exact from you. I must rejoice, however, that you do not leave it.

"I beg my respects to Mrs. Peel, and remain, with the highest esteem, &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Russell Square, June 5th.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Perhaps, in the poet, you would like something that should obviously separate the character from the grave repose of the statesman. Mr. Southey's countenance is peculiar, and I shall, therefore, not err on the other side.

"But should any thing strike you as your own wish in the choice of action, &c. let me know it before *one* to-day, for then he sits to me.

"Ever, with constant respect,

"My dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The portrait of Dr. Southey, it has already been remarked, was not one of the most fortunate efforts of the artist's skill.

(Private.) "Russell Square, Saturday Evening.

"My dear Sir,

"My servant, I believe, informed you that I could not benefit by your kind invitation for Wednesday. I should speak of the pleasure which your visit gave me; but I am now writing on an unpleasant topic, and with an unquiet mind.

"By notice from my banker, late this day, I find myself more inconvenienced in money matters than I had ignorantly expected, and the occasion is urgent. In this exigency, I take the liberty to ask you if your present arrangements admit of your affording me an essential service, by the payment, at this too early period, of the last moiety of the portraits of Mr. Canning and Mr. Southey.

"I think I may be sure, without report from others, that you like the latter picture; but it is far from finished;—it may be wholly changed. They will both, however, with your permission, be in the Exhibition.

"I write this letter this Saturday evening.

Early in the morning I go to Windsor, to carry the successful print of his Majesty to the King. May I hope for your answer, friendly in either case, on my return in the evening?

"I have no spirit to add more than that I remain,

"Ever, my dear Sir,

"Your obliged and devoted servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Russell Square, December, 19th.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You know how much I thank you for your kindness and prompt answer, under circumstances of uncertainty and haste. I found your friendly letter on my return last night from Windsor.

"His Majesty, whom I had the happiness to see, in apparently perfect health, questioned me on the pictures on which I was now engaged, and for whom. I mentioned three; two of them Mr. Southey and Mr. Canning.

"You will be pleased to see, (I think,) a fine print from my full-length portrait of the King; with which his Majesty was much satisfied.

"That, with a private print, the companion to Lord Lansdowne, Captain Barry, &c., I hope

you will allow me to place in your small dining-room, which, with so much good taste, you have decorated with fine engravings.

" Believe me to remain, with the highest esteem, attachment, and respect,

" My dear Sir,

" Your very faithful servant,

" THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The following letter is satisfactory, respecting the portrait of Miss Peel.

" Russell Square, July 28th, 1828.

" MY DEAR SIR,

" I have the pleasure to send the picture.

" I have looked it over since its return from the Exhibition, lest any thing should appear wanting to it, that any labour might correct; but as I see nothing that materially requires it, I am unwilling to disturb its present unity of effect and execution, and intentionally leave very subordinate parts with less character of finishing, because the appearance of facility is not undesirable, where the essential details of a work have received obvious care and attention.

" I leave it, in this respect, as I should have liked to see it, had the picture been by another pencil, and more deserving my inspection.

"In the hope that Mrs. Peel will not be dissatisfied with this resemblance of her child,

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Russell Square, July 29th, 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Receive, as favourably as you have the picture, the expression of my sincere pleasure, that my first wish in painting it has been obtained. You always add a grace to kindness, by the high yet friendly courtesy with which it is bestowed.

"I have to acknowledge, with the happiness of pleasing Mrs. Peel and yourself by these efforts of my pencil, the receipt of your cheque, for the final payment of the portrait of Miss Peel.

"Believe me to remain,

"My dear Sir,

"Your obliged, and faithfully devoted servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The next subject of correspondence between these eminent persons, appears to have been upon the engraving of Mrs. Peel's portrait, with which the country is now familiar. The world, on reading this letter, those at least who have not had the happiness of seeing the original portrait, or its subject, will feel some surprise, for the engrav-

ing gave a full idea of feminine grace and elegance, and of exceeding loveliness. It was universally and justly admired, nor has the admiration been transient or decreasing. Letters of civility, or of invitation, in cases like the present, are not trifling or uninteresting to the world. They often mark the character of the times and tone of society more than graver matters. Genius, it is said, levels the inferior distinctions of rank and wealth. Nature, even with the most artificial, cannot always be on stilts, or in buckram, and mind will attract mind, as closely as kindred misfortunes will unite the most discordant. The intellectual superiority and refined tastes of these eminent persons, notwithstanding the total dissimilarity of their habits, cares, and avocations, produced an association of an amiable nature, characteristic and interesting, and reflected faithfully in the few letters quoted in the course of this work.

" Russell Square, Nov. 7th, 1828.

" My dear Sir,

" I shall have the greatest pleasure in waiting on you. I exceedingly regret my having been absent yesterday when you called here.

" The accompanying prints are not what I could have wished to present to your eyes, or

to those of the friends of Mr. Peel, and of that extended circle of them that we call the world. The print is far from doing justice to her beauty, nor does it to its attempted resemblance in my picture. The engraver makes excuses from the difficulty of the task, and the exceeding hardness of the steel plate; over which, he says, he 'had no controul.'

"He is, however, the first engraver in this delicate style of engraving, and has produced, I think, an admirable print, though the essence of the work be lost.

"I have been vexed and irritated by its having been exhibited in the print shops, before proofs being sent to me for yourself and Mrs. Peel. But you shall see the letter in which he assigns the cause of it, viz. his absence at Paris, and my not receiving, till the night before last, a finished impression. I have to receive from him twenty-five impressions for the honour of your acceptance.

"Let me know if you will receive them, and if (when you can spare the picture) you will permit Mr. Cozens, the engraver of young Lambton, the Duke of Wellington, and Miss Croker, &c. to vindicate the subject and the picture, and reward his genius, by assigning to it its hitherto most delightful task.

"I beg my respects to Mrs. Peel, and have the honour to be, ever

"Your obliged and faithfully devoted Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"P.S. You cannot, in this pause of the House of Commons' duties, and the claims of London society, honour this room by bringing Mrs. Peel with you on some evening, either Saturday next, Tuesday, or Wednesday, to look over Rembrandt, or Claude, or Parmegiano, or Raphael?"

"Russell Square, Saturday morning.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have the pleasure to send to you twenty-two proof impressions from the engraving of Mrs. Peel's portrait, which (I believe) completes the number twenty-five.

"On the first time of my having equally the happiness and the distinction of a visit in my private room from Mr. and Mrs. Peel, I have made no person acquainted with it; you are my sole guests; unless you choose to add to the pleasure of the evening, by bringing another, or others, with you.

"If the hours do not pass heavily, and Mrs. Peel is tempted to honour me with a future visit, I shall then, with permission that I know

will be gladly afforded me, invite those two professional friends, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at your table on Sunday last.

"Pray do not order your carriage for *departure* early, unless the delicacy of Mrs. Peel's health demands it.

"Believe me to remain, with constant and the highest respect,

"My dear Sir, your very faithful Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Russell Square, November 24th.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I shall have great pleasure in waiting on you to dinner on Wednesday next.

"On almost every day since I had the honour of seeing you here with Mrs. Peel, I have meditated to call and thank you both, for the kindness and happiness of that visit; but the days, too short at this season for the business that occupies them, have passed on, and left me regret and vexation at the omission of that pleasant duty. But Mrs. Peel knows how greatly she obliged me.

"Believe me to remain, with the highest esteem and respect,

"Your obliged and faithfully devoted Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The private history of a painting in its progress, with the interest felt by the parties, the fluctuations of feelings, and the little accidents that often determine its principal features, is amusing, long after the painting has ceased to be a novelty.

At this period Sir Thomas was painting the likeness of Miss Peel, then about seven years of age.

"Russell Square, Monday Morning.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Though I think the dog I have selected probably better suited to my purpose than that whose portrait I saw, still, as I gain so much by laying myself open to favourable accidents, if it should be no inconvenience to you, let me see the dog at the time that Miss Peel comes to-morrow, viz. eleven o'clock.

"I beg my respects to Mrs. Peel, and remain, my dear Sir, with high esteem and respect,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"As it is just possible that Mrs. Peel might like to come to-morrow with Miss Peel, I beg to mention, that the dog (the Duke of Marlborough's breed) is so shy, that it will stay only with a person accustomed to it; and a Captain Vincent,

therefore, a naval aide-de-camp to the Duke of Clarence, will come with it, and remain while I paint it.

"Having to-day again seen this dog, I think it certain that I should prefer it to the other, which need not be brought, unless you particularly wish it."

It is pleasing to transite from these professional labours, to his intermediate correspondence with his family, by which he cheered his toils and solaced his hours of affection.

The portrait of Prince George of Cumberland was painted in 1828, at Cumberland Lodge, where Sir Thomas staid for the purpose for six weeks. It was exhibited only in the posthumous collection of his works, at the British Institution. It represented the youth (then nine years of age) in a close, blue riding-dress, with a whip in his left hand, and leaning against a rock, with a pensive and rather a sickly countenance.

Sir Thomas had for some short time been painting the portrait of Miss Macdonald; and he devoted himself to it with that delight and zeal which always accompanied his exertions when he was pleased with the intelligence of the sitter, and thought her countenance calculated to display his extraordinary talent in portraying

female beauty, with the loveliness of the expression, and of goodness and intellect beaming on the face. He spoke of this portrait with great satisfaction, and proposed to exhibit it this year. However it did not appear until the succeeding Exhibition of the Academy; and it was doomed to give place to, certainly a portrait of more public consequence, though of a very different nature.

The following letter is sufficiently explanatory of the subject.

"Russell Square, May 17th, 1828.

"My dear Madam,

"It is indeed a long time since we met, and I shall be too glad to have the certainty of breaking the spell, on Tuesday, the 27th instant —'happy to find you just at dinner-time.'

"You reproach me with not staying late at that dearest interest of my life—a ball! But you very well know that, except to see you dancing with others, I have no temptation to stay late. No one claims my arm for the waltz—none my walk in the quadrille, though, I flatter myself I could roam through it as listlessly as any.

"Possibly you may have heard of another dance, in which even less effort is necessary. It is called "the Down-hill Slope;" where gentle-

men of a certain age have but to fold their arms and cross their feet, and they go down so comfortably, that the dance is finished before they desire it. I am at this moment practising that; though, from mere shyness, I like to do it as unobserved as possible.

" ..... And Mrs. Macdonald, and Miss Julia Macdonald, and the General, have really forgiven me for substituting a late Lord Chancellor in the Exhibition, for one of the most amiable of existing beauties? They are all very good, and if the pencil can either bestow reward, or offer expiation, it shall not be wanting in either duty.

" THOMAS LAWRENCE."

A friendship existed between this family and Sir Thomas; and being upon the subject, it is allowable to anticipate a date, by inserting the following note, which, although it exhibits merely the amiable turn that he so inartificially, and almost unconsciously gave to even his lightest notes of civility to his friends, it derives an interest, from its being one of the last he was doomed to write. He expired seven days after.

" Russell Square, Dec. 31, 1829.

" MY DEAR MADAM,

" Your presage is too accurately verified, and

I am compelled to deny myself the honour of waiting on you, by an annual dinner at the Academy, when our new and old council meet to usher in the new year, in all decorous conviviality.

"To own the truth, as some of us are like the President, bald and grey-headed, we sometimes break up before the hour that proclaims it; but then the knowledge of the scarcity of worth makes us careful of our health, and afraid of listening to Syren strains, that might lure it from us.

"This old-fashioned winter may possibly usher in our gone-by spring and summer; and in the former, Miss Macdonald shall find me gay as Mr. Greenwood himself, (a gentleman known to her father,) and ready to obey her summons at a moment's call.

"Believe me, ever, &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Alas! when he thus sported upon his age and worth, and the care of his health, so truly invaluable, little did he think that he was on the brink of the grave—little did those who beheld him at this public dinner, serene and placid, though animated, and diffusing confidence and gladness around him—imagine that this was to

be the last time of his appearing in public—that the grace, and ornament, and the source of dignity to the profession, "the admired of all beholders," and the beloved of all who enjoyed his friendship, was gliding rapidly and imperceptibly to the grave!

CHAPTER VIII.

Commencement of 1829.—Sir Thomas's sources of Happiness.—The Freedom of Bristol voted to him.—His Reply.—The Emperor Napoleon and the Painter.—The Exhibition of 1829.—The Portrait of the King engraved.—Private Correspondence.—Catholic Emancipation.—Private Correspondence.—Portraits of the Duke of Clarence, the Duchess of Richmond, and Marchioness of Salisbury.—The Liverpool and Birmingham Exhibitions.—Debût of Miss Kemble.—Sir Thomas Lawrence's Criticisms upon her Performance.

It would be difficult to conceive a man more completely happy; or, at least, more thoroughly possessed of all "the means and appliances" of happiness, than Sir Thomas Lawrence, at the commencement of the year 1829, into which his biography is now entering.

No artist of modern Europe had been equally distinguished by the princes and aristocracy of his own country, and of foreign nations.

His genius had procured him the means of living above the sordid cares of society, and he was sur-

rounded by all that could flatter vanity, dignify pride, and gratify taste. His chief source of enjoyment, the solace of his solitary hours, and that which shed an enviable influence over his exertions—the happiness and prosperity of his relations—were ample, and, in every respect, satisfactory and unalloyed.

In April, he wrote the following letter, upon the receipt of the freedom of his native city.

"Russell Square, April 9th, 1829.

"My dear Sir,

"Your kind assurance now confirms to me, that I have received from my native city the very highest honour (the protection of majesty excepted) that could have rewarded my professional exertions. I beg you to express to those of your friends who, with yourself, have generously assisted in procuring it, the sincere gratitude and respect with which it has impressed me, and the attachment it has strengthened to the place of my birth, as well as the zeal with which I shall attempt to forward any measure conducive to its honour, and to the improvement of its refined establishments. I shall gladly take advantage of your offer for the exhibition of my two other pictures. Pardon some haste in which

I write, and believe me to remain, with the highest esteem, my dear Sir, &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"To D. W. Acraman, Esq. Bristol."

Very strong and general, and, it is to be feared, justifiable exceptions, have been taken to this letter. It is certainly not in tone with the usual clearness of his mind, and manliness of his character.

If this freedom were procured by the generosity of Mr. Acraman, and the assistance of his friends, the proffer of it was equally dishonourable to the givers and to the receiver. But to rank "the protection of majesty" above the free suffrages of the public—above the attachment, the esteem, and the honours paid to him by a great and populous city—the homage of his birth-place—is a sentiment little honourable to any man.

But it is still more unfortunate that both the protection of majesty, and the highest honour from his native city, are ranked above all "that could have rewarded my professional exertions." Surely there is a posterity—an everlasting fame—a life in the admiration of after ages, infinitely surpassing the smiles of kings, or the parchments of corporations. Napoleon, asking an artist how long the best of paintings might last, was

answered, "Four hundred years."—"Four centuries!" replied the Emperor; "pshaw!" what an immortality!" and he turned away in contempt—and yet this "immortality" of four hundred years might weigh in the balance against "the protection of majesty," or the freedom of Bristol.

The Exhibition of the Academy this year displayed proofs of his unrivalled powers. Eight of the most splendid paintings were from his pencil. These were—

57. Portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. 97. Miss Macdonald. 102. The Duchess of Richmond. 135. Lord Durham. 172. Robert Southey, Esq. 193. The Marchioness of Salisbury. 338. John Soane, Esq. 455. Mrs. Locke, senior.

This was the last public exhibition of his paintings during his life. Taking the congregate of these eight pictures, it is difficult to imagine a more undeviating excellence—an infallible accuracy of likeness, with an elevation of art, below which it seemed impossible for him to descend.

Sir Thomas's life during this eventful year was most active, and his correspondence voluminous.

In the beginning of this year, the engraving

of his portrait of the King, diffused his name very extensively. Sending a copy of it to his sister, he writes :—

" Feb. 2nd, 1829.

" My dear Ann,

" . . . . . It is my present to you of the print of the King. Probably you will have received it before you have this letter : I hope you will like it. I have the pleasure to tell you that it is universally popular, and I know that it is the most faithful portrait of his Majesty that has yet been given to his subjects. All the proofs were gone some days since, of the description of that which I have sent to you, and now every other proof. It is a brother's present to a loved sister, and its destiny is entirely at her disposal.

" Ever your affectionate brother,

" Thomas Lawrence."

He had previously sent a copy of this engraving to Mr. Peel, accompanied by the following letter.

" Russell Square, Jan. 21st, 1829.

" My dear Sir,

" You have so many things of importance to claim and fix your attention, that the delay in your receiving this print may have escaped your notice, and the disappointment, and certainly the *vexation* attending it, have been only mine.

"I have waited thus long for it, from the want of that simple adjunct to it, the glass; the colour of those few which have been sent to Windsor, having been, in my opinion, of too green or cold a hue. It has been with some difficulty that I have secured two or three of this better tint.

"The impression itself is the one (the first finished proof) selected for me by the engraver, as his return for some little care in overlooking the plate; in which, as you may imagine, my own reputation was equally interested with the credit of his skill.

"The frame is that in which I presented the engraving for his Majesty's inspection.

"It will give me the greatest pleasure to see, in the collection of the *second patron* of my pencils, this portrait of the *first*.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Your obliged and faithfully devoted friend,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Next month he addressed to Mr. Peel a letter relative to a very different subject. Its contents are scarcely honourable to the writer's sagacity. It alludes to the Catholic Question, and surely a very different inference might be drawn from the unity of opposition offered by a part of the press to the glorious and transcendently beneficial pro-

ject that Mr. Peel was then achieving—the last blow to the greatest of all scourges of humanity —the greatest of all curses upon man in society —religious persecution. Mr. Peel, by abolishing all religious distinctions, as exclusive or political tests of moral merit and social worth, was relieving private life from the sources of innumerable antipathies, from a gangrene which corrupted its very core, and diffused its venom through every petty artery of the social being. Morals, the foundation of all public good and private happiness, have been, and will be, more aided by this one great act, than by all the laws relating to religion since our Reformation. France has now as immeasurably surpassed us in this sacred cause of religious freedom, as Mr. Peel's Emancipation Bill had surpassed all of what was just, and good, and great, in our previous legislation upon such subjects. Had we still been steeped in the corruptions of our former polity, how fatal might have been the example of France, in producing amongst us a rapid and total overthrow of a system, which may now be further modified. Two letters of Sir Thomas on the subject are curious.

"Russell Square, Feb. 24th, 1829.

"My dear Sir,

"Though believing that you leave this matter wholly to your friends, as passive yourself in it

as I hope you are disdainful of the rancorous abuse of the wretched hirelings, who are manifestly (from the conceit of their operations and other evidence) paid for their (I trust) impotent mischief, I yet cannot resist sending you the enclosed letter from one of my nephews.

"At your leisure, you will have the goodness to return it to me.

"Don't honour me yet with another visit. I am not quite prepared for you, but I shall be soon.

"I beg my respects to Mrs. Peel, and with my wish for one only thing, your continued health, all else you will yourself secure, I have the honour to be,

"My dear Sir, yours, &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Russell Square, Thursday Night, March 5, 1829.

"'Almost at odds with Morning.'

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The difficulty and important consequences of the task performed by you this night,* may justify

* An allusion to a speech of Mr. Peel's in support of the Catholic Bill—a speech that combined the most powerful reasoning, and the finest spirit, with all the brightest attributes of splendid oratory.

those congratulations from even the humblest of your friends, which else the known eminence of your talents might render officious and presuming. The pleasure of the present moment is besides too great, to allow me to question that right of addressing you, which both obligation and attachment have so long given me. Obligations that I am not likely to forget, and an attachment that I think can only terminate with my life.

"A thousand thanks—as a mere spectator and auditor, for this noble effort; so admirably arranged—so powerfully sustained, and so eloquently closed!

"Lord Milton was not wrong (though so idly interrupted) in characterising this great and wise measure by the simplicity of its design, so well according with the liberality of its views.

"I know the private worth of Sir Robert Inglis; but if this had been the first appearance of the representative of our first seat of piety and learning, he would have given a most unlucky presage of the elegance of his mind, and the liberal charity of his nature.

"Your friends, however, and the house, were equally indebted to him—the one for the triumph of contrast; the other, for the fine rebuke of his succeeding opponent.

"I hope Mrs. Peel was present?

"I was not in the least aware of the length of your speech—you will not I hope suffer from the exertion.

"Even the Duke of Newcastle, who was below me, was compelled to pay tribute to its ability.

"Believe me to remain, with constant and the highest respect,

"My dear Sir,

"Your very faithfully devoted servant,

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

It is most unfortunate when a man of the government party, accuses the writers opposed to him of being hirelings. In the sense of hireling, the government alone can have its advocates. It is the government alone that can pay its agents out of the public purse—that has its innumerable open torrents and secret rivulets of patronage —and that has its power of bribery by giving a favoured paper, the earliest and exclusive information from the government departments—an advantage which alone is sufficient to secure to a paper the lead in the market.*

* In the election of a representative for the University of Oxford, Sir Thomas exerted himself in favour of Mr. Peel, by efforts to neutralize the votes of two of his family, and to secure

" Russell Square, April 4, 1829.

" My dear Sir,

" Forgive my intruding on you with the enclosed letter, and let me ask the favour of your assent or negative, as early this morning as you

in Mr. Peel's favour the vote of another. The following letter is on the subject.

" *Russell Square, Feb. the 28th,* 1829.

" My dear Ann,

" It is difficult for me to write—to convey the disquiet of my mind, on the business of this election. I could not have conceived it possible, that with the full knowledge of the extent of my obligations to Mr. Peel, the first patron of my pencil, (the King excepted,) solicitation by me would have been wanting for the exertions of my family in his favour, knowing the general esteem in which Mr. Peel's private and public character (this necessary deviation from past political consistency excepted) must have been held.

" Heavy purses must have been opened for the supply of the rancourous, but often ably written abuse, that has been poured forth against him, for never have I witnessed such audacity of virulence, as some of the public prints have daily and systematically vented. The metropolis you will see has endeavoured to do justice to his character, and to estimate generously the sacrifice of personal feelings, that he has made to the necessities of his country. He might have remained the unrivalled supporter of his former powerful party, consistent to their principles, and false only to those of the real high-minded statesman, who ' varies his means to secure the unity of his end, and who when the vessel in which he sails is endangered by being too much overloaded on one side, is desir-

conveniently can give it. The writer is an artist of much ingenuity, and I should add of taste; but the latter has for many years been useless to him; for it was originally devoted to a very close imitation of the antique, in its style of composition, and for this there were few patrons.

"I am on the eve of exhibiting, at the Royal Hibernian Academy in Ireland. I send there the primate—the Duchess of Northumberland, and possibly, another picture.

"I believe the most *popular* picture I could send there, would be that of Mr. Peel. May that be added to the number?

"I have myself no objection (rather indeed a desire) that a slight sketch should be sent there of you, by Mr. Burk; but I should regret that it should be the only resemblance that Ireland should possess, of its most disinterested benefactor.

"The picture would be absent about three

ous of bringing the weight of his reasons to that which may preserve the equipoize.' These were the words of (possibly) the Saviour of his Country, and who for uttering them became equally the mark of obloquy and hate, but whose character has survived their impotent fury, to be one of the most venerated of its preservers.

"Adieu, my dear Ann,

"T. L."

months, from the time of its departure to its return to Whitehall Gardens.

"In addition to the sincere motive that I have assigned, the interest of this portrait would be an essential assistance to the resources of the Irish Academy, and I believe therefore to the arts of Ireland.

"Accept my congratulations on the successful termination of your arduous and GREAT part, in the prosecution of this important measure.*

"Believe me to remain, with the highest respect and faithful attachment,

"My dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The following note alludes to hurrying two portraits, which, however, betrayed no symptoms of haste.

"April, 1829.

"Pardon me, my dear Ann, for my seeming neglect of you; but indeed, I am so hurried with the occupation of this season, and the getting ready two whole lengths for the exhibition, which I had not at first intended for it,

* The Catholic Bill, which had just passed the Commons.

viz. the Duke of Clarence and the Duchess of Richmond, that my days are gone, before my writing for each day can be effected. I will answer your kind letter, and dear Andrews's inclosure, either to-morrow or Friday.

"Ever your affectionate brother,

"T. LAWRENCE."

Shortly after, he wrote more fully upon this subject, combining others of interest:

"May 7, 1829.

"'Tis a dreadful length of time, my dear Ann, since I last wrote to you, and certainly, I ought to have 'made the leisure that I could not find,' but the pressure of business on me has been very great, and the lassitude proportioned to it. My labours have fortunately succeeded, and perhaps, my two whole lengths of the Duchess of Richmond and the Marchioness of Salisbury, *are the best that I have painted;* and the former the most popular and beautiful. I may rationally be proud of succeeding this year, since it is indisputably the best exhibition we have had; and it is universally considered so. Wilkie exhibits in great strength—Turner, Pickersgill, Callcot, J. Newton—all seem to have exerted themselves, and generally with success.

"I got through my day well: my audience, indulgent, and not unpleased, and my brother members satisfied with my advocating the cause of the Academy.

"Many, many thanks for your remembering my birth-day. It is not attended to as it ought to have been; but at least professional fame is mine; and the hope of my youth, and pursuit of my life, comparatively achieved; and the love of my family still continued to me. At this moment I have been called from my letter by a visit from Mr. Prince Hoare, my old Bath friend, who for many years has been our Foreign Secretary, having spent a life of activity and rectitude, which now terminates in ease and wealth. You remember old Mr. Hoare well. Let me hope to know that your health is improving.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

At this period, he was finishing a portrait of Mr. Peel. The following request of a loan of the speaker's mace, may lead to some curious reflections:

"Russell Square, June 3d, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Pray excuse my not sooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. I shall certainly en-

deavour to complete the picture, by the early morning of the 19th instant.

"When at the House of Commons, you can, perhaps, assist me by inquiring of the Speaker, if I could have the loan of the Mace for one day. You must further assist me by standing for the raised hand, that there may be no record out of your own family of any other form being resorted to, for the completion of the portrait.

"Believe me to remain, with high esteem and respect,

"My dear Sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The delays of artists, necessary and unnecessary, are sometimes vexatious to human sympathies.

"Russell Square, June 12th, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Will you do me the favour to come to me for the completion of Mr. Canning's portrait, at twelve o'clock to-morrow? It may be placed in your room to-morrow evening, unless you happen to have a party with you.

"On finding, from the engraver, Mr. Cozens, that it will not be in his power to advance with

Mrs. Peel's portrait for between one and two months, I have thought it best to withdraw the picture, and now return it to you, with very sincere regret at its having been so long and (for a great part of the time) *uselessly* absent from your room.

"I still hope you will permit Mr. Cozens to have it during your stay in the country.

"Believe me to be, with high respect,

"My dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The tone of manners between the powerful statesman and the artist, is apparent in such notes as the following:

"Russell Square, Aug. 10, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I yesterday took the liberty to give a card of admittance to your gallery for this day, to an American gentleman, who though in appearance very young, has much intelligence about art, with great enthusiasm for it; and as I know that the pleasure we have in seeing pictures, is always heightened by participation in it with another mind, I added 'a friend' to the admission, which friend will, I believe, be a lady, whose talent in

conversation, spirit of enquiry, and exceedingly natural manners, introduced her last year into much of the intellectual society of this great town. Her name is Douglas; and her respectable connexions are well known to the American minister, she herself being intimate in his family.

"My only fear in giving this card, arose from the possibility of inconvenience at this interesting period. Yet I hope, that Mrs. Peel's increasing strength will have rendered that fear useless.

"The time I have mentioned is from one to four.

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear Sir,

"Ever yours, with the warmest respect,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"Russell Square, Aug. 21, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Pardon me, that I once more this year trouble you for your signature to this letter. In a matter relating to the arts, I would rather have your name than any other. I likewise take the liberty to leave it for the post with your letters.

"Believe me to remain, with high respect and esteem,

"My dear Sir,

"Your obliged and devoted servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

In this last letter the delicately turned compliment is in character with the writer's manners, and even the common trifle of asking for a frank, is made useful to this purpose.

"Russell Square, August 17th, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Pray have the goodness to oblige me, by franking the inclosed letter, and suffering it to be placed, with your own, for the post of this day.

"My entire ignorance of the general extent of the necessary confinement attendant on the most interesting of all indispositions, must be my excuse for a late ill-timed application for the view of your gallery.

"I was rejoiced to see the name of Mrs. Peel accompanying yours, amongst the guests at Windsor, on the 12th.

"Pray inform me when I may send for Mr. Canning's portrait.

"I have seen Lord Aberdeen, who comes to me on Wednesday. I could not receive Mr. Huskisson before his departure for (as I see) Liverpool. I will on the first days of his return.

"The Queen of Portugal gives me her last sitting to-day. When the picture is painted I shall send it to Mrs. Peel, for her inspection.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"I have a petitioner—an honest watchman of our square for four years; *with all certificates of good conduct;* but, alas! five feet *six.* It is not possible to have him included in the new Police!"

The Queen, *de jure,* of Portugal did not make a very excellent subject for a portrait, and her many coloured sash of knighthood but ill corresponded with the more sober taste in female dress, engendered, perhaps, by our gloomy atmosphere.

"Russell Square, August 28th, 1829.

"My dear Sir,

"I have to acknowledge the honour and kindness of your letter, in which is your check for two hundred and sixty-two pounds ten shillings, being the first moiety for the portrait of the Earl of Aberdeen.

"There still remains to be completed for you, the portrait of Mr. Huskisson.

"The following is an extract from a letter to me from the Secretary to the Royal Institution at Liverpool.

"'The Portrait of Mr. Southey is in the centre of our large room; and placed so, that the head comes a little above the common horizon, (about

six feet from the ground,) the bottom of the picture a foot from the floor. The picture appears to me to possess, if possible, a greater degree of beauty than when I had the pleasure of seeing it in London.'

"I am much better satisfied with this situation, than were the picture placed as the half-lengths are in our Exhibition.

"I beg my respects to Mrs. Peel, and remain,

"Ever, my dear Sir,

"Your obliged and attached friend and servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

Respecting the Liverpool Institution, Sir Thomas Lawrence had interested himself in its favour, as well as in that of similar provincial establishments.

On the 5th of August Sir Thomas Lawrence had written to Mr. Peel.

"Russell Square, August 5th, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Permit me to congratulate you on the twofold happiness (as I trust it is,) of the birth of your infant, and the safety of dear Mrs. Peel. Let me hope that she is already improving in strength.

"I have not yet written to Lord Aberdeen, but I shall to-morrow.

"I have a favour to ask of you, in which the parties to be obliged are, the Liverpool Institution for the fine arts, and the Birmingham, together with your Petitioner of this moment.

"Will you permit me to send Mr. Southey's portrait to the former, and Miss Peel's to the latter? Both Exhibitions are on the eve of commencement.

"Since you were here I have much improved Mr. Southey's Portrait, both in correcting the seeming inaccuracy that was observed in it, and in richness of effect. Should it be in your power to call and see it, it would give me great pleasure. Believe me to remain, with constant esteem, and high respect,

"My dear Sir,

"Your most faithful Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

His friendly and impartial feelings, evinced this year towards the two rival societies of arts at Birmingham, will afford pleasure to those of that district, who took an interest in cultivating the fine arts, in a place previously confined to arts of a less ornamental, though of a more useful description.

The talents of a young lady, to whom the following letter refers, had attracted the attention of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who promised to lend her many drawings and paintings, to copy. Several requests for these drawings were made, and the promise was as often repeated, until at last the lady addressed Sir Thomas in some clever verses, which fixed his attention, and an amiable intercourse commenced between him and the family. Sir Thomas passed many of his evenings with this family; and he pointed out the works of Stothard as of the greatest beauty, and assiduously directed the studies of his amateur pupil to an imitation of this artist's best models; all of which, and many of his own, he supplied her with.*

* "*Russell Square, September 19th,* 1829.

"My dear Madam,

"I think it a long time since I had the honour of calling on you, and seeing your amiable family; the first of whom in my remembrance, is of course my sister-artist—a title which both her modesty and (I fear) her indolence, will not suffer her to accept, although addressed to her by one, on whose judgment she affects to have reliance.

"The cause of my unwilling absence, has been a severe cold, which, with one exception, (and that increasing it,) has confined me to my house from the evening of my last seeing you. I last night had the carriage at the door, and had even put on my great coat, when the heavy rain deterred me from waiting on you; for my cold and slight cough still remain.

Miss Fanny Kemble made her theatrical *debut* in this year; and the following letter contains Sir Thomas Lawrence's genuine and private opinions of this actress.

"Russell Square, November 22, 1829.

"My dear Angerstein,

"I ought, long ere this, to have thanked you for some very fine game that I had the pleasure to receive from you; and I the more ought to have done it, because I might then have gained

"I will fairly acknowledge that I repose a great trust in you, and in my friend, Miss Gordon, and in her sister, and her brothers, and your visitors, your servants, and 'Abigail, your waiting maid;' in sending for Miss Gordon's frequent inspection and your amusement, the accompanying beautiful drawings by Mr. Stothard. If it would at all gratify her, and agreeably employ her time, she is quite welcome to copy either of them.

"In a few days the weather and my cold, will, I trust, allow me to have the pleasure of making one at your tea table, and of learning how far my wish has succeeded, in affording either instruction or amusement, by the loan of these drawings.

"I beg my respects to both your daughters, with my regard to my younger friends, and have the pleasure to remain,

"My dear Madam,

"Your obliged and faithful Servant,

"Thomas Lawrence.

"*To Mrs. Gordon.*"

from you information of the healths of dear Mrs. Angerstein, Miss Angerstein, and Mrs. Rowley. The boys (young men, I beg their pardon,) must encounter the rough and the smooth of weather, as of life; but woman's frame is tender as her nature, and demands infinitely greater care: too much cannot be given to it. Do me the favour to give me a line respecting them, which, if it continue the good news, will not only be a happiness to me, but to correspondents that I have; one of whom, in her letter, says, 'The party was very pleasant, and not the less so, for my hearing from Lady Dartmouth, of the improved health of dear Amelia.' Mrs. Angerstein will guess the writer.

"This weather, worse even than this month usually gives us, and which has, for three days, taken from me the possibility of painting—nothing daunts you sportsmen.* Sir Henry Hardinge has just left my door to join the Duke and Lord Aberdeen, at Mr. Peel's, till Thursday or Friday next, or perhaps go on to Henry Baring's. For me, to use your dear father's expression, I shall live and die in harness.

"We have little stirring in town, one novelty excepted, which a little enlivens the evenings of

* Not even the game-laws, with their frightful progeny of crimes and sufferings.—Ed.

this otherwise dull period. Your respect and regard for Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble, will make you glad to know, that the genius and sense of both, are recalled to us by the really fine acting of Miss Fanny Kemble, the daughter of their brother Charles. She is not quite nineteen, yet has so satisfied the judgment of the warmest patrons and ablest critics of the stage, that, in its worst season, she has drawn full houses (and continues to draw them) for upwards of two-and-twenty nights, three nights in each week, without intermission, to one of Shakspeare's finest, but certainly most hacknied plays, and the boxes are already taken to Wednesday sennight.

"Her face is not regularly handsome; but she has a fine and flexible brow, with eyes and hair like Mrs. Siddons in her finest time. In stature she is rather short, but with such admirable carriage and invariable grace of action, that on the stage she appears fully of woman's height. Her voice is at once sweet and powerful; and, blest with a clear 'Kemble' understanding, (for it is peculiar to her family,) she has likewise fine literary talent, having written a tragedy of great interest, besides lighter pieces of admirable verse. Her manner in private is characterised by ease, and that modest gravity which I believe must

belong to high tragic genius, and which, in Mrs. Siddons, was strictly natural to her, though, from being peculiar in the general gaiety of society, it was often thought assumed.

"I have, for many years, given up the theatre, (not going above once or twice in the year,) but this fine genius has drawn me often to it, and each time to witness improvement and new beauties. If she is not taken from the stage, there is probability that she may remain on it a fine actress for twenty years, and thus have supported the ascendancy of one family in the highest department of the drama for upwards o seventy years!

"Some months have passed since I had the pleasure of *completing* your portrait. If Mrs. Rowley would wish to see it, I will send it down to Weeting, provided it be returned to me in time for the Exhibition in April next. I am myself much pleased with it, and others like it as a picture.

"With my best respects to Mrs. Angerstein,

"I remain, &c. &c.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

CHAPTER IX.

Termination of the year 1829.—Sir Thomas Lawrence's state of Health.—His personal appearance.—His affliction at the illness of his Sister.—A Letter to Mr. Peel.—Private Correspondence with his Family.—A private Sketch of the last hours of Sir Thomas Lawrence.—His dining with Mr. Peel.—His last exertions on the Portrait of Mrs. Wolff, and on that of His Majesty.—Progress of his Disorder.—Efforts of Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Holland.—Fatal termination of the Illness.—The Public Sensation produced by his Death.—Eulogies to his Memory.—Report upon the post-mortem Examination of the Body.—Causes of the Death.—The Lying in State.—The Funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence.—His Will and Testament.—His Property.

At this period (December, 1829) the toils of this eminent man were incessant, and he felt them severely. Although, perhaps, even more acute observers among his friends assert, that they saw no difference in his appearance, and that he seemed in his usual good health, it was evident to the writer of this biography, that he betrayed symptoms, if not of organic disease, at least of an exhausted temperament. His complexion became unhealthy and soddened, and he seemed almost

always disposed to drowsiness. He was constantly comatose, until roused by some application to his attention, when the usual benevolent intelligence beamed in his looks, and his smile was seraphic.

He had no idea of any thing being the matter with him, and all he complained of was the incessant toils of his profession, and that he was exhausted by his exertions. Even of temporary, much less of chronic disease, he had no suspicion.

It was no alleviation to his cares, that his beloved sister was at this time labouring under a fit of illness, which seemed to baffle science, and destroy all hope of her recovery. His anxiety for her amendment, and his sorrow at her sufferings, were excessive. It is impossible to imagine a person more acutely sensitive to the pains of another, however that other may be allied by blood, attached by habits, or endeared by those powerful sympathies which sometimes rise less from any ostensible cause, than from impulses, which the mind confirms, and which constitute a connexion of feelings amounting almost to an identity of persons. It would be difficult in any species of literature, to trace even a conception of brotherly love more exquisitely refined, more tender, sensitive, and exalted, than that with which this amiable man animated the hopes, and cheered the sorrows of his existence. Affections like

these are the best privileges of our nature; and happy alone are those who are sensible of them in all their intensity.

The correspondence of Sir Thomas Lawrence now constitutes a sort of auto-biography.

This month, the last he was doomed to see the termination of, may be said to have been commenced by him, with a long and affectionate letter to his sister, of which the following is an extract:

Dec. 1, 1829.

"My dearest Ann,

"I unluckily did not receive your affectionate letter till late last night; a letter that gave me some little comfort, but more of pain, from the continuance of your illness, and the weakness it occasions. I have indeed great faith in Dr. Jephson, and but recently, strongly recommended my friend, Lord —— to place himself under his care. He has lately been suffering severely from illness, and, I am sure, as soon as Lady —— is confined, will gladly resort to his skill and genius. You will find, dear sister, that the print from poor Susan's portrait was sent to Rugby on the sad day of her death; a singular coincidence, of which I was not aware till after its departure. With the exception of my visit to the country on the *most afflicting occasion*, I have been no where; but having received personally from the

Duke of Bedford a pressing invitation to go to him on the 28th and 29th inst. to meet the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, with Lord Spencer and others; and having excused myself by letter on Friday night, (a cold being part of my apology,) I set off on Sunday morning, and arrived at Woburn two or three hours before dinner, to be received with kind welcome, and meeting his expected guests. I spent the next morning there (yesterday) till half-past four; and then returned for pressing annual business this day at the Royal Academy, where our premiums for the 10th inst. were selected and adjudged.

"My letters, dear Ann, shall be sent to you in a frank to-morrow or the next day. Let me have frequent accounts from you, if it be not too fatiguing to you to write. I am prevented writing more by the postman's bell. Adieu, &c.

"THOS. LAWRENCE."

It would be superfluous to insert all the letters* he wrote in this busy and to him fatal month,

* The warmth of the following application to Sir Robert Peel, is highly to the honour of Sir Thomas Lawrence's feelings and judgment. It is pleasurable to have the opportunity of recording his zeal to reward talents in young persons:

"*Russell Square, Dec. 7,* 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I break in upon you at a moment when all cares of business ought to be banished by you; and I am too well aware,

In the few I have selected, it is exceedingly curious to trace the unceasing fondness with

when decision on the very subject on which I venture to write to you, has been delegated by you to other hands. Yet the individual for whom I write is so essentially worthy—has, at a comparatively early age, so established a character in his profession, and, in every respect, can be so safely recommended to your patronage for this particular duty, that I must give myself the faint hope, that although distant from the scene, your immediate assistance may possibly be extended to him.

"The service for which I thus anxiously solicit you, is the appointment for him of surgeon to the police division of St. George's and St. Giles's, Bloomsbury, of which parishes he is a resident; or, should this be otherwise disposed of, any other division vacant.

"His name is Mr. George Simpson,* the son of a very able artist of that name, to whose assistance I have very long (for many years) been indebted, in my professional labours. At a very early age, he distinguished himself by his anatomical knowledge, and as lecturer to a subscription academy of art; and afterwards became candidate for the professorship of anatomy to the Royal Academy. About two or three years since, he constructed an anatomical figure, with the whole of the interior structure of the human body, and the different series of muscles, from the skeleton to the outward form, so ingenious and perfect in its formation, as to gain for him the warmest admiration from many of the first surgeons, (he himself being a member of the College,) and which was so

* This application was not successful. The gentleman was Mr. Simpson, the surgeon, of Bedford Street, Bedford Square, son of Sir Thomas Lawrence's assistant, now residing in Carlisle Street, Soho.

which he dwells on the anticipation of his long-wished-for visit to his sister, who was at length slowly convalescent, after a most dangerous, protracted, and afflicting disorder.

"December 8th, 1829.

"MY DEAR ANN,

"Your letter is certainly comfort to me; but it still conveys to me sad intelligence of the generally weak state of your health, I now only lament that we have not sooner sent you to this estimable and ingenious man,* of whose patient

strongly recommended to the East-India Company, that several of them, as perfect in their structure, were ordered by them for their possessions in the East; where the prejudices of the natives were averse to the study, from the natural and real form.

"I will only add, that the candour and modesty of his character are equal to his ingenuity and skill; and that the service will be gratefully remembered by him at the close of his life, as it would be by,

"My dear Sir,

"Your very faithful friend and attached Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"P. S. He understands that the appointments will take place either on *Wednesday* or *Thursday* next. From the dread of loss of time endangering the success of my application, I have taken the liberty of suggesting its being personally taken by Mr. Simpson; but I need not say, your seeing him must entirely rest with your own pleasure and convenience."

* Dr. Jephson, of Leamington.

zeal, and sedulous attention to his patients, I have long heard. 'Tis very satisfactory that he is on such intimate terms with your medical friends at Rugby, because thus a frequent communication can take place between them, and your progress be under his weekly, if not daily observation. I fear the game season is nearly over: the first that comes to me I shall send to you.

"I am much hurried at this moment, on the 10th instant is our annual election—distribution of the *gold* medals, &c.—the most important day, therefore, of the two years.

"My Christmas dinner, I fear, I cannot eat at Rugby; for I have serious matters of business to settle that week, which demand much preparation before, and attention then—soon after. I hope to see you.

"Ever your affectionate brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

The following letter, by the contrast of its delicacy upon the subject of his professional reputation, is the best comment upon the petty malignity with which, to the disgrace of our nature, he was assailed.—And could not talents so brilliant, with a spirit so gentle and unpresuming, a heart so full of benevolence, and manners so endearing, shield their possessor from the shafts of petty detraction—from the little annoyances

which malign, worldly natures can accumulate to one great evil, against those who are too immeasurably raised above them, to be exposed to open attacks.

" December 17th, 1829.

" My dearest Ann,

"I am much obliged to Lucy for her kind letter, which yet wanted more comforting intelligence of your health and spirits to make it dearer to me. *I am grieved to the soul, that urgent circumstances keep me at this time from the comfort of seeing you; but in the* NEXT *month, I will certainly break away from all engagements, to be with you.* Pray, dear love, bear up against that depression, which being really part of this afflicting malady, may increase it; but as far as possible, I know you will.

" I have received a letter from my nephew Thomas, which I hope to answer in a few days.

" Were the last hare and pheasants good? Let Lucy tell me; but don't weaken yourself by writing, when you have so ready and faithful an amanuensis.

" Don't be angry with me that I wish the plate from the drawing of dear Susan to be strictly private, and given only to your friends, and those acquaintances who knew something of

her, and respect you. You must let me be the only judge of what concerns my own reputation as an artist; and however pleasing to us, as a faithful resemblance of that sweet, simple girl, it is not a drawing that I should wish presented to the public eye of criticism. As a thing of art it is too unimportant; and the subject being so entirely of unmarked private life, it will be said that I am searching my portfolio for any scrap; and even resorting to sketches of my own family, from motives of either vanity or pelf. I am to guard against ridicule, as well as critical censure; and have quite enough of hostility not to wish to furnish new matter for its abuse.

"You shall, of course, have whatever number of copies you wish for dispersion amongst your friends; but, my dear Ann, we will have none for public sale.

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

I find him, only a week after this letter, again writing to his sister in the fulness of his spirit.

"Dec. 19, 1829.

"No, be assured, dear love, dearest sister, that NOTHING shall detain me from you *on* the day, and *for* the *days* you mention. Still, still let me hope that this afflicting letter was too

desponding a view of your case, and that you may be preserved to us, not so long as we wish perhaps, for that would most certainly leave you our survivor; but for a far longer period than you have named. I began mentally to reproach Andrew for sealing the packet with that seal, but I too soon found it must have been with your concurrence. Yet let it not again be done. It has given me some little comfort that you like the birds. I send you more, with a hare to-day. God bless you, dear love! and shed his bounty on us, by prolonging so inestimable a life.

"Ever your affectionate Brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

"But," says this affectionate brother, to her in whom, in his solitary life, concentered his domestic tenderness, "in the next month I will certainly break away from *all* engagements to be with you." How frail are our most assured purposes—ere a month, he who had written this inspiration of hope, in all the invigorating fulness of joy and affection—was indeed broken away from all engagements—to be in the charnel house with

"Things that to hear them told have made me tremble."

But it is too painful to pursue such a train of

thought. The transition—the sudden transition—from warm and joyful life, redolent of prosperity, of hope, and glowing with the maturity of the affections;—the transition—warm with the genial contact of all that's dear to us, into the shuffling off this mortal coil—"to lie in cold obstruction and to rot"—is a train of reflection too sad to be pursued, but for moral purposes, where such sad circumstances as this man's death must force them upon us.

In the irritation of a conflict between hope and fears for her he loved, he had received a letter from her son, with a black seal. The alarm it had given him, and the trepidation he felt on opening the letter, were feelingly expressed in his reply.

His short correspondence, in all the indications of feeling—just ere the heart ceased to feel—becomes gradually more interesting. These letters, and little fragments from letters, hold a mirror endearingly to nature.

"Dec. 24, 1829.

"I have but a moment, my dearest Ann, in which to write to you, to offer my fondest love to you. My deep sense of the sweet nature that dictated your last letter to me, and to express a hope (too nearly allied to fear) that

the silence of yesterday and to-day has not arisen from any increase of weakness or pain. I trust that to-morrow, or at farthest the next day, I shall send you down a print or two. I will be careful to select the number you want, as mentioned in your letter.

"The weather here is dreadfully chilling and intense, with Egyptian darkness attending it.

"Ever your affectionate Brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

In the following letter, written the day after the Christmas-day he was to have spent with his family, there is something almost ominous in the series of his engagements, terminating on the sixth. "*On the sixth I have sacredly pledged myself to be with you.*" The sixth arrived—he was unconsciously tottering over the brink of his grave.

Between the date of the last letter and that which will now be inserted, he was actively engaged in his affairs; hoping, by some extraordinary exertions, to get rid of his engagements, sufficiently to admit of his enjoying his long-wished for endearments with his family. His exertions in this interval were incessant. They corresponded with the eagerness with which he anticipated a relaxation from the toils and cares

of life, over the mirthful hearth of his beloved family, and it may almost be said, amidst—

"Scenes of my youth, when every sport could please."

"December 26, 1829.

* * * * * *

"I grieve, my dearest Ann, not to have a letter from you to-day, or either of your children, to tell me how you are in this intensely severe weather, which I fear cannot but affect a frame, rendered but too sensitive by this fearful malady. To-morrow, or the next day at furthest, will, I hope, bring me intelligence, if not cheering, at least not additionally depressing.

"I meant to have endeavoured to amuse you by sending you, to-day, a print from a drawing I have made of Miss Fanny Kemble, whose genius has deservedly excited so much interest; but the impression has not yet been sent to me. It shall now be accompanied by some of dear Susan's, if I can procure them on Monday.

"I am chained to the oar; but painting was never less inviting to me—business never more oppressive to me, than at this moment, when my mind and heart are at Rugby, with my loved, suffering sister, to whom, I well know, my society, however sad, would not be unwelcome.

"I have unfortunately made engagements that

demand my attention till the 5th or 6th. *On the 6th I have sacredly pledged myself to be with you*, and to *that* ALL circumstances shall bend. Give my love to all, and believe me ever,

"Your afflicted, but faithfully
"Affectionate Brother,
"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

One object of his exertions at this, to him, momentous crisis, was the portrait of Mr. Canning. The following letter is important, in relation to the portrait of so truly eminent a character in the history of our country: it was, moreover, almost the last portrait to which Sir Thomas gave the finishing touch. The Saturday morning here alluded to, was that preceding the Thursday on which he died.

"Russell Square, December 31, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I hoped to have obeyed your wish to the letter of my engagement; but as I still perceive something to be done to the picture that will improve it, I beg to know if I may detain it till Saturday morning; when, about eleven or twelve, you may depend on its being sent.

"Were the weather not so inclement as it is, I could wish for the pleasure of showing the pic-

ture to you about three o'clock to-morrow. I have the pleasure to tell you that Lord Seaford thinks it much the best portrait of Mr Canning that I have painted. It is, I think, acknowledged to be so by the casual visitors to my rooms; but the authority of so near a personal friend is still more gratifying than the general impression.

"Believe me to be, with the highest respect and esteem,

"My dear Sir,

"Your very faithful servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

But amidst these conflicting cares, and the harassing disquietudes of ill health, he never became morose, petulent, or selfish. At the height of his uneasiness, he had the kindness to write the following letter, in reply to an application, the nature of which the letter itself will explain.

"Russell Square, Jan. 1, 1830.

"MADAM,

"The pressure of very urgent business has prevented my sooner acknowledging the receipt of the very elegant and flattering present which you have done me the honour to send me; a work that in its interior character does infinite

credit to your taste and talent; although I fear your judgment in its dedication must be considered to have been too much influenced by your partial kindness to the artist who has been thus distinguished by you. I beg you to accept my sincere thanks for this unexpected obligation, and to be assured of my best wishes for your success in the pursuit you have chosen, and of my endeavours (whenever there is a prospect of their being useful) that professional merit of such certain character (especially when accompanied by so amiable a nature) may be appropriately rewarded.

"I have the honour to remain, with much respect, Madam, your exceedingly obliged and very obedient Servant,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

As the post was closing on Wednesday afternoon, 6th January, 1830, he rapidly wrote the following excuse for his not fulfilling his engagement. The letter needs no comment. This was the last time he ever put pen to paper.

"January 6, 1830.

"I meant, my dearest Ann, to be with you by dinner time to-morrow, and have made exertions to do so, but it may not, cannot be! you must be content to see me to a late simple dinner

on Friday. Pray pardon a disappointment so painfully given you by your faithful and affectionate brother,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"P. S. I grieve to hear of the sad illness of good Lady S——. Her pictures went from my house this morning; and by the person carrying them to the office, I have sent you to-day four pheasants.

"Love to all, and best remembrances to the Doctor."*

"I meant to be with you by dinner time to-morrow, and have made exertions to do so." It would be too painful to inquire how far those

* This letter was accompanied by the following note to his nephew.

"MY DEAR ANDREW,

"I must intrust one circumstance to your care. I do know that country houses are sometimes not so well constructed for keeping out cold and drafts; nor so immediately warmed. I come down on Friday, in a less pleasant state of health than I have formerly done, and am, at this moment, particularly sensitive to damp or cold. See, dear Andrew, not only that my room looks warm when I go into it, but that it HAS been warm sometime before. I say nothing to my sister of my indisposition.

"Ever your attached Uncle,

"THOMAS LAWRENCE."

exertions had defeated their own object. "You must be content to see me to a late simple dinner on Friday." Happy would it have been if this content could have been enjoyed—never more was she doomed to see him, for not yet had arrived that hour of "the late, simple dinner," at which the glad family were to caress one endeared to them by all the ties of blood, and closer affinities of worth and kindness, when he was a cold and stiffened corpse. The appalling news arrived amidst the cheerful, busy solicitude to prepare for his reception.

The task is now at its close; naught remains but to narrate the scene of dissolution.

It may be proper, by the insertion of the following letter, to give a statement of Sir Thomas Lawrence's appearance at almost the last house at which he dined, according to the views of an intelligent observer, to whom his feelings were expressed without reserve.

"The last time I saw Sir Thomas Lawrence was on the 24th December, 1829; he dined with me, and it was his request that no person should be invited to meet him; he has frequently asked me to receive him in this way. On this occasion, he was more than ordinarily communicative; and it was evident to me, he had no

thoughts that his dissolution would take place at an early period. Indeed, he said, that from the *regularity* of his living, and the care which he took of his health, he thought he might attain old age. He spoke with candour of his pecuniary circumstances, told me his age, and requested I would inform him what annual sum he must pay if he insured his life for three thousand pounds; which I accordingly did. It was his intention to have done this on the *Friday*, but he died the *Thursday* previously.

"He appeared during the whole day to be in good health, although, to my eye, his countenance was rather more pallid than usual; but his spirits were good. He remained with me till 12 *o'clock*. Our conversation ran chiefly on the fine arts; and sometimes he recurred to the memory of a common friend, Fuseli.

"The only complaint which he made was, that his eyes and forehead became heated of *an evening*, and he *requested cold* water, and a towel to bathe them, which, however, I have seen him do on former occasions."

Before narrating the actual close of his life, the following tribute to his excellence may be given by one who had peculiar talent, as well as opportunities, to form an accurate opinion of his merits:

SIR,

"It is a great satisfaction to me, that our departed mutual friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence, should have one so capable as yourself to undertake from friendship his biography, and do credit to his superior qualification in his art; and, above all, to his amiable, social intercourse—the charm of every circle in which he moved, without a bitter or sarcastic observation ever escaping his lips. Our intercourse for forty years, from his first appearance in London, was more that of brothers, than any other character I can give it; and although it has repeatedly happened to me to be present at conversations on art, with West, Fuseli, Faringdon, and others, I regret to say, from bad memory, I have nothing to report as from Sir Thomas Lawrence, worthy of observation. The fact was, in part from his peculiar modesty, and deference to the opinions of others of greater age and experience than himself, although in fact, so far their superior, his own opinions were not easily disclosed.

"I have two letters, received a short time before his death, one containing a short, light critique on *Miss F. Kemble*, which may be interesting; and some observations on the *peculiarity* of the Duke of Wellington's *character*,

which may be worthy of your *notice;* and when I arrive in town, I will transmit them to you, and look for other letters, and ascertain what they may have of interest. In consequence of your letter, I will apply to others, my relations, to ascertain what they may have.

"Mr. Lock is at present at Paris, and occupies a house in Rue d' Anjou, Fauxbourg St. Honoré. I have frequently witnessed beautiful exhibitions of deference to acknowledged talent, and other amiable qualities, on the part of Lawrence towards Fuseli, whose sarcastic irony must be known to all that were intimate with him, even towards those he loved, as he did Lawrence.

"My father received several letters from Sir Thomas Lawrence when at Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterwards from Italy; I fear they were destroyed by his executors after his death. I have applied for them, and if not burnt, I will look them over, to ascertain what they contain, and doubt not but that they must have been highly interesting as applied to objects of art, character, and politics, in which you know our lost and dear friend took a lively but candid interest.

"I have the honour to remain, with respect,

"Your obedient, humble Servant,

"JOHN ANGERSTEIN."

"Weeting Hall, March 8, 1830."

A friend, (Miss Croft,) has drawn up a minute journal of the last week of his existence. She says—

"On (Thursday) the 31st of December, (1829,) after an absence of ten days, I returned to London, and found Sir Thomas, apparently as well as usual, and kindly congratulating himself on his having me again near him. On New Year's day, (Friday,) not hearing from him in the morning as usual, (for he constantly wrote me word of his plans for the day,) I called about three o'clock, to wish him years of continued happiness, and learned that he was engaged with a sitter. The servant said, he must not let me go, without informing his master; and he brought me word that Lord Seaford having been later than his appointment, he had not a minute of day-light to spare, but would write to me before dinner. Soon after four, he surprised me by calling in Devonshire Street; and I told him I was hardly glad to see him walking out so late. He replied that he was carefully wrapt up, and could not bear to do less than come, having so inhospitably sent me away from his door. He added, 'If I catch cold, don't you take the blame of it, for I have been standing in the street this morning before the Athenæum. He said he was going to have Mr. Mulready to dine with him; and, as he afterwards told me, Mrs. Ottley and her children to pass the evening with him.'"

We have seen, by his letter to Mr. Peel, that upon this day he was likewise employed in retouching the portrait of Mr. Canning. Miss Croft continues—

"On Saturday (2nd of January) I called to ask the loan of his carriage, and was greatly struck by his pallid countenance. He said he had been very ill most of the preceding night with acute pains of his stomach, which had commenced round his jaws and throat; that he had been obliged to ring for his servant, and had tried several simple remedies; that towards morning, the pain had subsided, and allowed him to get some sleep. He added, that, for thirty years, he had not passed such a night, or breakfasted at the late hour of eleven; 'and, instead of murmuring, (said he,) I ought to bless God for such a season of uninterrupted health.' I asked him if he had sent for Dr. Holland; and he answered, 'O yes! for I must, if it be possible, fulfil an engagement to dine with Mr. Peel to-day.' He said it would give him great concern to do otherwise; and he added, pointing to his noble likeness of Mr. Canning, upon the easel, 'There seems a fatality attending that picture, for the first time I sent it home, in June last, I was prevented dining with Mr. Peel, by a deeper calamity, which you shared with me.' He expressed great pleasure in a visit from Mr. Peel the preceding day, and represented him as much pleased with the picture, and as having said that he felt dissatisfied when Sir Thomas's pencil was not employed in some way for him; and added, that Mr. Peel had kindly and flatteringly expressed an earnest wish that he should paint his own portrait for him. I found him more cheerful, and taking his coffee, as usual, about two o'clock. He told me Dr. Holland considered it to be an attack of the stomach—had, of course, written for him, and had given

him leave to go to Mr. Peel's, on condition of his being careful as to what he should eat and drink.

"On his return from Mr. Peel's, about half-past ten at night, he complained only of being rather fatigued. Sunday morning he told me he had slept comfortably, and felt no other remains of his illness, than a general soreness all over his chest and stomach. He then said I must dine with him. I observed it would fatigue him less to be alone. He smiled, and said, with a formal friend, that might be the case; but with one in whose presence he had so often leant back in his chair, for his ten minutes' doze, it could produce nothing but comfort.

"That evening the lady says, she met Mr. Keightley and Mr. Herman Wolff at his house, and that she passed one of those delightful, and never to be forgotten eyenings, of which it has been my pride and happiness to partake, in common with other intimate friends, as often as three times a-week for the last three months. He complained of feeling weak, and looked extremely pale: he complained of pain in his jaws; and Mr. Keightley suggesting it might arise from teeth, went out and fetched him ether and laudanum, both of which he applied, and the next day went to Mr. Cartwright, (the dentist,) but no such mischief could be discovered. In the course of this evening, he gave the finishing touches to a proof engraving from the beautiful drawing which he did for me in 1812, of Mrs. Wolff, with the boy and dog; and expressed great pleasure at the way in which Mr. Bromley had executed it—the eye in particular.

"I saw him twice on Monday, and the same on Tues-

day, when he went out in his carriage, and painted on the portrait of his Majesty, very anxiously desiring its completion, as it was, he said, to go to Russia. He was in better spirits on Tuesday, and told us more than one interesting and memorable anecdote, in his usual impressive and elegant language. One of these related to the pride and arrogance he had experienced some time back from a reverend prelate—and this led him to an instance of rare humility in Dr. Tracy, Bishop of ——, afterwards Lord Tracy. It was early in his career, while living, I think, in Bond Street, that the bishop had fixed a sitting as early in the day as eleven o'clock. Mr. Lawrence's friend, Mr. Charles Moore, brother to Sir John Moore, called in, and being a man of wit, and of the most delightful conversation, time flew with the young friends; and at nearly one o'clock, the bishop was only recollected by his want of punctuality. On Mr. Moore's going away, their consternation was great, to find the bishop over a poor fire, in the outer room, where he owned he had been more than an hour, having interdicted the servant from breaking up what he called so joyous a *tête-a-tête*.

"Wednesday, (6th,) Morning.

"I SAW him early, and he complained of a slight return of his pain, not during the night, but when he arose, at his usual early hour, to let his servant in. He returned to his bed, and did not rise again till late."

"After sending for Dr. Holland," the lady continues, "I remained with him as long as his unceasing avocations would permit; and we had much conversation as

to the nature of his complaint, which he seemed to dread should be what was called stomach disease. I enumerated many of our mutual friends, who had suffered long, and were now restored to perfect health, and capable of arduous professions. He said, 'You and I, dear friend, view this subject in very different lights; you are trying to prove to me how long people may suffer, and drag on a miserable existence, while I consider that a sharper and a shorter struggle is more to be desired; yet,' he added, 'I am the last who ought to murmur, blest as I have been with almost uninterrupted health.' He then made an effort to rouse himself to exertion, and painted nearly an hour, on His Majesty's portrait.* Are you not tired, I asked him, of painting on those eternal robes of the Bath (Garter)?—He replied, 'No, I always find variety in them.'—What then do you mean, that the pictures are not all precisely alike?—'In outline precisely, but not in detail; for if you could compare them, I hope you would find the last was still the best.' I reminded him of my having been written to by a friend in Ireland, to apprize him, that his picture of the King was about to be *improved* by an Irish artist, in consequence of his having neglected to finish the lower part, the left leg in particular! He smiled at the recollection, and said, 'Yes, I took care to prevent that friendly effort.' I left him for a couple of hours, and returned, after he had seen Dr. Holland, by whose visit he seemed cheered.

"I ordered his dinner for him, &c. &c..... I went at half after nine, and, I may say, providentially, for he

* His efforts were directed to the finishing of the left sleeve.

had the intention of going to the Athenæum; and had his great-coat hanging before the fire. He seemed pleased to see us; he complained a good deal of distressing sensations, and feared his pain was returning. Mr. Keightley assisted him by lifting a portfolio, containing the engravings of Miss Kemble, which he owned he had been looking wistfully at, and felt too listless to remove. He then directed and folded one for Lady Trotter, and gave me another for my friend Mrs. Baillie. These were the last acts of affectionate kindness of this sort that he performed. I asked whether he felt that his dinner had disagreed with him, and what he had drunk with it?—He replied, 'Only toast and water,' and I then proposed his trying a little weak brandy and water. He seemed pleased at the proposal, saying 'that the few times of his life he had tried brandy, it had always been with so happy effect as to make him fear growing fond of it.' Finding he had no good brandy in the house, we came away, taking one of his servants, to fetch him a bottle from Mr. Keightley's Chambers. This was nearly eleven o'clock, and his valet says, he found him standing before the fire at half-past eleven, when he rang to have his bed warmed.

"He complained while undressing, but Jean tried to hasten him into bed, but his sufferings became so acute as so prevent his being able to lie down. Jean gave him his medicine, but he soon expressed anxiety to have some new prescription from Dr. Holland. Jean went off instantly and brought back a prescription, but, by this time, his illness had so rapidly in-

creased, that he expressed a little impatient anxiety to see Dr. Holland. His faithful attendant set off a second time, after calling up another servant, and by the time he returned it was nearly two o'clock. Dr. Holland found him in a very alarming state, with scarcely any pulse at the wrist till after he had lost sixteen ounces of blood. Leeches were applied to his right side, with fomentations, and powerful medicines, with good effect; but Dr. Holland never left him till between nine and ten on Thursday (seventh) morning, purposing to return at eleven with Sir Henry Halford.

"The servants fetched me as soon as Dr. Holland quitted him; and I found him, for the first time, in a sick chamber. I was appalled by the change of his countenance, and of the still remaining difficulty of breathing, though he assured me that was greatly relieved. Again I left him when the doctors were expected; but my agitation and alarm were such, that I returned to see Dr. Holland, if possible. He very reluctantly gave answer to my inquiries, saying, that Sir Thomas had particularly enjoined him not to give publicity to his illness. On my mentioning that I was commissioned by Sir Thomas to write to his only surviving sister, he advised me to say, that he had found him seriously ill in the preceding night, but that the remedies, especially a second bleeding, which had just taken place at the arm, had greatly relieved him.

"I was, however, so earnestly requested by Sir Thomas not to mention this second bleeding, and still less the second physician, that, fearing he should ask to see the letter, I wrote under the restrictions he enjoined.

"Sir Henry Halford being engaged at Windsor, came to town by accident, and saw him at four o'clock, when he approved of all that had been done, and merely ordered a more active cathartic.

"... At half after six o'clock, his servant came to me, to say that his master was much better, and wished to see Mr. Keightley and me immediately, and that if I could not go, he begged that Mr. Keightley would.

".... We found him evidently relieved in breathing and in every other respect. He was pleased at having seen Sir Henry Halford, and spoke in a stronger and more cheerful tone.

"He seemed to like his tea, and ate some dry toast with it. When Mr. Keightley came up, Sir Thomas said, 'Now I want you to read me something from this book,' directing him to the last number of the New Monthly Magazine, for January, 1830, containing Mr. Thomas Campbell's answer to the critique, in the Edinburgh Review, on Flaxman's Lectures, and sculpture.

"As he began to read, Sir Thomas put out his hand to me, as I sat close beside him. I did not see it, till he gently touched my knee, and I then pressed his hand between mine, which friendly grasp he ardently returned, —and this was the last mark of his long-tried affection.

"Just before, he had spoken of the tender care of his servant, Jean Duts, with great gratitude: I observed that Jean's countenance at the door always told me how I should find him. He was quite affected at this.

"Mr. Keightley read for about a quarter of an hour, when Sir Thomas begged we would leave the room, and send Jean to him, and no one else. In about ten minutes

we heard hurried steps in the passage, and found that, in moving, his arm had bled again. The apothecary was fetched to replace the bandage. The loss of blood was immaterial, but the effect of the medicine brought on faintness, and on being applied to for a fan, I advised the use of sal-volatile, which was immediately given.

"I had only got half up stairs, when I heard the most dreadful cries of distress from poor Jean, in consequence of his master slipping off the chair, on a cushion, which was before him; and rather stretching himself out, he undoubtedly breathed his last at that moment, supported only by his faithful attendant."

This was the last muscular action—the last convulsive effort of the body to retain its expiring functions. And thus died this eminent and excellent man; leaving to his family and friends, a memory tenderly beloved; to his country the glory of his name, and to mankind his works—inexhaustible sources of social kindness and refined pleasures. The last words he had uttered were, "Jean, my good fellow, this is dying." "Oh! no, Sir," replied the afflicted servant, "it is only fainting."

The body was lifted upon the bed, and every effort made to restore animation, but in vain.

Every periodical publication announced the death of this great man as a public calamity:

and the eulogies passed upon his life and talents were warm and numerous. A few most unfounded calumnies appeared in one or two of the newspapers, but they were voluntarily retracted or refuted with ease.

The following tribute to his memory was from the pen of M. Girard, the celebrated painter at Paris.

"LETTER FROM M. GERARD.

"Paris, January 12.

"MADAM,

"I had seen the dreadful news in the papers, and although the account there was too precise to allow me to entertain any doubts of its truth, your note produced a deep impression on me. However prepared a person arrived at my age may be, to endure the cruel caprices of death, my feelings were never shocked by a more real or more unexpected loss. I cannot boast of having been the intimate friend of Sir Thomas Lawrence; but I felt for him all the sympathy with which his great talents, his knowledge, and his love for the art, could not fail to inspire one who was capable—I venture to say it—of understanding and appreciating him.

"I will add, less from vanity than gratitude, that Sir Thomas Lawrence, on his part, expressed too much kindness for me, not to render the idea of my never again beholding him truly afflicting. He wrote to me but two months ago, that he would come here in the

course of this year; and the thought of this was a gratification and a real encouragement to me.

"Believe, madam, that as long as I live, I will dearly cherish his memory, and that no person in the two countries will pay him a more sincere tribute of admiration and regret. You have done me justice in taking the trouble to recollect me on this occasion. Alas! madam, we were far from foreseeing, while speaking of him a few weeks since, that we should soon have to deplore a loss afflicting to friendship, and irreparable to the arts.

"I am, &c.

"J. GERARD.

"Madame Forster, Paris."

A post-mortem examination of the body was made by Mr. Green, in the presence of Dr. Holland, Mr. Foster, Mr. Reeve, and Mr. Simpson. His death was reported to have been traced to an extensive ossification of the aorta and vessels of the heart; but it is questionable, whether any organic structure or morbid anatomy could be discovered, of a nature, or to a degree, that could have caused his decease. The ossification to which his death was attributed was so slight as to have escaped the observation of the surgeon and physician, until a scrutiny became more close, and was repeated, in consequence of the difficulty of discovering any adequate cause of mortality. The real cause was probably the depletion of the blood-vessels: or, in other terms, this greatand estimable character was bled, or rather had bled, to death.

When he first required the assistance of his servant, he had just awoke out of a short and restless sleep—putting his hand into his bosom, he faintly expressed his surprise at his being in a profuse perspiration. Instead of perspiration, however, he found upon removing his hand that it was bathed in blood: the orifices which had been made by the leeches, had broken open during his sleep; and the loss of blood proved fatal to a system previously enfeebled by illness and depletion. Had any body been near to have placed him in a recumbent or horizontal position, the heart, in all probability, would have recovered its action, and this lamented man might, at this hour, have been a source of happiness to his friends, and of benefit to society. All that medical science, and assiduous care could effect, was done to save him, but life at the best is the sport of chance and the victim of accidents; and to an accident are we to attribute the afflicting death of Sir Thomas Lawrence.

As soon as the first impressions of surprise and grief at this catastrophe had subsided, the Council of the Royal Academy officially signified to the executor, that their sense of public duty, as well as their private feelings, would prompt the Royal Academy to pay every mark of respect to the remains of their illustrious President. Arrangements were accordingly made for interring the corpse in St. Paul's Cathedral, and for conveying it to the national cemetry, and in a procession of the most august and public character.

My last duty is now to record the report of this truly national ceremony.

On Wednesday the 20th of January, the body was placed in a strong oak coffin, covered with lead, which was inclosed in an outer coffin or case. The coffin was covered with rich black velvet superbly ornamented: it had four pairs of handles, of silver, with head and foot plates of the same material; two rows of silver nails round the top of the sides, and beneath these another row. The intermediate space was filled up with smaller plates and devices worked in silvered nails. The principal plate, headed with the armorial bearings of the deceased, was of Queen's metal, silvered. The following is the inscription:—

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, KNT., LL.D. F.R.S.
PRESIDENT
OF THE
ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS
IN LONDON,
KNIGHT OF THE ROYAL FRENCH ORDER
OF
THE LEGION OF HONOUR,
DIED VII JANUARY,
MDCCCXXX,
IN THE LXI YEAR OF HIS AGE.

At nine o'clock on Wednesday evening the remains of this celebrated artist were removed, in a hearse and four, from his house in Russell Square to Somerset House. The corpse was followed by four members of his family, and his executor, attended by an old and faithful servant. On its arrival at the Royal Academy, it was re-

ceived by the council and officers of the Institution, and placed with solemnity in the model-room, which had been previously hung with black cloth, and lighted with large wax tapers and numerous wax candles in silver sconces. On Thursday morning the body lay in state in the model-room. The academicians, associates, and students, were all in attendance at about ten o'clock in the Royal Academy, and none but the private friends of the deceased were admitted to witness the lying in state. Shortly before ten, the mourning coaches and carriages of the nobility entered the square of Somerset House, and placed themselves in four lines. The family assembled in the library, and the mourners and members of the Academy met in the great exhibition room.

Long before eleven o'clock, a multitude of people had assembled in the open space in front of Somerset House, and endured the unexpected delay with great patience. The interest taken in the funeral was certainly very great. We have seldom, indeed, observed so great a crowd in which the people conducted themselves with equal propriety.

At the head of the coffin was placed a large hatchment of the armorial bearings of the deceased, and the pall over the coffin bore escutcheons of his arms wrought in silk. The members of the council and the family having retired, the body lay in state all night. The old servant of the President watched through the night the remains of his kind and beloved master—a feeling in which he was very properly allowed to indulge by those who had the direction of the funeral.

At half-past twelve, the body was placed in a state

hearse, which was preceded by the Lord Mayor's carriage and by the Sheriffs in their state equipages. The other carriages, &c. were arranged in the following order :—

Twelve Peace-officers to clear the way.
Four Marshalmen, with hatbands and gloves, two by two.
Two City Marshals, on horseback, with scarves, and hatbands, and crape round their left arms.
The Lord Mayor's carriage.
Carriages of the Two Sheriffs.
The two Under-Sheriffs.
The Undertaker on horseback, (Mr. E. Thornton.)
Four Mutes on horseback.
Six Horsemen in cloaks, two by two.
The Lid of Feathers and two Feather Pages.

THE HEARSE,

Drawn by six horses, with five Pages on each side.
Mourning Coaches and pairs, with Feathers and Velvet hangings, and two Pages to each.

EIGHT PALL BEARERS.

Earl of Aberdeen	Rt. Hon. Sir G. Murray
Earl Gower	Rt. Hon. J. W. Croker
Rt. Hon. Robert Peel	Hart Davis, Esq. M.P.
Hon. Agar Ellis	Earl of Clanwilliam.

MOURNERS.

Rev. Rowland Bloxam, eldest nephew, chief mourner	Rev. Dr. Bloxam
Rev. T. Lawrence Bloxam	Mr. J. Aston
	Rev. Roger Bird

Mr. Henry Bloxam
Rev. Andrew Bloxam
Mr. Matthew Bloxam
Mr. John Rouse Bloxam
Mr. Meredith
Mr. A. Keightley, Executor
Rev. J. Lonsdale, Rector of St. George, Bloomsbury
The confidential attendant of the deceased.

OFFICERS (MEMBERS) OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

W. Hilton, Esq. Keeper; H. Howard, Esq. Secretary; R. Smirke, jun. Esq. Treasurer; J. H. Green, Esq. Professor of Anatomy.

COUNCIL OF THE ACADEMY.

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Sir W. Beechey, M. A. Shee, J. M. W. Turner, C. Rossi, T. Phillips, A. W. Callcott, R. Westmacott, H. Bone, W. Mulready, J. Jackson, F. Chantrey, R. Cook, W. Daniell, R. R. Reinagle, Sir J. Wyatville, C. R. Leslie, H. W. Pickersgill, Esquires.

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ASSOCIATE ENGRAVERS.

Mr. J. Landseer, Mr. W. Bromley, Mr. R. J. Lane, Mr. C. Turner.

STUDENTS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Messrs. J. M. Leigh, W. Patten, W. B. S. Taylor, C. Grant, G. Smith, T. Hughes, J. W. Solomon, R. Redgrave, C. Pegler, H. Sass, Wood, C. Smith, H. Johnson, W. Brockedon, J. G. Middleton, G. Patten, W. Boxall, J. W. Wright, A. R. Freebairn, T. S. Cafe, J. A. Carey, J. C. Mead, C. Ross, M. P. Ronn, L. Vulliamy, T. Webster, S. J. Ainsley, W. Behnes, H. Behnes, J. Moore, T. Fairland, A. J. Stothard, J. H. Millington, C. Moore, F. Cary, T. Andrews, J. Hayter, C. Landseer, D. M'Clire, H. Collen, W. H. Kearney, J. B. Watson, W. Brookes, S. C. Smith, J. Blackmore, Rouw, Casy.

NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

Washington Irving, Esq. American Secretary of Legation, and two Gentlemen in the suite of the Ambassador; Sir H. Hardinge, Hon. C. Greville, Sir R. Inglis, Major-General Mackintosh, Colonel Hugh Baillie, Sir R. Porter, Mr. Horace Twiss, M.P., Mr. Tyndale, Mr. T. Campbell, Mr. Croft, Mr. Cabbell, Dr. Symond, Mr. Woodgate, Mr. Wolf, Danish Consul, Mr. C. Kemble, Mr. Gwilt, Sir Anthony Carlisle, Mr. Henry Ellis, Rev. J. Forshall, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Morant, Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Fullarton, Mr. Boddington, Dr. Falconer, Mr. Fairlie, Mr. Hardwicke, Mr. Decimus Burton, Mr. Raphael West, Mr. Knowles, Mr. Sievier, Mr. Evans, Mr. Denham, Mr. S. Woodburn, Mr. Moore, Mr. Reeve, Mr. J. Simpson, Mr. G. Simpson, Mr. G. R. Ward, Mr.

J. Irvine, Mr. F. C. Lewis, Mr. Hogarth, Mr. E. Holman, Mr. J. Nash, Mr. Barham.

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Mr. G. Barrett, Mr. C. Wild, Mr. R. Hills, Mr. P. Dewint, Mr. G. F. Robson, Mr. J. Varley, Mr. F. Nash, Mr. A. Pugin, Mr. F. Mackenzie, Mr. F. O. Finch, Mr. W. Netfield, Mr. S. Prout.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

Mr. Davies, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Roberts.

SOCIETY OF THE ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

Directors: Mr. Davison, Mr. Corbould, Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Lahee, Mr. Tijon.—Secretaries: Mr. A. Robertson, Mr. Rosser.

CARRIAGES IN THEIR ORDER.

(Before the Hearse.) The Lord Mayor, 3.—Mr. Sheriff Richardson, 3.—Mr. Sheriff Ward, 3.

(After the Hearse.)—The family carriage.

CARRIAGES OF PALL-BEARERS.

1 Earl of Aberdeen, 2.—2 Earl of Clanwilliam, 2.—3 Earl Gower, 3.—4 Mr. Peel, 2.—5 Hon. Agar Ellis, 3.—6 Sir George Murray, 2.—7 Mr. Croker, 3.—8 Mr. Hart Davis, 2.

CARRIAGES.

1 The Lord Chancellor, 3.*—2 Duke of St. Albans, 3.—3 Duke of Bedford, 3.—4 Duke of Devonshire, 3.—5 Duke of Wellington, 3.—6 Marquis of Stafford, 3.—7 Marquis of Londonderry, 3.—8 Marquis of Bristol, 3.—9 Earl of Essex, 3.—10 Earl Spencer, 3.—11 Earl Bathurst, 2.—12 Earl of Listowel, 3.—13 Earl Dudley, 3.—14 Earl Mountcharles, 2.—15 Viscount Granville, 2.—16 Viscount Beresford, 3.—17 Lord Holland, 2.—18 Lord Hill, 2.—19 Lord Stowell, 3—20 Lord Bexley, 2.—21. Lord Farnborough, 2.—22 Lord Seaford, 2.—23 Prince Esterhazy, 3.—24 Baron Bulow, 3.—25 The American Ambassador, 2.—26 Sir H. Hardinge, 2.—27 Sir A. Hume, 2.—28 Sir Robert Inglis, 2.—29 Sir Henry Halford, 2.—30 Sir C. Flower, 3.—31 Sir J. Beckett, 2.—32 Sir Edward Antrobus, 3.—33 Sir A. Cooper, 2.—34 Sir C. Potter, 3.—35 Sir F. Freeling, 2.—36 Sir James Esdaile, 2.—37 Mr. Planta, M. P. 3.—38 Mr. Hart Davis, M. P. 3.—39 Mr. Fuller, 2.—40 Mr. Hope, 3.—41 Mr. Garrick Moore, 2.—42 Mr. Lyon, 3.—43 Mr. Horace Twiss, M. P. 3.—44 Mr. Fairlie, 2.—45 Colonel H. Baillie, 3.—46 Colonel Dunlop, 2.—47 Colonel Boddington, 2.—48 Mr. H. Beaumont, 2.—49 Sir W. Knighton, 3.—50 Dr. Holland, 2.—51 Lord Goderich, 3.—52 Mr. Nash, 2.—53 Bishop of London, 3.—54 Mr. Soane, 2.—55 Dr. Simmon, 3.—56 Mr. Smirke, 3.—57 Countess of Guilford, 3.—58 Colonel Bailey, 2.—59 Mr. Chantrey, 2.—60 Mr. Wilkins, 2.—61 Lord Rosslyn, 2.—62 Lord Charleville, 3.—63 Sir J. Wyatville, 2.—64 Mr. Green, 2.

* The figures after each name indicate the number of persons in each carriage.

ARRANGEMENTS OF THE PROCESSION IN ST. PAUL'S.

The two Junior Vergers; the Marshal; the young Gentlemen of the Choir—two and two; the Almoner; the Vicars Choral—two and two; the Junior Minor Canons—two and two; the Feathers, Attendant Pages, and Mutes; the Junior Verger; the Prebends—two and two; the Junior Residentiaries—two and two; the Senior Residentiaries—two and two; the Senior Verger; the Dean.

Pall Bearers. THE BODY. Pall Bearers.

Chief Mourners; the Mourners—two and two; the old Servants; the family Trustees and Executor; the Rector; the Medical Attendant; the Chaplain to the Royal Academy; the Secretary to the Royal Academy; the Academicians and Associates—two and two; Students—two and two; Private Mourners—two and two.

ARRANGEMENTS OF THE CHOIR.

Pall Bearers. THE BODY. Pall Bearers.

Royal Academy. Private Mourners.

Chief Mourner; Confidential Servant, standing; the Executors; the Rector; Medical Attendant.

The Marshals, with their constables and the undertaker's men, formed a passage proceeding to the vault door. The Chief Mourner proceeded to the centre of the dome; the other Mourners formed a ring; the Academy turning to the right, and the other Mourners to the left—forming an outward ring, within which were the Clergy, Choir, and Chief Mourners.

The funeral service was peformed in the Chapel by the Rev. Dr. Hughes, Canon Residentiary; and in the Choir, the service for the burial of the dead was read

by the Bishop of Llandaff, who is also the Dean of St. Paul's. Deeply impressive was the effect of

> " The duties by this lawn-robed prelate paid,
> And the last words, which dust to dust conveyed."

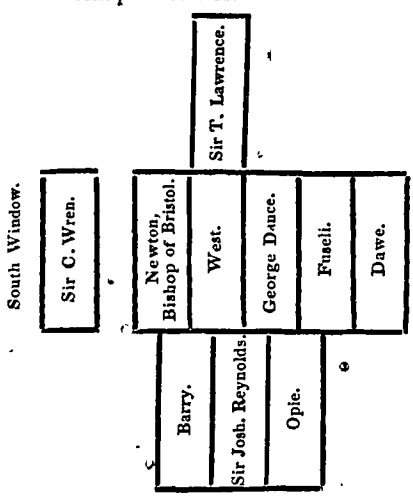
The Annual Obituary thus describes the scene in the Cathedral:—

" The hearse arrived at the great west door of St. Paul's about a quarter before two, and about half-past two the body reached the choir, preceded by the dignitaries of the church, and the members of the choir, singing the sentences at the commencement of the burial service, to the solemn and affecting music of Croft. The body being placed on trestles, the chief mourner was seated in a chair at the head of the coffin, attended by the old servant of the deceased. The mourners being also seated, on each side of the choir, the funeral service proceeded, the proper portions being chaunted. The Lesson was read by the Rev. Dr. Hughes, the canon residentiary, whose feelings were more than once so overpowered as to prevent his proceeding without a pause. Green's fine anthem, " Lord, let me know mine end!" was sung by the choir, accompanied by the organ; after which, the body was removed into the crypt, and placed under the centre of the dome, when the mourners being summoned, and preceded by the clergy and choir, went in procession to the centre, and turning to the right, formed a large circle, which during the time the music continued, fell into a double line round the perforated brass plate, where the remainder of the service was read by the Bishop of Llandaff, Dean of St. Paul's, in a most impressive manner. The whole concluded with part of Handel's matchless Funeral

Anthem; "Their bodies are buried in Peace." Here the voices of the young choristers, strengthened by the addition of the children from the Chapel Royal, produced a delightful effect. After the pathetic and solemn, though somewhat lengthened and monotonous, effect of the mournful strains which had preceded it, the words "But their name liveth evermore," cheered the senses, and produced feelings the more pleasing from being unexpected.

"The ceremony having concluded, the mourners returned to their carriages. The executor and some of the family of the deceased went down to the crypt, and saw the body deposited in the grave, prepared for it, at the head of the late President West, not far from the remains of Sir Joshua Reynolds.* The solemnity and decorum which prevailed throughout the whole proceed-

* The following is a sketch of the last resting-place of the President and of his most eminent predecessors.



Sir Thomas lies under the arch, on the wall of which, over his grave, is a bust of Barry, at the spot marked *

ings upon this melancholy occasion, were the subject of general remark and approbation."

The service was finished, and the body was deposited in the vault about half-past three o'clock. Afterwards the Academicians, Associates, and Students of the Royal Academy, retired to Somerset House, where refreshments were provided for them.

The following is an abstract copy of Sir Thomas's last Will and Testament.

"*July* 28, 1828.—My collection of genuine drawings, by the old masters, which, in number and value, I know to be unequalled in Europe, and which I am fully justified in estimating, as a collection, at twenty thousand pounds, I desire may be first offered to his most gracious Majesty, King George IV. at the sum of eighteen thousand pounds; and if his Majesty shall not be pleased to purchase the same at that price, then, that the collection be offered, at the same price, to the trustees of the British Museum; and afterwards, successively, to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, and to the Right Honourable the Earl of Dudley; and if none of such offers shall be accepted, then I desire that the said Collection may be forthwith advertised in the principal capitals of Europe and elsewhere; and if, within two years, a purchaser shall not be found at the sum of twenty thousand pounds, then I desire that the same may be sold by public auction, or private contract, in London, either altogether or in separate lots, at such price or prices, and in such a manner, as my executor shall think best.*

* The collection has been refused by all the parties to whom it has been offered pursuant to the will.

"And I desire that like offers may be made to his Majesty, (and if he shall not be pleased to make the purchase, then to the trustees of the British Museum,) of two volumes of drawings by Fra Bartolomeo, from the collection of the late President of the Royal Academy, Benjamin West, Esq., at the sum of eight hundred pounds; and that the series of original cartoons of *The Last Supper*, by Leonardo da Vinci, at the sum of one thousand pounds, and my picture, by Rembrandt, of *The Wife of Potiphar accusing Joseph*, at the sum of one thousand five hundred pounds, and the two small pictures by Raphael, from the Borghese collection, namely, one of the *Entombment*, and one of the groups called *The Charity*, at the sum of one thousand pounds, be also offered to his Majesty; and if he shall decline the same, then to the directors of the National Gallery; and if they decline, at the same prices to the Right Honourable Robert Peel; and, if he decline, to the Earl of Dudley. And if a purchaser shall not be found, I leave to my executor's discretion to adopt such measures for disposing of the same as he may think proper.*

"My collection of architectural casts which I purchased from —— Saunders, Esq. for five hundred pounds, I desire may be offered to the President and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts, at the price of two hundred and fifty pounds; and if they shall decline the purchase, then, that the casts be sold in the manner directed with respect to my property in general.

"Having, in the year 1825, been honoured by a mission from his most gracious Majesty, King George

* All the preceding works were refused by those persons, and the greater part were sold by auction.

IV. to paint the portraits of his most Christian Majesty, Charles the Tenth, and of his Royal Highness the Dauphin of France, I had the honour to receive from that Monarch, as a mark of his distinguished favour, a superb service of Sèvres porcelain. This splendid token of royal courtesy I bequeath to the President and Council, for the time being, of the Royal Academy of Arts, to be by them used on the birth-day of the King, and at the annual dinner on the opening of the Exhibition, and on other public occasions, in remembrance of the honour conferred by a foreign prince on the President of the Royal Academy of Great Britain.

"And as to all other works of art in my possession at the time of my decease, whether pictures, drawings, engravings bound or unbound, casts, marbles, bronzes, models, or of whatsoever other kind, and also as to my books, plate, linen, china and furniture, and all other my estate and effects, I bequeath the same to Archibald Keightley, the younger, of No. 5, Hare Court, Temple, my executor; to sell and dispose of the same, as to him shall seem meet; and the monies upon trust, in the first place, to pay off my just debts, funeral expenses, &c.; and to divide the residue into three equal parts; and as to the two equal third parts thereof, to divide the same equally among such of my nephews and nieces following: that is to say, my niece Lucy, wife of John Aston, of Birmingham, merchant, and the children of my sister Ann, the wife of Richard Rouse Bloxham, D. D. of Rugby, as shall be living at the time of my decease, and the issue of such as shall have died in my life time, leaving issue; and as to the remaining one-third part,

to pay the same to my nephew, Henry Bloxam, of Ellesmere, Salop, gentleman, upon trust, to invest the same in real or government security, and pay the annual proceeds unto my said sister Ann Bloxam, for and during the term of her natural life, for her sole and separate use; and after her decease, to the person or persons entitled to the other two third parts.

"I authorize my executor to employ such artists or other persons as he may think proper, in arranging my different works of art for sale, and preparing any catalogue or catalogues thereof, or otherwise in any way for facilitating the advantageous sale thereof, as to him shall seem meet, and to make such remuneration as he may think reasonable; and I recommend my highly intelligent friend, William Young Ottley, Esq., as a person, from his sound knowledge of art, peculiarly competent to the task of arranging my various works of art for sale, if he will kindly undertake the office."*

* The produce of such parts of Sir Thomas's collections of works of art as were sold by auction, was £15,445 17s. 6d. The testator's estate was about equal to the demands upon it.

APPENDIX.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

FOREIGN LETTERS AND DOCUMENTS.

Diploma of the Academy of St. Luke. (*p.* 7.)

THE Roman Academy of St. Luke for Design, to Sir Thomas Lawrence, Painter to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent:—

The professors of the three fine arts incorporated in an academic body, have always been proud to receive into the bosom of their society, eminent artists, foreigners as well as Romans, and also the distinguished patrons of the said arts who encourage their cultivation.

The Academy having been made acquainted with your great talents, and the high distinction you have attained in painting, held a meeting on the 29th of

February, 1816, when it was proposed and unanimously resolved to nominate you an Honorary Academician, of which you hereby receive formal intimation.

This mark of the sincere esteem cherished for you by the whole academic body, is confirmed by the undersigned:

GASPARE LUNDI, President.
ANTONIO CANOVA, Perpetual Principal (L. S.)
GUISEPPE ANTONIO PUATTANI, Secretary.

Given at the Academy in St. Appolinare,
June 29th, 1816.

Letter from Canova to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (*p.* 9.)

Rome, Nov. 15th, 1816.

SIR,

Mr. Gwilt has delivered the letter which you had the goodness to write to me, and which is so kind and flattering, that I am at a loss how to reply to it suitably. I am much gratified by your recollections of me, and still more by the esteem and friendship with which you are pleased to honour me. The assurance of your good will is exceedingly gratifying and valuable to me; and the particular interest you evince for me, and all that belongs to me, is the brightest ornament of my life.

What can I say of the portrait which you have painted for me? I am extremely sensible to your kindness, and I enjoy in anticipation the pleasure of seeing the beautiful work, which I shall contemplate with the utmost gratitude.

In the meanwhile, I beg you will accept my thanks for the kindness you have shown to me; and I beg you will employ me in any way in which I can be serviceable to you; for there is nothing I more ardently wish than to prove to you how highly I esteem your rare talents, and your noble and distinguished character, which I admire as much as I do your eminent skill in the art of painting.

I regret that Mr. Gwilt's stay in Rome was too short to afford me the opportunity of doing anything to serve him. It was not my fault if time would not conform with my wishes. By Mr. Gwilt I send a print, of which I beg your acceptance in my name; and be assured of the sincere esteem and attachment with which I have the honour to be

Your affectionate friend,

ANTONIO CANOVA.

Letter from Signor Puattani, Secretary of the Academy of St. Luke, to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (*p.* 10.)

SIR,

In consideration of your talent as a painter, the Academy of the Fine-Arts in Rome, called the Academy of St. Luke, has, at a full meeting on the 29th of February, on the proposition of the Marquis Canova, perpetual Principal of the said Academy, and the academicians Manno, Luigi Agricola, and Andrea Pozzi, nominated you one of its Honorary Academicians.

It is highly gratifying to me to be enabled to assure you that there was, in the suffrages, that unanimity which your merit ought to command.

Before the end of the year the new statutes and diplomas, which are preparing, will probably be transmitted to you. In the meanwhile, accept this official notification, together with the congratulations of the whole academic body, particularly those which are offered, with sincere professions of esteem, by

Your most devoted and obliged servant,

G. A. PUATTANI, Secretary.

From the Academy in Rome,
Nov. 30th, 1816.

To Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Letter from Canova to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (*p.* 11.)

Rome, June 23rd, 1817.

SIR,

I have received the letter which you sent to me by Mr. Robert Miller, Doctor of Medicine, to whom I offered to render any service in my power. I thank you for this proof of your kindness and esteem, and also for the gracious expressions with which you honour me. I rejoice at your promise to come to Italy in the course of the year; and I cherish the hope of seeing this promise fulfilled, for I am anxious to give you proofs of the regard I entertain for one whom I esteem and respect for his amiable qualities and distinguished talents.

I avail myself of this opportunity to send you the three diplomas of our Academy of St. Luke, and to beg you will remember me to Mr. West and Mr. Fuseli, of whose friendship I am so proud.

I am, with the most perfect respect,

ANTONIO CANOVA.

To Sir Thomas Lawrence, Painter to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, London.
(With three diplomas of the Academy of St. Luke.)

Letter from Canova to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (*p.* 12.)

Rome, May 30th, 1818.

SIR,

As Dr. Miller is returning to London, I take this opportunity of sending a letter to you, and thanking you for that which he has delivered to me. I could do nothing to serve him, though I would fain have had it in my power to oblige so estimable a man. He will, however, assure you of my constant desire and zeal to manifest esteem for your rare talents. I feel pleasure in acquainting you that the Academy of St. Luke, which has the honour to count you among its members, would be happy to possess your portrait, as it possesses those of all the other academicians. I wish much that you would comply with this laudable request, and afford our professors an example of the surprising manner in which you handle the pencil.

In the last letter with which you honoured me, you promised that I should see you in Italy this year. I

hope you will fulfil that promise, and afford me the pleasure of renewing verbally the assurance of my respect for your great talents, and my gratitude for the friendship which you are pleased to grant me.

I have the honour to be, with the utmost esteeem,

Your obliged, humble servant,

ANTONIO CANOVA.

To Sir Thomas Lawrence, Russell Square, London.

Diploma of the Academy of Venice. (*p.* 14)

Be it known to all, that Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy of London, distinguished for his variety of information, and worthy of the highest estimation for his extraordinary talent in the fine arts, has been inscribed in the class of Honorary Associates of this Academic Body. In proof of which, the President has the honour to present to him, in this diploma, the solemn certificate of his nomination.

CICOGNARA, President.

ANTONIO DIEDO, Secretary.

Venice, May 10th 1823.

Letter from the President of the Academy of Venice to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (*p.* 15.)

To Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy of London, and Honorary Associate of the Imperial Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, at Venice:—

This Academy, which is no less anxious to avoid being prodigally lavish of its homage, than eager to confer it where it is deserved, is proud to present to you a special mark of esteem, by nominating you its Honorary Associate.

No one more than myself approves this nomination, which, while it adds, on the one hand, a lustre to our Institution; on the other, seals the claims to that lasting fame, to which your talent and merit entitle you.

Having been the medium of conveying to you the academic vote, I hope that I may also be the medium of communicating your acceptance of that vote which was so spontaneously and unanimously given. And believe me to be, with the most profound respect,

L. CICOGNARA, President of the Academy.
ANTONIO DIEDO, Secretary.

Academy of the Fine Arts, at Venice, May 11th, 1823.

Letter accompanying the diploma of the Academy at Turin. (*p.* 16.)

Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, at Turin.

SIR,

Among the various regulations, by which his Majesty the King has been pleased to provide for the greater prosperity of the Turinese Academy of the Fine Arts, (by him recently restored,) is the creation of that class of Academicians, in which is included the small number of the most distinguished professors of the arts of design, whose names are most celebrated in the different countries of Europe.

I am greatly honoured in being directed to transmit to you, as I do with this letter, the diploma prepared by sovereign command by His Majesty's Grand Chamberlain, our excellent President, the Marquis Asinari di St. Marzano. From it you will perceive, that your name has been honourably inscribed in the above-mentioned class.

I shall always be anxious to be ranked among the individuals who profess for you, not servile and obsequious reverence, but sincere and perfect friendship. With which sentiment, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient Servant and Colleague,

CAV. CESARE SALUZZO.

Turin, March 14, 1826.
To Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Letter from the Duke de Rochefoucault to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (p. 19.)

Royal Household, Department of the Fine Arts,
Paris, Jan. 16th, 1815.

SIR,

The King of France, on inspecting the works of the modern artists at the Louvre, remarked, among the pictures worthy of fixing his attention, those which you sent to that brilliant exhibition; and as a proof of the satisfaction they afforded him, he desires, that you should share the rewards he has been pleased to assign to those French artists who have merited honourable distinction. Accordingly, his Majesty has created you a Knight of the royal order of the Legion of Honour; and on directing me to inform you of this, he expressed

a desire that this favour should be regarded as a marked proof of the esteem he entertains for you, and the justice he renders to your talents.

Prince Polignac, the French Ambassador in London, will present to you the insignia of the order; and the title which confirms your right to bear it. The Count de Forbin, Director of the royal museums, must have already informed you of the King's kind sentiments towards you; but I am happy in having to confirm them officially, and I seize with pleasure this opportunity of offering you the assurance of my respect.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULT,
Aide-de-Camp to the King, and Superintendent of the Department of the Fine Arts.

To Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy of Painting in London.

Letter from the Duke de Rochefoucault to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (*p.* 21.)

Royal Household, Department of the Fine Arts, Sevrès, Paris, Oct. 14th, 1825.

SIR,

I congratulate myself on having to acquaint you, that the King, wishing to bestow a particular mark of notice on the head of the English school of painting, has authorised me to present to you, in his name, some of the productions of the Royal Porcelain Manufactory of Sevrès, which may afford you an idea of the perfection which that branch of industry has obtained in France. I have desired M. Brongniart, the director of the establishment, to transmit them to you; and if you could

snatch from your art a short interval to devote to me, I should receive you with as much pleasure as interest.

I beg you will receive the assurance of my sentiments of respect.

DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT,
Aide-de-Camp to the King, and Superintendent of the Department of the Fine Arts.

To Sir Thomas Lawrence,
Principal Painter to His Britannic Majesty.
Office of the King's Chamber at the Tuileries.

Letter from Canova to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (p. 26.)

SIR,

The binder is not ready with the book of prints, which I gave him to bind; therefore, I am obliged to beg your acceptance of another, in the condition in which necessity presents it. It, however, contains the whole series of the prints hitherto published from my works. I beg you will accept it as a trifling testimonial of the high esteem and gratitude I cherish for you; and let it be an assurance for the promise I made of sending you a cast of the Nymph, with fragments of hands and feet. In the meanwhile, rely on the sincere esteem with which your rare gifts of mind and heart have inspired me. I shall be happy if I can do any thing to serve you here, and be assured that you will find me under all circumstances,

Your cordial admirer and friend,

A. CANOVA.

Rome, Dec. 23, 1819.

To the celebrated Painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Letter from Canova to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (*page* 27.)

Rome, December 16, 1820.

SIR,

I have the honour to reply to your kind letter of last month; in which you inform me that you have received the cast of the Nymph, together with the book of prints, in which I thought I had written the few words I had inscribed in the other which remains behind. However, I have written them on the enclosed slip of paper, since you are pleased to attach so much importance to the omission, for which I confess myself much honoured and very grateful. I regret to inform you that I am engaged for the last Sleeping Nymph to the Marquess of Lansdown, and that, consequently, I am not at liberty to pay my homage to his Majesty the King. I assure you that the request is exceedingly flattering to me, and that I am much gratified by the kind desire you manifest to contribute to my reputation. The marble of the Nymph, Dirce, which is intended as a companion to that in the King's palace, is perfect, and beautiful beyond all description. The marble of the Magdalen, with which I am proceding with great diligence and solicitude, is also very beautiful and perfect.

I have had a little drawing made from the Sleeping Nymph, and, in compliance with your request, I inclose it in this letter. I must, however, declare, that it will afford you but a poor idea of my work, of which it is certainly not an accurate representation; but I knew of no one who could execute a design in the masterly and

graceful style which is so peculiarly yours. However, your fancy will supply the defects of the drawing. I do not say this to exalt the merit of my work; but merely for the sake of being sincere with you, and to give you to understand, that the little outline sketch might have been better, and more faithful to the original.

I congratulate you on the well-merited titles of President of the two celebrated Academies of London and Oxford. I say again, that nothing can perish which has elicited the universal approbation bestowed on the stupendous productions of your pencil, wherever they have been exhibited.

Mentioning the things sent to you from Rome, I must not omit expressing my regret for the accident which happened to the Mosaic, and which was occasioned by the stupidity of the person who packed it; a circumstance which I never could have apprehended. I have not neglected to present your respects to the Duchess, and to his Eminence Gonsalvi, both of whom express themselves gratified by the continuance of your friendship. I shall do the same by the other persons mentioned in your last letter. The one before the last was delivered by Mr. Parke, whom I have not yet had the pleasure of seeing, and whom I shall be happy to serve. Your mention of the Sleeping Nymph, in your letter of the 28th of July, led me to the observations I have made in my present letter. I cannot adequately express my esteem and friendship for you, nor assure you how happy I should be to execute any of your commands, which would afford me an opportunity of proving my sentiments. My brother returns thanks for your recollections of him,

and, with the sincerest attachment, respect, and friendship, I remain,

Your obedient Servant,

ANTONIO CANOVA.

To Sir Thomas Lawrence,
President of the Royal Academy, Russell Square.

Letter from Canova to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (page 29.)

Rome, August 17, 1822.

SIR,

Mr. Gott favoured me with your kind letter of last month. I shall not fail to attend to the matters which you recommend to me, and to every thing else to which you direct my attention; being always ready to prove my esteem and friendship for you.

I am proud of the eulogium which you inform me Mr. Hope has pronounced on my Venus. It has also received flattering compliments from other individuals; but the praise which comes from you wonderfully increases my self-love, and I am much gratified that it should merit the slightest degree of approval from such an artist as you. I rejoice at your acceptance of the print of the Dirce. I have received, as a testimonial of your kindness, the beautiful engraving of the Princess Charlotte.

Two companions to the Dirce are destined to have another direction. They are statues, executed from two small pictures, by Paolo, which I purchased. They are two beautiful works, finished with the greatest care, and

of the cabinet size, like many other works of that eminent painter.

The portrait of the King has not yet arrived in Rome: I heard that it had reached Naples; but the Admiral, it is said, is now gone to Malta. I am impatient to see that excellent and highly-admired production of your wonderful pencil. I must tell you that my portrait, the valued pledge of your friendship for me, scarcely ever remains in my house a month at a time; for I continually receive applications for leave to copy it.

Believe me to be, with esteem, respect, and attachment,

Your obedient Servant and Friend,

A. CANOVA.

To Sir T. Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts in London.

Letter from Canova's Brother to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (*p.* 31.)

Rome, Nov. 28, 1822.

SIR,

How can I express my gratitude for your sympathy in the sad loss I have sustained by the death of my beloved brother? I may sincerely say, that my afflicted heart could receive no greater comfort than the condolence of the respected individuals who have so kindly mingled their grief with mine. I am aware of all the consolation offered by religion, morality, and philosophy; yet nevertheless my grief remains unabated; and every

moment opens a fresh wound, which nothing can ever heal. The terms of respect in which you speak of the memory of your friend, are a salutary balsam to me, and afford me all the comfort and consolation I can obtain in my melancholy bereavement. I return thanks for the kind manner in which you address me, and for the offer of your friendship, the inestimable value of which I fully appreciate.

I have admired your exquisite portrait of King George IV. painted for the Holy Father. It is a wonderful production of your animated pencil; and I join my feeble praise to the universal admiration of the professors and amateurs of the pictorial art, who seem as though they could never sufficiently eulogise your extraordinary production.

Believe me to be, with the utmost esteem and respect,

Your obliged and obedient Servant,

G. Batta Canova.

To Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Academy of the Fine Arts, London.

Letter from Cardinal Gonsalvi to Sir Thomas Lawrence. (*p.* 33.)

Sir,

I know not what fatality attends your incomparable portrait of the King;—first in preventing its arrival for months, and next, in delaying a letter to you after it had arrived. I believe you are aware, that when the vessel arrived at Naples, the picture remained on board for some months, and that the ship being afterwards sent

several times from Naples to the Ionian Islands, to Malta, Sicily, and other places, the picture performed all those voyages.

At length, it arrived in Rome with a letter addressed to the Marquis Canova, which seemed to require some information. This information the poor Marquis sought for, but did not obtain until he was on his journey homeward; but death overtook him before he reached his journey's end. In short, Sir, when about to write to you myself, a fit of illness (from which I am not yet quite recovered) prevented my writing in the way I ought to have done, and wished to do. I am not very well able to write now; but I will do so as well as I can, being anxious not to let the present moment slip. I must tell you then that his Holiness and the whole city of Rome, inhabitants as well as foreigners, agree in pronouncing that nothing was ever finer in the way of portraiture. The head exceeds all imagination. The picture is the theme of universal admiration; and there is now, in Rome, a work worthy your high reputation. It is hung in the Vatican, beside the loggie of Raphael: M. Camoncini made choice of that situation as being the most appropriate. On Sundays and Thursdays it is seen and admired by every one. His Holiness desires me to assure you of the pleasure he feels in receiving this superb work, and the lines with which you have been pleased to accompany it; and I must also assure you of his esteem and affection. His Holiness begs you will accept the inclosed bill of exchange.

As for me, Sir, I cannot adequately express the admiration, esteem, and attachment, I entertain for you.

I wish to have the opportunity of proving these sentiments by deeds; and I beg you will freely point out to me that opportunity. You can do nothing more agreeable to me. Therefore command me, and let me continue to insure the friendship, which I know how to appreciate.

I repeat the assurance of the high respect with which I shall ever remain,

Your most devoted and attached Servant,

J. L. CARDINAL GONSALVI.

Rome, February 29th, 1818.

To Sir Thomas Lawrence, Principal Painter to his Britannic Majesty, London.

In Chap. 4, vol. ii. I have given the history of the establishment of the Royal Hibernian Academy: I have since received the following letter of the then Irish Secretary which elucidates the merit of establishing this useful Institution.

"April 5th, 1831.

"MY DEAR SIR,

'I am favoured with your letter. In reply, I have to observe, that, to the best of my recollection, you were the person who first mentioned to me the subject of granting a charter for the Royal Hibernian Academy; a subject which, previously to my official residence in Ireland, had been brought under the notice of government by the Artists. I think it was in the year 1819

that you first spoke to me of it; and, subsequently, you followed up the plan with unwearied zeal and perseverance, till, in 1821, you obtained the sanction of government, and the order for preparing the charter was issued. On the difficulties that delayed the fulfilment of that order till the year 1822, it is not necessary for me to dwell.

"I have found among my papers a letter from Sir Thomas Lawrence, dated October 1, 1820, on the subject of the charter in question; but it does not bear upon the point at issue.

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES GRANT.

"J. C. Thompson, Esq.
76, Welbeck Street."

THE END

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